AUG 1 0 1993

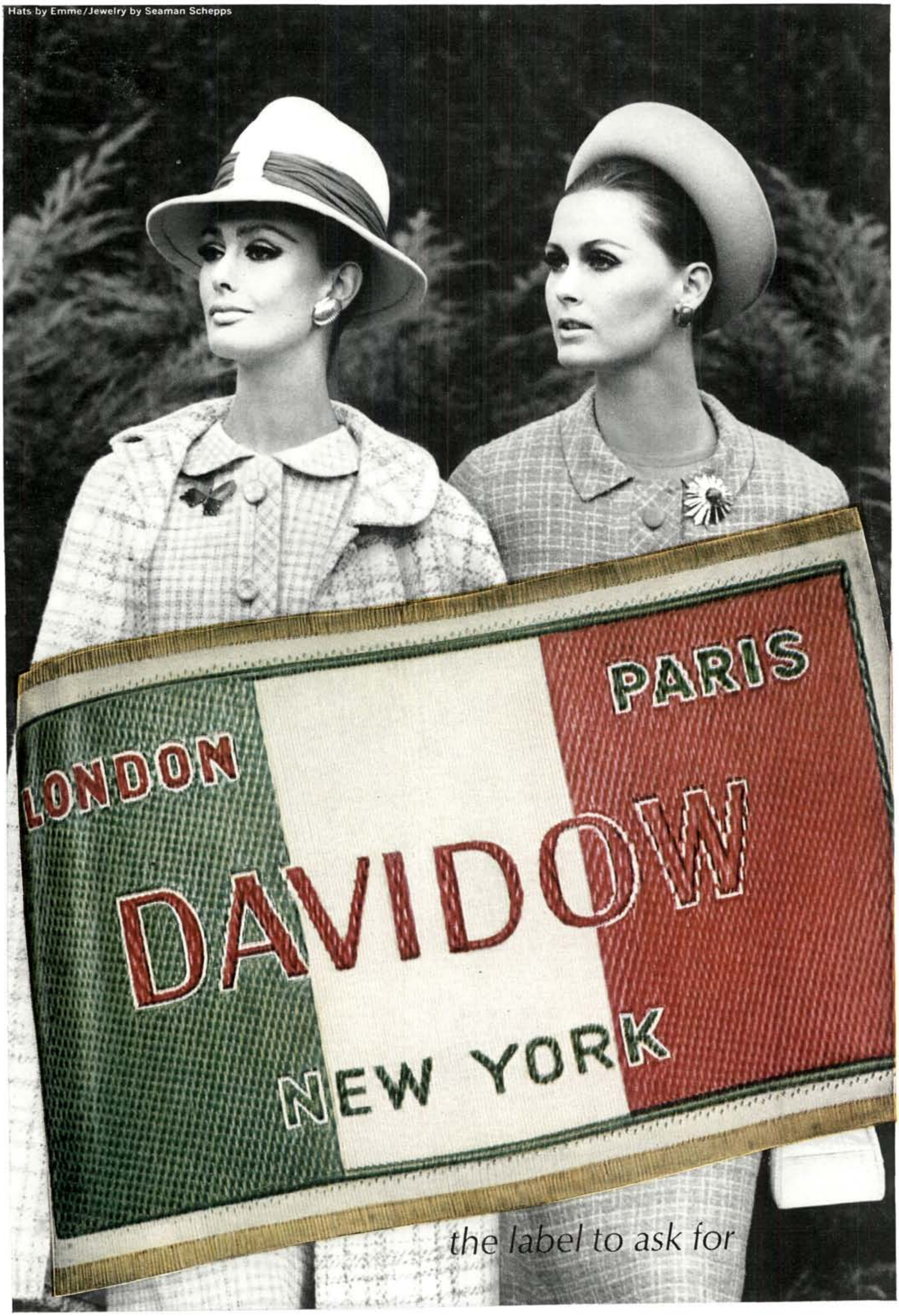
Feb. 4, 1967

THE NEW YORKER

Price 35 cents

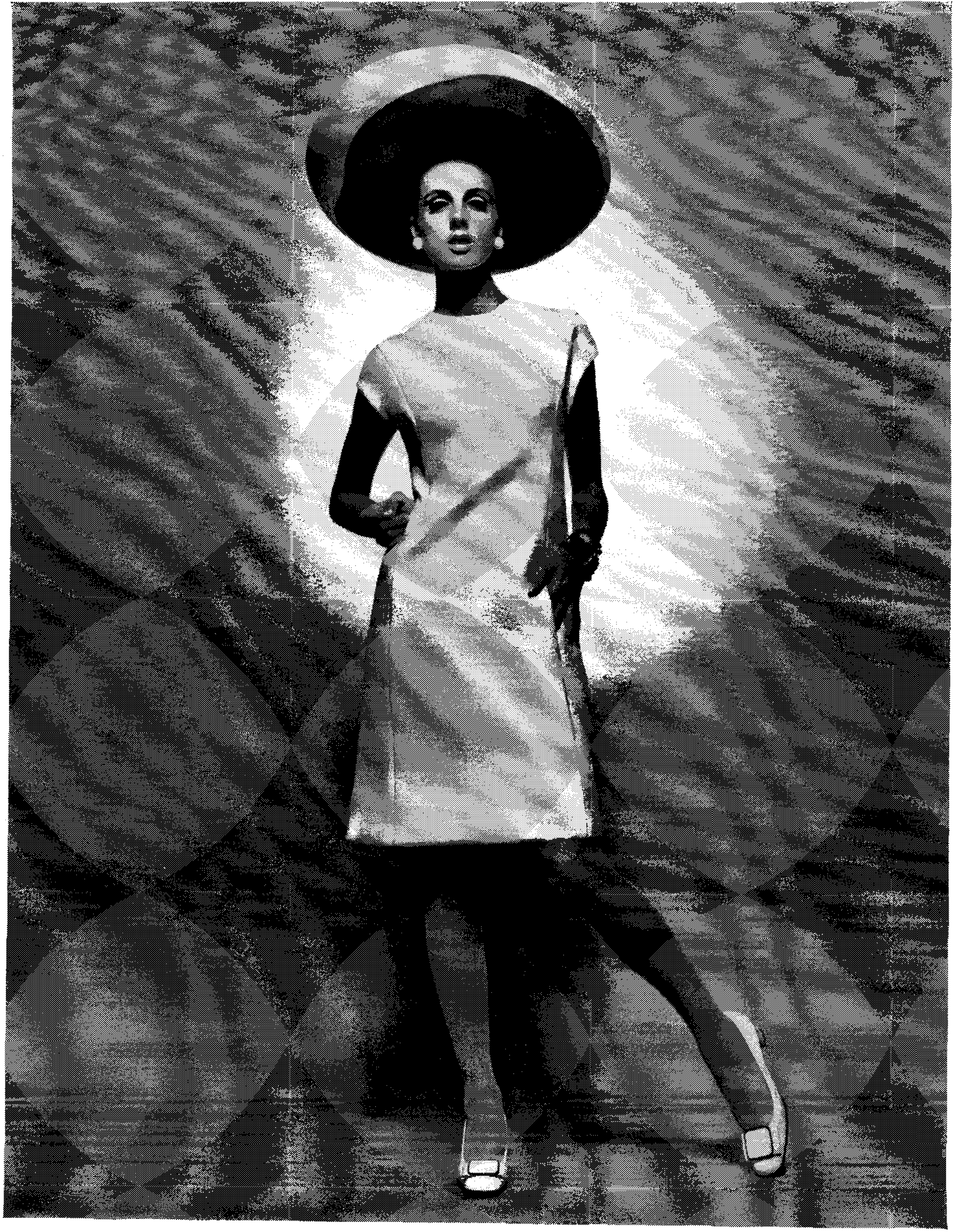
Property of
Ambassador College Library
Big Sandy, TX 75755

BLUE MOUNTAIN COLLEGE
GUYTON LIBRARY


LONDON
PARIS
DAVIDOW
NEW YORK
the label to ask for

Hats by Emme/Jewelry by Seaman Schepps

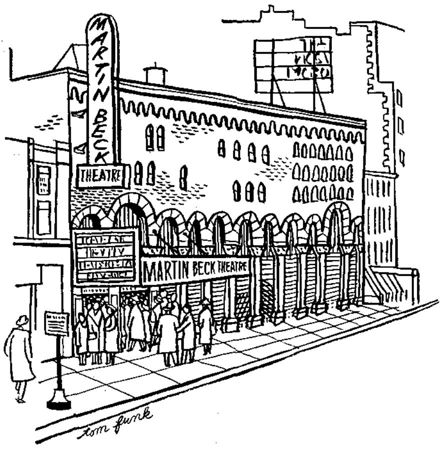
Neal Barr



Brave new wool. Brave enough to encounter Spring openly.
Openly simple. Openly unadorned. And openly possessed
of the most beautiful shape around town this Spring.
Be brave. Encounter Spring in this wool crepe-ness
that Teal Traina did just for us.
White, navy, orange ice or celery
are the colors. Sizes 6 to 16, $125,
on Floor Four. Or order-able by mail or phone.

ON THE PLAZA • NEW YORK
BERGDORF GOODMAN
5TH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

APA-Phoenix—Sheridan's **THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL**: Thursday and Friday, Feb. 2-3, and Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 8-9, all at 8:30. . . . ¶ Pirandello's **RIGHT YOU ARE**: Saturday, Feb. 4, at 2:30 and 8:30; Monday and Tuesday, Feb. 6-7, at 8:30; and Wednesday, Feb. 8, at 2. . . . ¶ Kaufman and Hart's **YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU**: Returns Friday, Feb. 10, at 8:30. Other performances Saturday, Feb. 11, at 2:30 and 8:30. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3877.)

Don't Drink the Water—Woody Allen exhibits much verbal dexterity in his farce about a Jewish family from Newark who are forced to take refuge in an American embassy behind the Iron Curtain. Lou Jacobi, Anthony Roberts, Kay Medford, and Dick Libertini are happily engaged in this one. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Homecoming—Harold Pinter's Happening about a North London family, more peculiar than most, who find themselves unexpectedly host to a scion of the house and his wife, both lately come from America. Mr. Pinter is not without wit, but he doesn't seem to put his characters to any significant dramatic purpose. However, the cast, under the aegis of the Royal Shakespeare Company, is laudable, and Peter Hall, who directed the play, deserves salutations. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Killing of Sister George—There isn't much that is amusing in this play by Frank Marcus, which has to do with Lesbianism and soap-operatic activities at the B.B.C., but Beryl Reid is convincing as a profane and muscular old party. (Belasco, 44th St., E. 586-7950. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Marat/Sade—The National Players Company in a limited engagement of Peter Weiss's play, directed by Donald Driver. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Feb. 18.)

The Star-Spangled Girl—Neil Simon is something less than stimulating in this account of life among the bohemians of San Francisco. Anthony Perkins, Richard Benjamin, and Connie Stevens comprise the cast, and they are commendably lively. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**BAREFOOT IN THE PARK**: Neil Simon's frivolity concerning the adventures of a pair of newlyweds in a Manhattan walkup. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.). . . **CACTUS FLOWER**: Lauren Bacall and Barry Nelson, among others, in a comedy by Abe Burrows that describes the blossoming of a cold and efficient secretary employed by an amorous dentist. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.). . . **THE IMPOSSIBLE YEARS**: A comedy in which Sam Levene appears as a psychiatrist surrounded by a noisy pack of adolescents who baffle him. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. 245-6060. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:40, and Sundays at 3.). . . **THE ODD COUPLE**: A comedy by Neil Simon having to do with a couple of hilarious male marital rejects trying to keep house in a rambling Riverside Drive apartment. Eddie Bracken and Mike Kellin head up the cast. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

The Apple Tree—All about Eve and a couple of other females in a triptych based on stories by Mark Twain, Frank R. Stockton, and Jules Feiffer. Barbara Harris is splendid as the most conspicuous performer on view, and Alan Alda and Larry Blyden lend her a deft hand. Mike Nichols directed, and Jerry Bock and Sheldon Harnick did the book, music, and lyrics. Phyllis Newman substitutes for Miss Harris at the matinée performances. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

At the Drop of Another Hat—In superb form, Michael Flanders and Donald Swann make a lively diversion of this two-man enterprise. Mr. Flanders in his patter is witty, and Mr. Swann at his piano is unpredictable, and together they are a joy to behold. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinées Saturdays at 3.)

Cabaret—A formidable production that serves to show how things were just before the Nazi takeover in Germany. Jack Gilford, Lotte Lenya, and Joel Grey do what they can with the music, lyrics, and book. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

I Do! I Do!—Jan de Hartog's "The Fourposter" in a rather saccharine adaptation by Tom Jones, which is buoyed up tremendously by Mary Martin and Robert Preston as a couple reënacting fifty years of happy married life. The play has music and lyrics by Harvey Schmidt and Mr. Jones, and some imaginative sets by Oliver Smith. The direction, by Gower Champion, is eminently satisfactory. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

Mame—This version of the Patrick Dennis novel about an exuberant aunt and her orphaned nephew has a fine cast headed by Angela Lansbury, a frequently comic book by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee, and solid music and lyrics by Jerry Herman. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Walking Happy—Life in the Midlands of England in the eighteen-eighties. Apparently it was grim. The songs and lyrics, by James Van Heusen and Sammy Cahn, are not distinguished, and the choreography, by Danny Daniels, is hoedown style. Norman Wisdom, George Rose, and Louise Troy figure prominently, the last very prettily. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**FIDDLER ON THE ROOF**: Joseph Stein's adaptation of Sholom Aleichem's stories, with Herschel Bernardi. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **FUNNY GIRL**: Mimi Hines representing Fanny Brice. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **HELLO, DOLLY!**: Ginger Rogers now has the role of the Duchess of Alba. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **SWEET CHARITY**: Gwen Verdon as a dance-hall girl who dreams long dreams of true love and matrimony. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **WAIT A MINIM!**: A musical miscellany from South Africa, in which an octet of youngsters interpret native songs and dances. (Golden, 45th St., W. 246-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Black Comedy—Geraldine Page, Michael Crawford, Lynn Redgrave, and Donald Madden in Peter Shaffer's London play. "The White Lies," also by Mr. Shaffer, will serve as a curtain-raiser. The director is John Dexter. Previews through Monday, Feb. 6. Opens officially on Tuesday, Feb. 7. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Paisley Convertible—A comedy by Harry Cauley, with Marsha Hunt and Betsy von Furstenberg. Directed by James Hammerstein. Previews through Saturday matinée, Feb. 11. Opens officially on Saturday, Feb. 11, at 8:30. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. 279-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40.

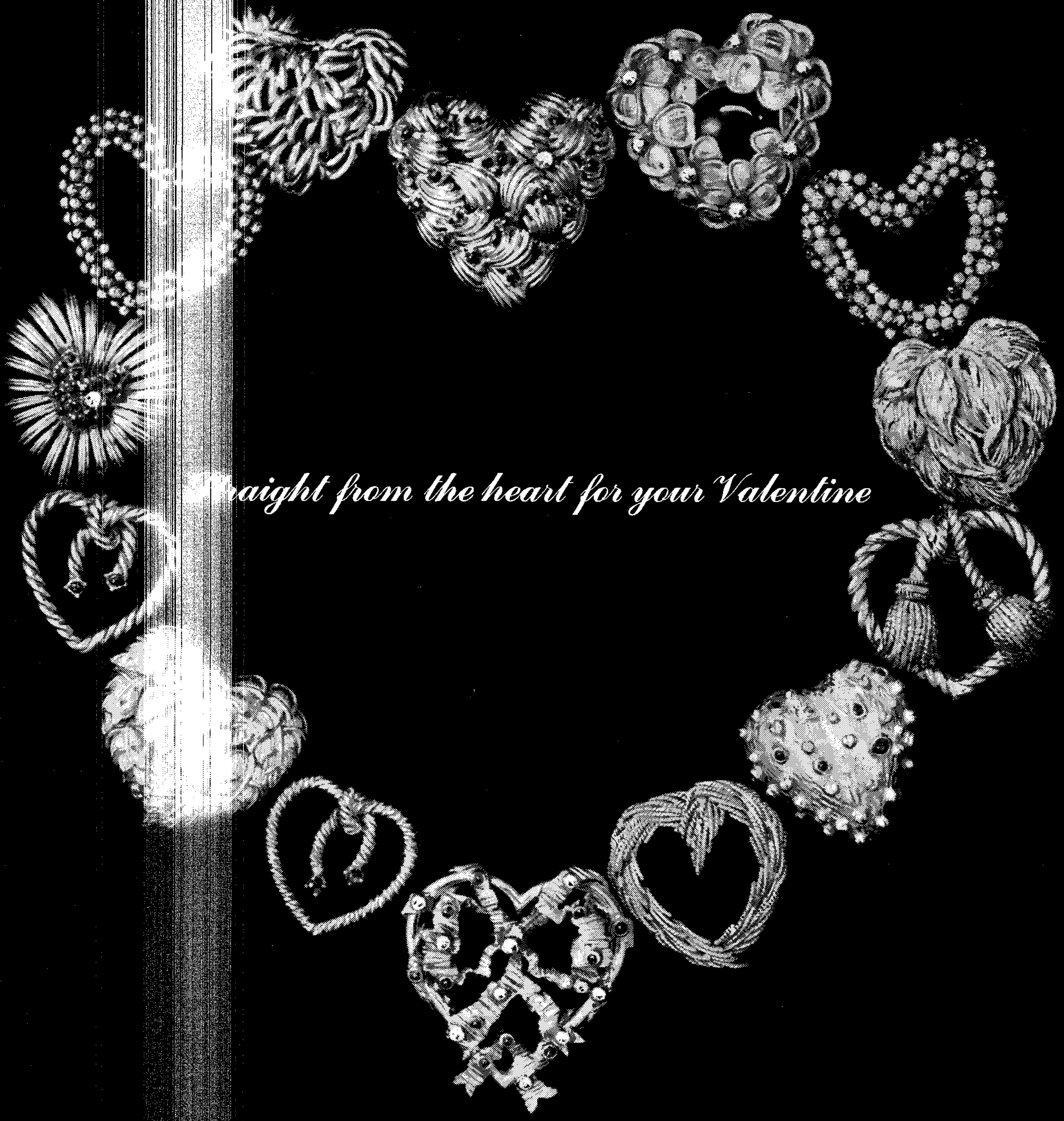
	Page
THE AIR	122
BOOKS	126
THE CURRENT CINEMA	98
MUSICAL EVENTS	116
THE RACE TRACK	96
THE SPORTING SCENE	102
THE THEATRE	93

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, OXFORD 5-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, OXFORD 5-1414

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code numbers for both addresses.

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N. Y. 10036; R. H. Fleischmann, publisher; R. Hawley Truax, chairman of the board; A. J. Russell, Jr., president; P. F. Fleischmann, executive vice-president, Milton Greenstein, Robert S. Ogden, and Marvin Rosenthal, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee 3rd, treasurer; Mrs. M. L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; David D. Michaels, advertising director; William P. Buxton, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 6 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60602; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90005; 1365 Peachtree St., N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30309; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W. 1. Vol. XLII, No. 50, February 4, 1967. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1967 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates· U.S. and possessions, 1 year, $8.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $9.00; other foreign, $11.00.


Straight from the heart for your Valentine

TIFFANY & CO.

NEW YORK FIFTH AVE. AND 57TH ST. • **SAN FRANCISCO** 233 POST ST. • **BEVERLY HILLS** 345 CAMDEN AT 9601 WILSHIRE • **HOUSTON** FIRST CITY NAT'L BANK BLDG. • **CHICAGO** 715 NORTH MICHIGAN AVE.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—Michael Gorrin, Michael Granger, Aline MacMahon, Estelle Parsons, and George Voskovec in **THE EAST WIND**, a comedy by Leo Lehman. The third in this season's series of four plays. Previews on the evenings of Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 4-5, and Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 7-8. *Opens officially on Thursday, Feb. 9*, at 7:15, and will run through Saturday, April 1. (Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Amato Opera Company—Presentations of **RIGOLETTO**. (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:15.)

America Hurrah—A trio of plays by Jean-Claude van Itallie. (Pocket Theatre, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

By Jupiter—A bright and sprightly revival of the Rodgers and Hart musical about a skirmish in the war between the sexes, when Hippolyta commanded the Amazons and Theseus commanded the Greeks. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 765-5580. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Deer Park—Rip Torn and Hugh Marlowe in Norman Mailer's play, taken from his novel of the same name. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Eh?—This piece of nonsense by a British playwright named Henry Livings is, strictly speaking, a revue sketch expanded to two acts, but since its ingredients are funny characters, funny lines, funny business, and funny actors under Alan Arkin's nimble direction, there is no cause for complaint. The setting is the boiler room of a factory. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—A musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door. Chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Les Femmes Savantes—Molière's play, performed in French by Le Tréteau de Paris. Preview Sunday, Feb. 5. Opens officially on Monday, Feb. 6, at 7:30, and will run through Saturday, Feb. 18. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, 106 Central Park S. AG 9-3265. Nightly at 8:40.)

The Golden Screw—A folk-rock musical by Tom Sankey, who plays the leading role. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. 477-4410. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Hogan's Goat—A campaign for Mayor is the pivotal event of this good play by William Alfred about Irish politicians in Brooklyn in 1890. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 3.)

Kicking the Castle Down—Gale Sondergaard in a play by Robert Kornfeld. (Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. OR 9-7665. Thursday and Friday at 8:30; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 5.)

The Mad Show—Lightweight satire is the main ingredient of this musical revue, which boasts a cast made up of a quintet of highly ingratiating young performers. The piece has music by Mary Rodgers. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 9; Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11

Man of La Mancha—Richard Kiley is superb in the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator in this musical by Dale Wasserman. The music, by Mitch Leigh, is commendable, as is the staging, by Albert Marre, but the play as a whole is spotty, and the choreography, by Jack Cole, runs to burlesque-house routines. John Cullum substitutes for Mr. Kiley at the Wednesday and Saturday matinée performances. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. 674-5600. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Man with a Load of Mischief—A musical based on Ashley Dukes' 1924 London play of the same name. John Clifton wrote the music and Ben Tarver the book. (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Night of the Dunce—Anne Revere in a play by Frank Gagliano. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Thursday and Friday at 8:40; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 5.)

The Ox Cart—A play by a Puerto Rican author, René Marques, translated by Charles R. Pilditch and directed by Lloyd Richards. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

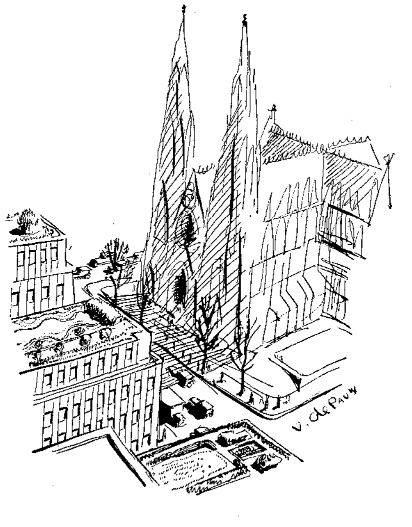
The Pocket Watch—A play by Alvin Aronson. (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. 736-4073. Wednesdays through Fridays, except Thursday, Feb. 9, at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 6. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3; *special matinée* Thursday, Feb. 9, at 2.)

The Wicked Cooks—This play, by the German novelist Günter Grass, which is done in the Expressionistic manner, is a puzzler, all right, although a few sharp, bright moments manage to break through the non-stop activity and the general Teutonic obscurity. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. YU 2-6410. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Performances of **DON QUIXOTE** will close out the season. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Thursday and Friday, Feb. 2-3, at 8:15; Saturday, Feb. 4, at 2:15 and 8:15; and Sunday, Feb. 5, at 1:15 and 7:15.)

Manhattan Festival Ballet—"Pas de Deux for Four," "Cantabile," "Allegro Largo," and "Northern Lights." (Theatre 80 St. Marks Place, which is where it is. 254-9740. Monday, Feb. 6, at 8:30.)



Donald McKayle Dance Company—Performing a new full-length ballet, "Black New World." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Wednesday, Feb. 8, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

A Funny Kind of Evening with David Kossoff—The English actor-comedian in the last of several performances of his one-man show. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Friday, Feb. 3, at midnight.)

ANTA Program—Mildred Dunnock, Walter McGinn, and Renée Taylor in "Willie Doesn't Live Here Any More," a play by Gert Hofmann, adapted by Robert Kamlot. Presented by the American National Theatre and Academy as the last program in this season's Matinée Series. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Monday, Feb. 6, at 8:40, and Tuesday, Feb. 7, at 2.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—It is hard to believe that it is better to have loved and lost, but the songs, self-generated, of Charles Aznavour, who improves the Royal Box at dinner and supper, makes the proposition not only plausible but pleasurable. With him go Jerry Stiller and Anne Meara, whose one-act plays prove briskly and brusquely that man is not for woman made. The orchestra of Lee Evans lends its own brand of originality to the occasion. Saturday, Feb. 4, is the last night for all this. On Tuesday, Feb. 7, activities resume with Corbett Monica, a standard-gauge comedian, as leading man, and June Valli as soprano. The Evans band will be there, too.

Barberry, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800)—The wards of midtown New York, and all the people that in them are. The bounciest of the lot is the little group of bandsmen run by Sonny Kendis. Nine to two during the week and nine to three on Saturdays. No music Sundays.

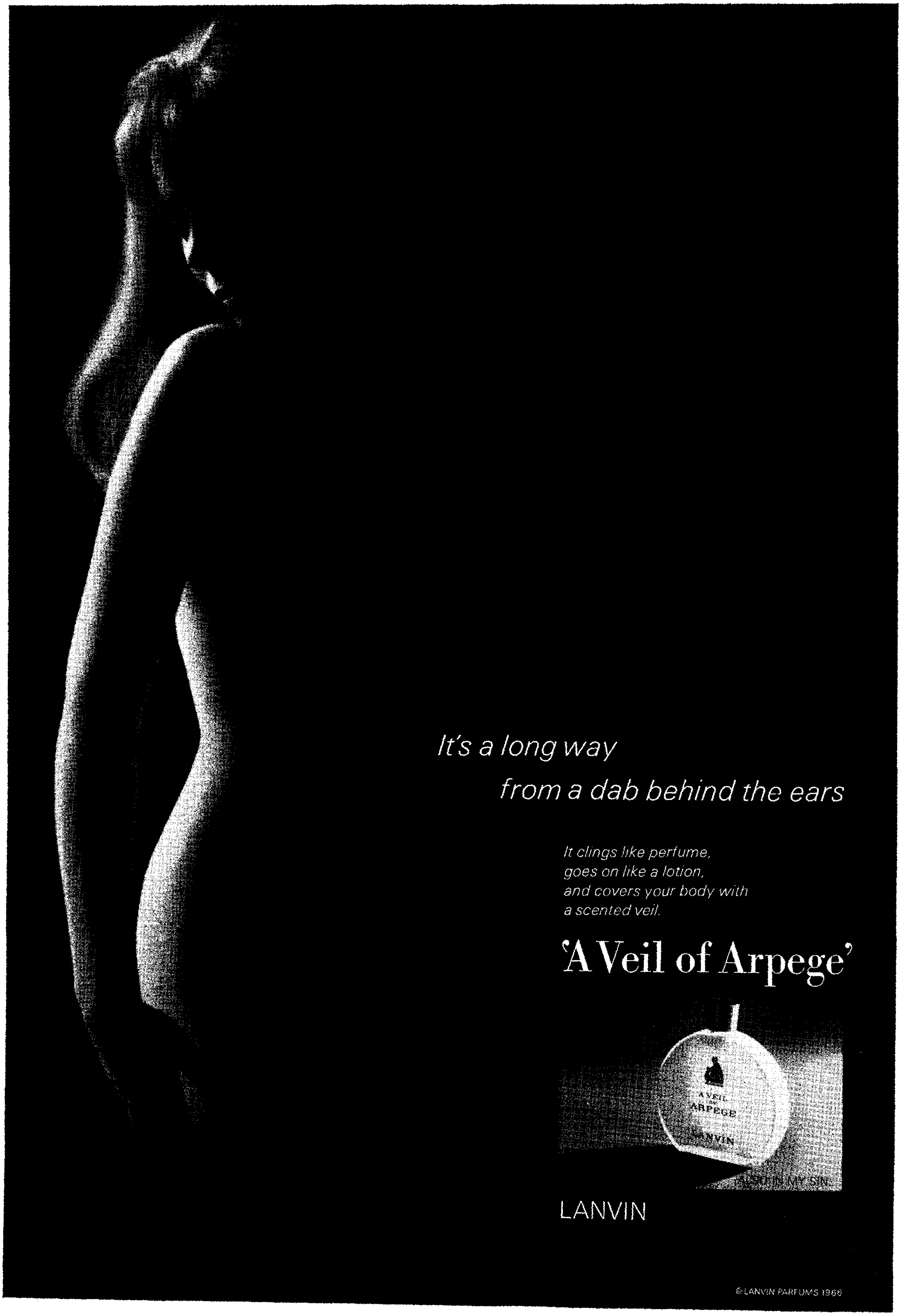
Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—Peace on earth is apt to be the motto for the restaurant, even if a bunch of Cubans under the thumb of George Anaya keep toying with dance tunes, which they do between seven and one on weekdays, between eight and two on Saturdays, and never on Sundays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—There's no business like showoff business. Two hard-working bands do music to preen to, eight until three-thirty. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The musicians assembled by Ben Cutler (probably old co-members of the Fence Club) walk softly but carry a big repertory through the kempt and well-brought-up Café Pierre, and they do it every night until well after the theatre. Industrious song and guitar, most often Andalusian, fill in the intervals between sets.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Abbe Lane, who appears in the Persian Room at dinner and supper, was certainly designed as a Miss America, but there is nothing as amateur as that about her walking, talking, singing, zinging performance. *On Wednesday, Feb. 8, she will be succeeded by Diahann Carroll*, another voice of authority. Burt Farber's orchestra and Mark Monte's band remain at their posts. On her beginning night, Miss C. sings only at ten. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's piano and violin do *petits-fours* music in the Palm Court from four-thirty to six-thirty, and (except on Sundays) Viennese music from seven to nine in the Edwardian Room. . . . ¶ Gunnar Hansen's violin, which has a romantic story to tell (tales of Hoffmann and tales of the Vienna Woods), is in the Palm Court between eight and one every night but Sunday. His accompaniment is piano and a dozen ladies in waiting laden with *Linzer Torte*, water ices, and spirits.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—A desirable location up among the best of our mountain greenery, with a vernal outlook on life and practically the entire Atlantic seaboard. The main stem of the music is the dance foursome of Joe Williams,


It's a long way
from a dab behind the ears
It clings like perfume,
goes on like a lotion,
and covers your body with
a scented veil.
'A Veil of Arpege'
A VEIL OF ARPEGE
LANVIN
ALSO IN MY SIN
LANVIN
© LANVIN PARFUMS 1966

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11

whose blues voice is raised more in sorrow than in anger. Seven to two is the idea. Closed Sundays.

The Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—Xavier Cugat, a man from La Mancha, tilts at his orchestra with a pipe stem, not a lance, and urges along his floor show (of which the Latin miss named Charo is the leader) with jokes of one syllable. Dancing, too. No sound on Sundays.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Prime of life is what the Maisonette is enjoying. George Cort's four-wheel-drive band and Quintero's opulent Latins carouse without cease except during the dinner and supper song recitals by Jean-Paul Vignon, a Frenchman whose repertory has been Franglaised. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ La Boite, a more subdued refectory, drifts placidly through its dinner and supper menu with Jani Sarkozi's fiddle as the housewarmer. He ticks and tocks from six to one-thirty. Closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The unvarying Shore (Dinah, that is) is in charge of the Empire Room at dinner and supper (though only at dinner on Sunday), delivering her arias in her customary sunny-disposition and burst-of-glory style. Charles Turecamo's orchestra does the rest of the work. The enterprise will close down on Monday, Feb. 6, but will resume its career next evening to receive Ray Bolger, who was once in love with Amy. He will show up at dinner every night, and at dinner and supper on Friday and Saturday. . . . ¶ In one portion of the many-chambered Peacock Alley, there is Ray Hartley's *champagne-brut piano*, which happens Mondays through Fridays from cocktail time through a good long dinner hour. On Wednesdays through Saturdays, a small band performs, in another segment of the Alley, from around eight to one. It even operates on Sundays, six to eleven.

Note—roseland dance city, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—A huge class seems to be graduating every hour on the dance floor, but there is elbow and foot room in good supply for everyone on this smooth-as-a-rug campus. No rug-cutting allowed, though; safe-and-sane terpsichore is the rule. The music usually begins around seven-thirty and ends around one. Sundays begin at three-thirty in the afternoon. A gaggle of professional dancers put on a showing, too, on Tuesdays at eleven. The dining is no more than snack. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

goldie's new york, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): There's no split level in this ranch house, for it's *all* one big happy family; Louis Golson Hawkins (Goldie, that is to say) is a padrone, pianist, and walking delegate who knows how to keep it that way. From time to time, Sam Hamilton and Wayne Sanders ply piano, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **chucks' composite**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): An exercise hall for young people who have to do with this or that dab of the amusement industry. The setting and the talk are very heads-up. A bright and breezy jazz trio (Cecil Young's) performs during the week. No music Sundays. . . . **the apartment**, 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): A noticeable amount of jump enlivens this oasis of Second Avenue rectitude when Charles De Forest, who sings to his own piano, airs lyrics for the literate dusk-to-dawn dwellers in world capitals. He is absent Sundays. . . . **waverly lounge**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the little Londoner who, after eleven years at one piano, has unassailable squatters' rights in the Western Hemisphere, begins playing at nine-thirty in the burbling neighborhood pub of the Hotel Earle. The dining is minimal here. No music Mondays. . . . **jamaica arms**, 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): West Indies vacationers who like to return to the scene of their prime can be observed in this island port, listening to the song and guitar that have become part of the West Indian urban way of life. The music occurs Thursdays through Saturdays from eight to two, and in shorter stints the rest of the week. The décor, which is entertainment in its own right, is there all the time. Closed Sundays. . . . **janssen's**, 430 Lexington Ave., at 44th St. (LE 2-5661): Fanciers of Aldo Bruschi's *basso profundo/robusto* will hear it here (in conjunction with his piano, his woodwinds, his concertina, his sidemen, and a brace of young singers) from Wednesday through Saturday every week, commencing around half past eight. There is dancing those nights, too, in this medieval stronghold. . . . **asti**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): All the restaurant's a stage to the staff, and the scallopini arrives at table garnished with freehand Verdi. Closed Mondays. . . . **la chansonnette**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): The only piano throw in use here is Rita Dimitri, who perches herself on the instrument at dinner on week nights and at both dinner and supper Fridays and Saturdays to do her soubrette chansons, which are couched in several lively languages. There is dance music, too, beginning at eight. Closed Sundays. . . . **chardas**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): It has been a long time away from its natal niche in Budapest, but its music and its folkways are immutable. Béla Babai's band plays for musing and dancing; the gallant tenor of Tibor Rakossy augments the ambience. Closed Mondays.

Note—Those who want to have their ears pierced (for dancing, that is) are best off in this set of discothèques: **arthur**, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): Negotiations with the admissions committee are recommended before one approaches this land of sonic boom (the boom is never lowered) and social activity. The Luvs, who are an all-girl crew, take turns with the infernal machines. The Wild Ones will replace them on Tuesday, Feb. 7. Nine until four is the running time; a fair number of dinner dishes are in evidence. Closed Mondays. . . . **il mio**, in Delmonico's Hotel, 65 E. 59th St. (EL 5-2500): Basically an after-the-theatre theatre very much in the round. The principal of the school is Tanya Everett, earlier in the evening of "Fiddler on the Roof." Most of the music is non- (or in-) human, but the Four Wheels and a Spare try to compensate for that. The clothes are young and foolish, which is par in this trade. Bring your own supper. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **yellowfinger's**, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980): Behind an unmarked door just east of the sidewalk café of the same name is a Roman pavilion of exceeding grace, devoted to the trial flights of the very young, of the very *dorée*. Make yourself known beforehand to the supervisory personnel. Nourishment from the café; gentle music from nine-thirty to three-thirty night after night. . . . **l'interdit**, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200): Dim recesses, a quite visible late-dinner menu, machine-knit music not quite as audible as usual, and local ground rules against costumery that is extrovert. Nothing doing before nine, or on Sunday.

SMALL AND SERENE

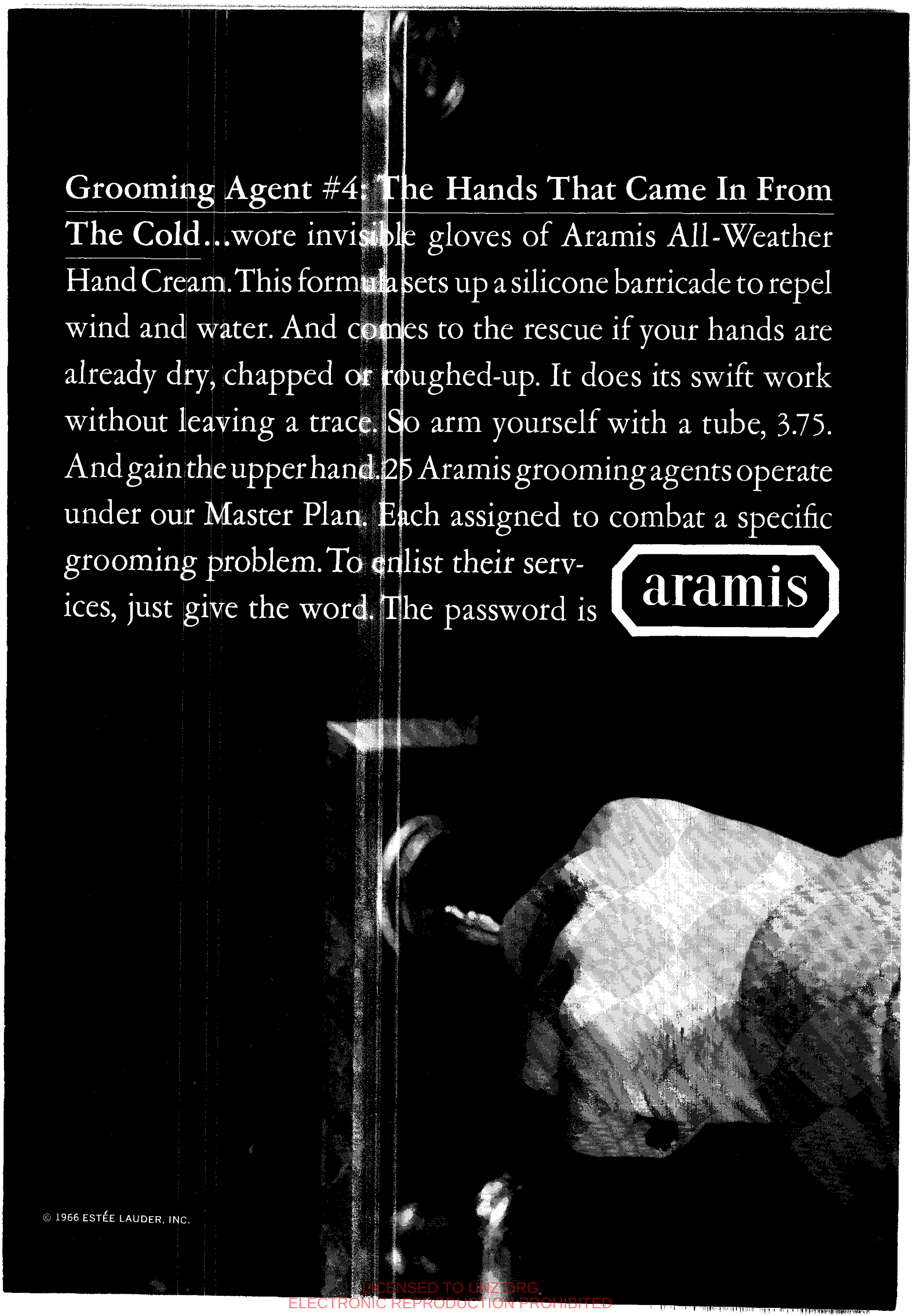
(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

drake room, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The epitome, or something very much like it, of drawing-room life, the most important part of which is Cy Walter's piano, which picks and chooses with consummate care. Six to nine-thirty, ten-thirty to one is his tour of duty. Sundays, Allan Haig is his lieutenant. . . . **château henri iv**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Norbert Faconi, who was fiddling back when Nero burned, is still doing I-am-yours-alone violin within the portcullis of this tongue-in-cheek feudal system. No sound on Sundays. . . . **king henri iv**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): The good King's second castle keep, likewise planned to amuse the eye as well as the palate. George Cardini and his enthusiastic violin provide the marching music. Silence on Sundays and Mondays. . . . **café renaissance**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The language spoken by the guitar of Rogelio Reguera is the purest Castilian, and the architectural background is indigenous and ingenious. No sound effects Sundays. . . . **in boboli**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): The residents of the walled herbarium love to sing about marriage Italian-style in the mood and manner of Puccini, Leoncavallo, et al., et tu, Brutus. In addition, on Tuesdays, after the theatre, Philip Huston's platform manner turns him momentarily into Shakespeare, Kipling, and a few more mythical characters, and Thursday through Saturday every week there are modest interludes of dance music. Closed Mondays. . . . **roma di notte**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): When in Rome, dine as the Romans do, and let the itinerant musicians take the place of conversation. These dulcet citizens are armed with mandolin, violin, and accordion. Curfew arrives at two. Closed Sundays. . . . **sign of the dove**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): They don't make town houses like this anymore. In the bar of the museum piece, there is unassertive piano from six to one, except on Sundays. . . . **regency**, Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): In the lounge of the Regency Room, one of the statelier homes on Park Avenue, a piano joins in with the proceedings from five-thirty to twelve-thirty every evening. Supper, but no dinner. . . . **sherry-netherland**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): Enzio Lembo's guitar, which roams the elaborate bar-restaurant, comes alive at nine-thirty, and stays very much alive until one. He remains home Mondays and Wednesdays. . . . **essex house**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): In the Casino-on-the-Park's peaceful pleasance, Steven Weltner turns out piano that is not just background for conversation but a conversation piece in itself. Six-thirty until midnight, except on Saturdays and Sundays, is the scheme. . . . **café carlyle**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Royal-enclosure is the mood of the place, and serendipity is the mood of George Feyer's piano. The music goes on from eight-thirty until around two. Closed Sundays. . . . **monsignore**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Friends, Romans, and countrymen forgathered for conversational dining while self-propelled musicians (the knowing Herman Honigsberg and his troupe of violinists) play on, play on. Closed Sundays. . . . **polo bar**, Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): Conrad Monjoy's piano communes quietly with itself in a corner of this portion of the Westbury Hotel. The musings occur from nine until one. No musings Sundays and Mondays. . . . **salum sanctorum**, 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (only by appointment with a secret agent whose name and number is UN 1-9494): The trappings lead one to suspect that he is in a private car on the Orient Express, but the view from the windows, all of them upstairs ones, is Little Old New York. So is the six-to-one piano. Closed Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

(Dining, unless otherwise indicated.)

copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Tony Bennett, who left his heart (but certainly not his big, booming, casual art) in San Francisco, is doing the songs; Gene Baylos, an urchin of the asphalt jungle, is telling the jokes; the Copa ballerinas, all agog, are wondering what dance step comes next. Dancing for the customers as well. . . . ¶ In the street-level lounge, from ten o'clock on, loud sings this and that cuckoo, often with electronic components. . . . **latin quarter**, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): An almanac devoted to the feminine gender, lavishly illustrated with living, breathing examples of the type. It is bound in Paris, the management says, and often looks it, even though the principal boy is Frank Fontaine, a narrator and many-bit



Grooming Agent #4: The Hands That Came In From The Cold...wore invisible gloves of Aramis All-Weather Hand Cream. This formula sets up a silicone barricade to repel wind and water. And comes to the rescue if your hands are already dry, chapped or roughed-up. It does its swift work without leaving a trace. So arm yourself with a tube, 3.75. And gain the upper hand. 25 Aramis grooming agents operate under our Master Plan. Each assigned to combat a specific grooming problem. To enlist their services, just give the word. The password is aramis

© 1966 ESTÉE LAUDER, INC.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

player who is as American as smog. There is also a Hungarian ballet that is not only amorphous but Morpheus. No nights off. Dancing. . . . **CHEETAH,** 1686 Broadway, at 53rd St. (582-2970): The strobe lights of this youth-will-be-served *palais de danse* cover a multitude of dins made by one intent band after another. They begin at eight (even at three on Sundays, when they are supplemented by rhythm-and-blues chanters). No kitchen privileges. Closed Mondays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9—, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): The professor at the front-and-center piano is Ronny Graham, whose sonnets and soliloquies must surely be in league with the Devil. Jeanne Arnold, a girl who carols songs clearly planned for a sorcerer's apprentice, departs on Saturday, Feb. 4, to be replaced, on Monday, Feb. 6, by a new brace of wits under the corporate name of Patchett & Tarses. The Guild, a neatly devised assemblage of young girl-and-boy madrigalists, will be staying on, and Julius Monk, whose posh parlor this is, will keep on conferenciering. The background is the duplex and dashing pianoing of Otis Clements and Robert Colston. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Rosario and Esperanza Galán and their Ballet Español are a bunch of big, healthy Spanish girls quite capable of flinging caution and their heels to the winds, and for hour after hour; Alberto Rochi is a young man of puissant profile and purring chest tones. Dinner and supper is the schedule, but the dancing by the customers can make the performance continuous. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the neighborly Flamenco Room, after ten, Emilio Prados's guitar and Domingo Alvarado's arias sigh as softly and sadly as the wind in the willows. Closed Sundays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): "Mixed Doubles," another of the bandbox revues that are this establishment's staple crop, takes after its parents and even its grandparents, yet a number of original biological sports appear in its libretto, and that's just fine. Judy Graubart is a neat bit of wide-eyed wistfulness; Richard Blair, Robert Rovin, and Larry Moss are the best of her helpmeets. The hours are nine-thirty and midnight. Closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The main event is monologue by the dizzying Joan Rivers, or What Hath Freud Wrought? She is in evidence a couple of times a night, but never before around ten. Sundays, she stays home. . . . **THE IMPROVISATION,** 358 W. 44th St. (CI 5-9978): Actors' work is never done, so one or another of them takes an after-the-theatre turn around an establishment that is nothing if not informal. Earlier on, there is piano as well as other happenings, also impromptu.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Forecast for this vicinity: Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 2-4: Miles Davis, whose horn inserts foreboding punctuation marks in the discourse of his quintet; Monday, Feb. 6: the bumptious Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Jazz Band; Thursday through Sunday, Feb. 9-12: John Handy, a new Thomas A. Edison among our jazz musicians, who has a sextet (concert style, he says) going for him. He'll do a Sunday matinée, too, four-thirty to seven. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): This Gaul is divided into two parts. The Top of the Gate, which gets under way no sooner than ten, offers the exultant piano of Jaki Byard and the communings of Roland Hanna's threesome every night but Monday; that evening is assigned to the trio of Daphne Hellman, whose harp likes best to dwell in Respighi's halls. The audience is also subject to sneak previews of performers who mostly should never be heard of again. On Tuesday, Feb. 7, Mr. Byard and the Hannas will give way to Teddy Wilson's threesome and the songs-*cum*-piano of Bob Dorough. . . . ¶ On the lower level, the Modern Jazz Quartet will, on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 3-4, present their current mystery thrillers, and Morgana King will sing laments in an unlamentable manner. Mondays, Symphony Sid's congress of Latin musicians is in possession. . . . **SHEPHEARD'S,** in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0181): Barbara Carroll, who hasn't laid one of her long, graceful fingers on a public piano in some years, is in residence—blissful and brilliant—with two of the town's deftest sidemen, Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan. Between sets, there is steakhouse nourishment and discothèque dance music. Closed Sundays. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The three-platoon system at work—Thursday, Feb. 2: John Handy's sextet; Friday and Saturday, Feb. 3-4: Cannonball Adderley's quintet; Sunday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, Feb. 5, 7, and 8: the Handys; Thursday, Feb. 9, Clark Terry's foursome; Friday and Saturday, Feb. 10-11, the Adderleys. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): Art Farmer has a statement (and not from any previously prepared notes) to make, and makes it, with the assistance of a quintet. On Mondays, Ollie Schearer's quintet fills in. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S,** 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): All joys and no tribulations in the period-piece music that is constructed here for both feet and ears. The craftsmen are, in general, Mr. Condon, Yank Lawson, Cutty Cutshall, Cliff Leeman, Bob Wilber, and Sir Charles Thompson. Dining. Closed Sundays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Arriving around ten, Billy Taylor's threesome does music to adumbrate to; after the theatre, even though there is no dance floor, it makes music to animate to. It is available every night but Monday, and so is the piano of Eddie Thompson, the solo operator. Nine-fifteen is starting time. Dining. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): In case there is ever another 52nd Street, a crew usually composed of Max Kaminsky, Zutty Singleton, Cliff Jackson, Tony Parenti, and Marshall Brown is lying in wait here. Closed Sundays. . . . **RED ONION,** 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): The dust on the floor of this ancient sawmill is fresh every day, for it is made on the spot by a collection of banjoists who are enthralled by the turn of the century. They plunk down their notes from nine to three or four every night. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): Siss, boom, bah, repeated ad infinitum. Washboard, tuba, banjo, and such fill in the chinks in the young customers' clamor. Music from nine until two or three all week, plus, on Sundays, matinées by the Southampton Dixie, Racing, and Clambake Society—four-thirty until nine. . . . **SLUGS',** 242 E. 3rd St. (WA 4-8400): In the midst of a new urban-youth redevelopment area sits this shack, full of music of the moment. It is currently the product of the Grachan Moncur III Workshop, and on Tuesday, Feb. 7, it becomes the doing of Jackie McLean's quartet. Mondays, Sun Ra's pathfinding ten-man firing squad is there instead. . . . **RED GARTER,** 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270): The entire student body of the City of New York engaged in hanging Peace and Quiet in effigy. A shotgun band erupts from time to time, often helped on by the stentorian lyrics of Ruth Crews, and so do movies that date back to Chaplin and Sarah Siddons. Beer is the elixir; nine until the end of time is the schedule. Closed Sundays. . . . **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): Tim Rose and his rock-and-sock voice keep the coffee—the strongest brew let loose in this pavilion—red-and-hot. He rests up on Tuesdays.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Horst Antes—Paintings and drawings featuring magnified profiles and human limbs combined surrealistically; through Feb. 18. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Karel Appel—Abstract Expressionist paintings; through Saturday, Feb. 4. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

Jean Auger—Semi-abstract figure paintings of a mythological nature; through Saturday, Feb. 11. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.)

Norman Bluhm and Frank O'Hara—Words (by the late Mr. O'Hara) set to paint (by Mr. Bluhm), and vice versa; through Sunday, Feb. 5. (Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and West Broadway. Mondays through Thursdays, 8 A.M. to 11:30 P.M.; Fridays and Saturdays, 8 A.M. to 1 A.M.; Sundays, noon to 8.)

Harold Bruder—Large paintings of photographs taken by the artist; through Feb. 25. (Durlacher, 538 Madison Ave., at 54th St. Closed Mondays.)

Francis Criss—Portraits and cityscapes, a retrospective; through Friday, Feb. 3. (Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 9; Fridays, 10 to 4.)

Leonard DeLonga—Sculptures in many mediums: lighthearted renderings of columns and triptychs, fan-shaped women, and small circus groups; through Saturday, Feb. 4. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Robert De Niro—Paintings of figures and still-lifes with strongly accented contours; through Saturday, Feb. 4. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St.)

Oyvind Fahlstrom—Collages; through Feb. 25. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

Perle Fine—Wood collages; through Feb. 25. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Lucio Fontana—Incised paintings, as well as sculptures, collages, and drawings; through Feb. 18. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Xavier Gonzalez—Polyester sculpture plaques, symbolic paintings, and abstract watercolors; through Saturday, Feb. 11. (Milch, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Hans Hofmann—Paintings, many of them never exhibited before, by the master Abstract Expressionist, who died last year; through Thursday, Feb. 9. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Wolf Kahn—Heavily textured paintings with identifiable themes; through Saturday, Feb. 11. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Alex Katz—Figures painted on cut-out metal; through Saturday, Feb. 4. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Minoru Kawabata—Abstract paintings based on oval shapes; through Saturday, Feb. 11. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

William King—Figurative bronzes; through Feb. 25. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Paul Klee—Paintings, drawings, and collages; through Saturday, Feb. 11. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St. Closed Mondays.) . . . ¶ Drawings (1910-40); through March 25. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Karl Knaths—Semi-abstract oils; through Saturday, Feb. 11. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

Richard Lindner—Fierce females belonging to a mythical police force; through Saturday, Feb. 11. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

Clement Meadmore—Black steel sculptures; through Saturday, Feb. 11. (Byron, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Hans Moller—Mostly soft, flora-patterned landscapes, plus a brilliantly colored "Homage to Maine" tapestry designed by the artist;

Consider the power of paper used with Imagination.

Paper, in itself, communicates—through its color and character, its look and feel. Here, the designer has used Champion Papers Kromekote® papers. Their smooth, flawless surfaces set forth every detail of the design with clarity and conviction. Their look and feel convey an image of quality and importance.
Champion Papers makes the world's largest selection of commercial printing papers. And, we can help you use them with imagination.

The Paper Division of Champion Papers Inc.
Knightsbridge/Hamilton, Ohio

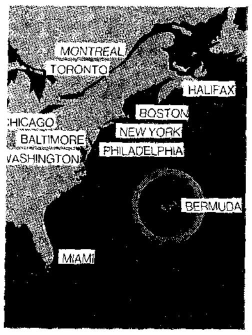
Champion Papers

Progress Report
Aerospace Corporation
Annual Report 1967
Aerospace Employee Guide

The graphic designs reproduced in this advertisement were created especially for Champion Papers by James Cross.

Tiny ferries take you from Hamilton Harbour to Paget, Warwick and Somerset.

"We shopped all afternoon and ferried back just in time for a swim and a swizzle." That's Bermuda!



Ninety minutes out of New York is a tiny, smiling island. British Bermuda, where the pace is leisurely. Where cares end—and fun begins.

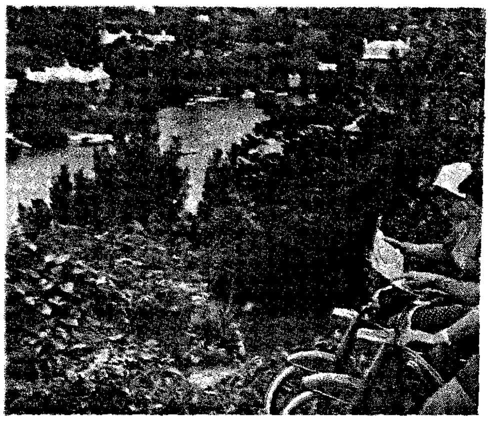
In Bermuda, transportation to fun is as much fun as the fun itself.

Little ferries like this one pass flower-dotted islands, stop at old landings en route to golf courses, Sunfish sailing, fishing, swimming, sightseeing in rustic villages, tea on the terrace, swizzle parties, calypso fun—and much more.

Horse-drawn carriages clip-clop through hedged roads, showing scenes of Old World charm by day, or the romance of Bermuda by night, as a thousand stars twinkle above the casuarina trees.

Tiny taxis, fringe-topped, will carry you everywhere. To fabulous shopping, lobster dinners, swinging night spots.

A favourite way with Bermudians and visitors alike is the motor-assisted cycle. Buzz off through lanes shaded with flowers to a powder-pink beach. A fast set of tennis. A soccer match or a yacht race. Or join us for a game of golf on one of seven courses famous for their challenge as well as their beauty.



Accommodation in Bermuda is as varied as the fun and transportation. Ask your travel agent in the U.S. or Canada. Or write Bermuda: 610 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 10020. 6 North Michigan Ave., Chicago 60602.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

through Saturday, Feb. 4. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Lee Mullican—Dream-world imagery; through Saturday, Feb. 11. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Gabriele Münter (1877-1962)—Paintings on glass, woodcuts, etchings, lithographs, and collages; through Saturday, Feb. 4. (Hutton, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

Bert Numme—Sculptures having some resemblance to machine parts; through Feb. 18. (Dorsky, 888 Madison Ave., at 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Toshio Odate—Big, tightly interlocking sculptures in wood, with inserted disks of colored plastic; through Feb. 18. (Radich, 818 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Doug Ohlson—Large paintings in one deep tone containing a square or rectangle of another color; through Saturday, Feb. 11. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

William Paxton (1869-1941)—A retrospective of paintings of mysterious or languorous women; through Saturday, Feb. 4. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Robert Philipp—Portraits, still-lifes, and genre paintings; through Saturday, Feb. 11. (Grand Central, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.)

Karl Prantl—Abstract stone sculptures; through Saturday, Feb. 4. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Grete Rikko—Oils and collages; through Saturday, Feb. 11. (Bodley, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Kendall Shaw—Abstract paintings in blue, black, or white, on white; through Feb. 16. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Miklos Suba—Paintings and drawings; through Saturday, Feb. 4. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Ernest Trova—A continuation of the "Falling Man" series; through Saturday, Feb. 11. (Pace, 9 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

John Wesley—Erotic figure paintings in flat pink, white, and black; through Friday, Feb. 10. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

William Zorach—Works done since 1956 by the renowned American sculptor, who died last November; through Saturday, Feb. 11. (Downtown, 465 Park Ave., at 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Aubudon Artists—Their twenty-fifth annual, containing oils, prints, watercolors, and sculptures; through Sunday, Feb. 5. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 5.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **bianchini**, 50 W. 57th St.: Sculptures by Richard Artschwager, Joe Goode, Claes Oldenburg, Robert Watts, and H. C. Westerman; through Saturday, Feb. 4. . . . **carlsson**, 791 Madison Ave., at 67th St.: A benefit show of paintings by Charles DuBack, Walter Gutman, and Al Hansen, plus sculptures by Michelle Stuart; through Saturday, Feb. 11. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 12:30 to 5.). . . **frumkin**, 41 E. 57th St.: Philip Pearlstein, Willem de Kooning, and Richard Diebenkorn are three of the participants in a display of nude paintings; through Saturday, Feb 4. . . . **ibm gallery**, 16 E. 57th St.: "Portrait of America: 1865-1915," paintings (by Blakelock, Inness, Twachtman, and others) given by William T. Evans to the National Collection of Fine Arts, Smithsonian Institution; through Feb. 25. . . . **lewison**, 35 E. 64th St.: Albert Bierstadt, Leonard Ochtman, Theodore Robinson, and other nineteenth- and twentieth-century painters; through Saturday, Feb. 4.

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the **capricorn**, 11 W. 56th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Peter Agostini, Karel Appel, and John Grillo (to mention a few); through Feb. 18. (Closed Mondays.). . . **odyssia**, 41 E. 57th St.: Drawings and sculptures by such artists as Morris Graves, Giacometti, and Manzù; through Friday, Feb. 10. (Closed Mondays.). . . **white**, 42 E. 57th St.: Louise Nevelson, Costantino Nivola, Henry Moore, and others, in a "Sculpture and the Frame" show; through Feb. 18. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **wildenstein**, 19 E. 64th St.: A benefit exhibit of paintings and drawings (including Renoirs, Gainsboroughs, Homers, and Tiepolos) and silver, from the Sterling and Francine Clark Art Institute, in Williamstown, Mass.; through Feb. 25.

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **hahn**, 960 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Works by nineteenth- and twentieth-century French painters, among them Soutine, Vuillard, and Courbet; through Saturday, Feb. 11. (Closed Mondays.). . . **loeb & krugier**, 12 E. 57th St.: Delacroix, Oskar Schlemmer, and Robert Müller are three of the artists represented in a showing of paintings, drawings, and sculptures; through Saturday, Feb. 11. (Closed Mondays.). . . **perls**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Braque, Maillol, Picasso, and other painters and sculptors; through Saturday, Feb. 11. (Closed Mondays.). . . **pietrantonio**, 26 E. 84th St.: Animals and birds in bronze by nineteenth-century French sculptors, including Barye and Rosa Bonheur; through April 15. (Closed Mondays.)

Latin-Americans; Group Show—The Zegrí Gallery's thirteenth print annual, with items in various graphic mediums by forty artists from eleven countries; through Saturday, Feb. 4. (10 E. 8th St. Open Friday evenings until 9:30.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Two new permanent installations: "The Enduring Art of China," ceramics, sculptures, frescoes, paintings on silk and paper, and furniture; and "A Far Eastern Treasury," metals (gold, silver, bronze, and iron) inlaid with jade, crystal, pearls, and glass, which have been shaped into buckles, jewelry, cosmetic boxes, and icons. . . . ¶ Architectural drawings and watercolors by Alexander Jackson Davis (1803-92); through Feb. 19. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A neat thread of drawings, from Pollaiuolo's "Fighting Nudes" to Ben Shahn's "Sacco and Vanzetti," in a show aptly entitled "The Taste of a Connoisseur; The Paul J. Sachs Collection;" through March 5. . . . ¶ "Art in the Mirror," takeoffs by our contemporary artists on the works of their predecessors, an example of which is Rauschenberg's "Erased de Kooning Drawing;" through Sunday, Feb. 5. . . . ¶ Mobiles, stabiles, wire portraits, and jewelry by Alexander Calder, presented to the Museum by the artist; through April 5. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Embryonic wheelbarrows, typewriters, scissors, and other day-to-day realities, seen in works (1962-66) by Jean Dubuffet; through Sunday, Feb. 5. . . . ¶ "Wassily Kandinsky: Painting on Glass," marking the hundredth anniversary of his birth, allies the artist's small glass paintings, principally on religious subjects, with Bavarian folk paintings on the reverse side of glass. Watercolors, drawings, and prints by Kandinsky complete the exhibit. Through Feb. 12. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—The invitational 1966 Annual of Contemporary American Sculpture and Prints, comprising nearly two hundred artists, among them Calder, José de Rivera, Louise Nevelson, Ernest Trova, Tony Smith, Barnett Newman, and numerous makers of "basic" structures; through Sunday, Feb. 5. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

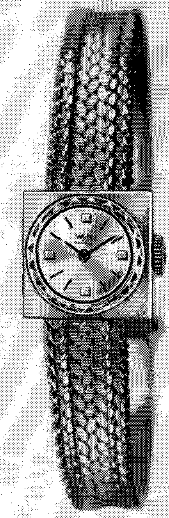
Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"Ancient Art of Latin America," items from the Jay C. Leff collection. There are miniature figurines, large ceramic figures and vessels from Mexico, small stone sculptures and lapidary work from the Gulf Coast, and wood sculptures from Peru. Through March 5. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5. An admission charge of fifty cents goes to the Museum's special-exhibitions fund.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Color photographs by W. Gurnee Dyer of African customs, villages, and wildlife; through June 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Academy and National Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—A capsule of Childe Hassam's work—landscapes, portraits, nudes, and scenes of New York, in a number of mediums; through Saturday, Feb. 11. (Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—"Chinese Art

Funny, it doesn't look rugged.



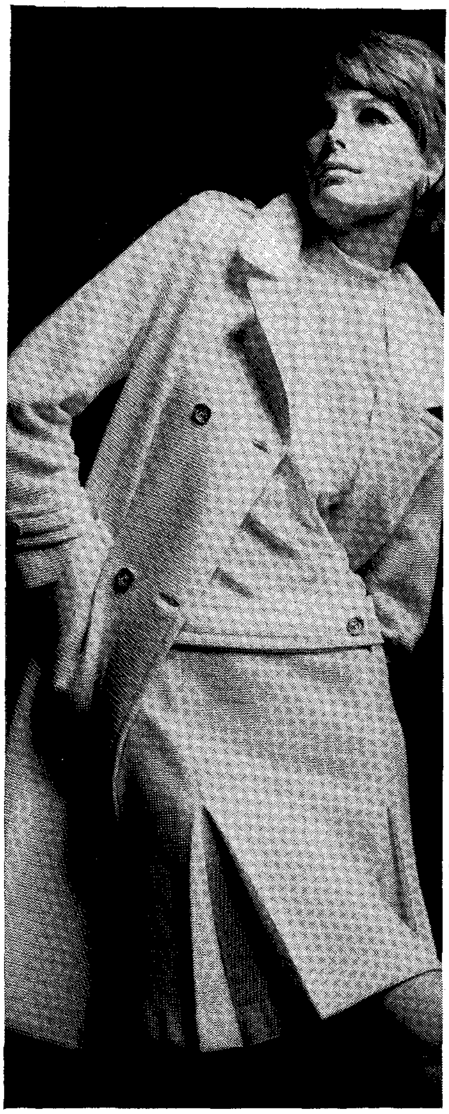
Stout heart wins fair lady. The rugged heart of this fair lady's watch by Wyler is the unique Incaflex balance wheel. Its winning feature? It prevents 9 out of 10 breakdowns due to sudden jolts. It actually *gives* with shock. The Incaflex balance wheel is only found in Wyler watches. Guaranteed for the life of the watch. If it *ever* breaks, we'll replace it. Free of charge. Funny thing is, we can't remember when *that* happened last.

14K Gold, Sapphire Crystal, $225.00
Other Wyler watches from $35.00

Wyler
incaflex

Swiss quality watches since 1924
Wyler Watch Corporation, N.Y. 10010

The smoothest travel companions are Celara knits.



How smart you are to travel in Cabot's ottoman knit coat that claims its own dress! You know they won't wrinkle because they're Celara knits of Celanese Acetate and nylon. Coat, about $70. Cowled, sleeveless dress, about $45. White, blue or lime. Sizes 6 to 16. At Best & Co., New York; Bullock's Santa Ana; Hochschild Kohn, Baltimore.

Celanese® Celara®

CELANESE ACETATE
THE BEAUTY FIBER
ADD A FIBER FROM CELANESE AND GOOD THINGS GET BETTER

from the Collection of H.M. King Gustaf VI Adolf of Sweden," composed of a hundred and fifty jades, bronzes, ceramics, lacquers, and carvings (in ivory, bamboo, and rhinoceros horn) dating from the Stone Age to the eighteenth century; through Feb. 12. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—Twentieth-century Italian paintings, sculptures, and drawings by (for instance) de Chirico, Boccioni, and Mirko; through Feb. 26. . . . ¶ Etchings, paintings, and drawings by Giovanni Castiglione, the seventeenth-century Genoese virtuoso; through March 31. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—A thoughtful arrangement of paintings, drawings, and sculptures by such American and European artists as Marsden Hartley, Andrew Wyeth, Degas, and Picasso, from the collection of Dr. and Mrs. T. Edward Hanley; through March 12. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—More than a hundred and fifty drawings, paintings, and sculptures by the late French monochromist Yves Klein, best known in New York for his all-blue paintings and sponge sculptures; through March 12. . . . ¶ A six-panel tapestry in memory of the Jewish victims of the Nazis by Anni Albers, wife of Josef Albers; through March 12. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"British Watercolors, 1750-1850," most as mild and serene as John Constable's "Windmill and Sheep" and John Thirtle's "The Old Farm, Near Selby Hall." All are on loan from the Victoria and Albert Museum. Through Wednesday, Feb. 8. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—Metalwork from Germany, that includes glinting jewelry, trim kitchenware, and flocks of candlesticks; through March 5. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Etchings, lithographs, and engravings by Reginald Marsh that span city life from the burlesque houses to the Metropolitan Opera, along with a few by other printmakers of the time; through Feb. 28. (Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 10.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House at Lincoln Center is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday, Feb. 2, at 8: "Peter Grimes," with Lucine Amara, Lili Chookasian, Jon Vickers, and Geraint Evans. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 3, at 8: "Fledermaus" (in English), with Phyllis Curtin, Roberta Peters, Kitty Carlisle, Arturo Sergi, John Reardon, and Donald Gramm. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 4, at 2: "La Bohème," with Teresa Stratas, Beverly Bower, Gianni Raimondi, Mario Sereni, Clifford Harvuot, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 4, at 8: "Il Trovatore," with Martina Arroyo, Biserka Cvejic, Richard Tucker, and Robert Merrill. (A benefit performance; for tickets, call TR 7-8281.) . . . ¶ Monday, Feb. 6, at 8: "Aida," with Leontyne Price, Grace Bumbry, Carlo Bergonzi, and Robert Merrill. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 7, at 8: "Queen of Spades" (in English), with Teresa Stratas, Jean Madeira, Jon Vickers, Morley Meredith, and William Walker. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 8, at 8: "Il Trovatore," with Montserrat Caballé, Biserka Cvejic, Richard Tucker, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 9, at 8: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Roberta Peters, Carlo Bergonzi, Mario Sereni, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 10, at 8: "Fledermaus" (in English), with Phyllis Curtin, Roberta Peters, Kitty Carlisle, Arturo Sergi, John Reardon, and Donald Gramm. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 11, at 2: "Peter Grimes," with Lucine Amara, Lili Chookasian, Jon Vickers, and Geraint Evans. . . . ¶ Saturday Feb. 11, at 7:15: "Die Meistersinger," with Jean Fenn, Mildred Miller, Sándor Kónya, Giorgio Tozzi, John Macurdy, and Karl Dönch.

Metropolitan Opera National Company—Final performances of the season—Thursday evening, Feb. 2: "The Marriage of Figaro," in English. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 3: "La Traviata," in Italian. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 4: "La Bohème," in Italian. . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Feb. 5: "La Bohème," in English. . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Feb. 5: "The Marriage of Figaro," in English. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Feb. 9: "La Traviata," in Italian. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 10: "The Rape of Lucretia." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 11: "The Marriage of Figaro," in English. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 11: "La Bohème," in Italian. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

New York City Opera—Opening performances of the season, which will continue through Sunday, March 26—Thursday, Feb. 9, at 7:45: "Don Rodrigo," with Jeannine Crader, Kay Creed, Placido Domingo, David Clatworthy, and Spiro Malas. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 10, at 8:15: "La Bohème," with Audrey Schuh, Carol Bayard, Michele Molese, Dominic Cossa, and Malcolm Smith. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 11, at 2:15: "The Abduction from the Seraglio" (in English) with Beverly Sills, Anne Elgar, David Smith, Ara Berberian, John McCollum, and John Lankston. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 11, at 8:15: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Joy Clements, Frances Bible, Donna Jeffrey, Spiro Malas, David Clatworthy, Nico Castel, and Malcolm Smith. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall—William Steinberg conducting on Thursday, Feb. 2, at 8:30; Friday, Feb. 3, at 2:15; Saturday, Feb. 4, at 8:30; and Monday, Feb. 6, at 7:30 (all with Edith Peinemann, violin); and a Reger-Tchaikovsky program on Thursday, Feb. 9, at 8:30, and Monday, Feb. 13, at 7:30 (no soloists). . . . ¶ Andre Kostelanetz conducting on Saturday, Feb. 11, at 8:30, with Mayor Lindsay as narrator of Copland's "Lincoln Portrait." Also with David Nadien, violin, and Bruce Prince-Joseph, organ.

Washington National Symphony—Howard Mitchell conducting two programs of Beethoven piano concertos, with Hans Richter-Haaser as soloist. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Feb. 5, and Sunday, Feb. 12, both at 4.)

Cleveland Orchestra—George Szell directing Beethoven's "Missa Solemnis," with Saramae Endich, soprano; Florence Kopleff, contralto; Ernst Haefliger, tenor; Ezio Flagello, bass; and the Cleveland Orchestra Chorus. The first in a series of three concerts. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Feb. 6, at 8:30.)

Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra—Stanislaw Skrowaczewski conducting a program of Polish and Russian music, with John Ogdon, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Feb. 9, at 8:30.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra and Chorus—Frederic Waldman conducting a Mozart-Verdi program, with Patricia Brooks, soprano; Lili Chookasian, mezzo-soprano; Walter Carringer, tenor; and Bonaldo Giaiotti, bass. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Feb. 4, at 8:30.)

Symphony of the New World—Benjamin Steinberg conducting, with Gloria Agostini, harp, and Harold Jones, flute. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 7, at 8:30.)

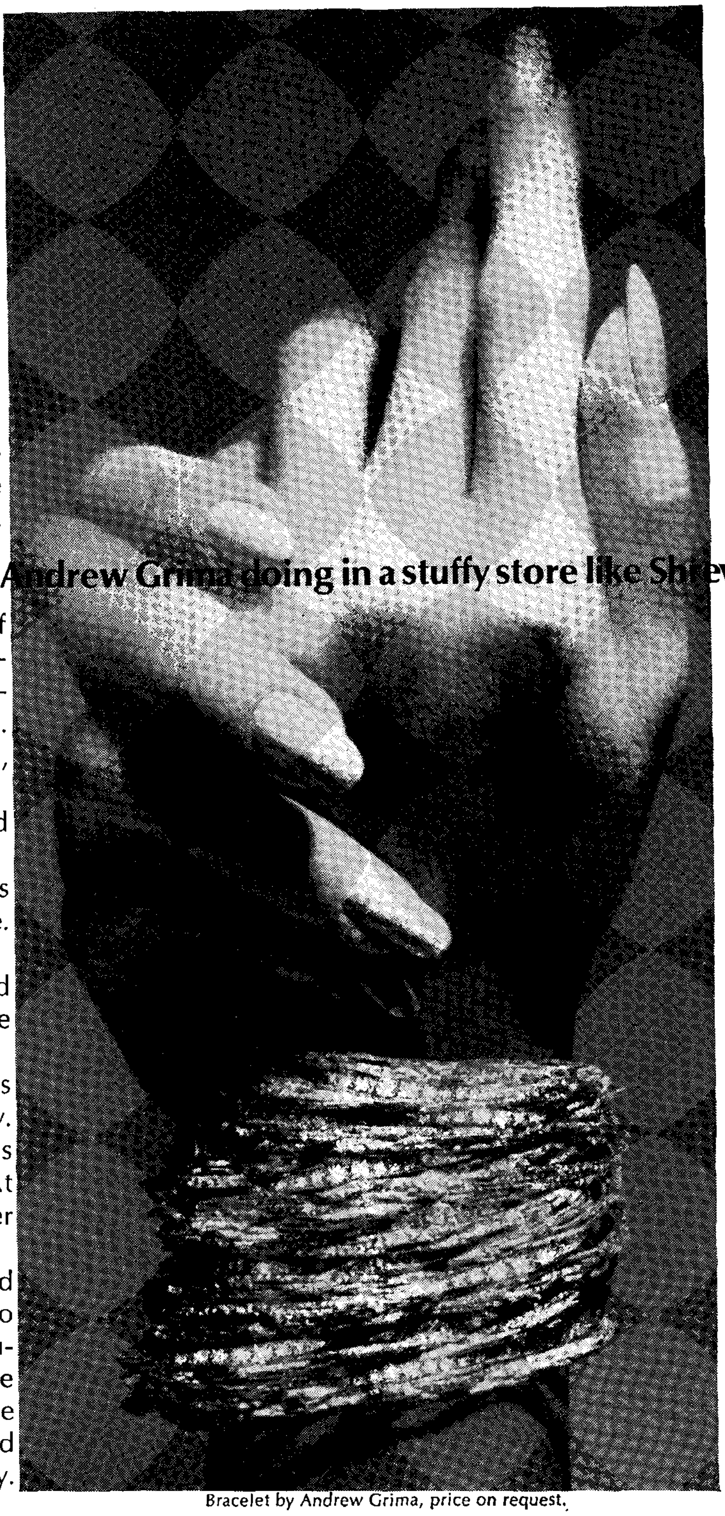
Festival Orchestra of New York—Thomas Dunn conducting, with Gerald Tarack, violin, and Gerardo Levy, flute. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Feb. 10, at 8:30.)

Municipal Concerts Orchestra—Julius Grossman conducting a benefit concert, with Artur Balsam, piano. (Town Hall. Friday, Feb. 10, at 8:30.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Siegfried Landau conducting, with Abbott Lee Ruskin, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Feb. 11, at 8:30.)

Collegiate Chorale—Abraham Kaplan directing, with Veronica Tyler, soprano; Joanna Simon, mezzo-soprano; Richard Levitt, tenor and countertenor; Thomas Palmer, baritone; and the Orchestra of America. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Feb. 3, at 8:30.)

Brattleboro Music Center Chorus—Blanche



At Shreve's we're introducing jewelry designed by Andrew Grima, one of Britain's foremost contemporary designers.

Bold, asymmetrical, modern designs. Diamonds with precious and semi-precious stones set in 18-carat gold. Or platinum. This bracelet, for instance, has diamonds flashing in darting strips of platinum on textured gold wire spinning around the wrist. This won a 1966 Diamonds-International Award.

For his originality and workmanship, Mr. Grima has received other Diamonds-International Awards and the 1966 Duke of Edinburgh's Prize for Elegant Design.

What's an avant-garde designer like Andrew Grima doing in a stuffy store like Shreve's?

Each design has clarity and strength of structure. Each is handcrafted and individual. Many pieces are inspired by natural forms, tree bark, leaves and shells.

Our selection of pins, necklaces, bracelets and rings ranges from $300.

Some people may be surprised to find avant-garde design at Shreve's.

That's because some think of Shreve's as Boston's old fossil of a jewelry store. 166 years old. Expensive. And stuffy.

Stuffy we are. About one thing. And one thing only. Quality. That's why we choose designers like Mr. Grima.

At Shreve's you'll never find flashiness of design substituting for basic quality.

We're expensive because quality is never bought at bargain prices. At Shreve's it's money well spent. Never money lost.

Whether you're buying a diamond with lasting beauty and value, or Mario Buccellati silver, which we have exclusively in New England, or avant-garde jewelry, you'll find your best value lies in a stuffy store like Shreve's. And today a stuffy store is hard to come by.

Bracelet by Andrew Grima, price on request.

SHREVE CRUMP & LOW CO.
330 BOYLSTON STREET
AREA CODE 617 267-9110
BOSTON
02116

Saks Fifth Avenue

SEND YOUR VALENTINE
S.F.A's DREAM-SHIFT, $18

Our short batiste float in vibrant pink or robin's egg blue—a silhouette of unusual charm crisped with bands of open-work bordered with Val lace. Of carefree Dacron® polyester and cotton in petite, small and medium sizes. Lingerie Collections. Mail and phone orders filled.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Honegger Moyse directing a program of Bach cantatas, with the Brattleboro Community Chorus, the Marlboro College Chorus, the Brattleboro Music Center Chamber Orchestra, and soloists. (Town Hall. Saturday, Feb. 4, at 5:15.)

Dessoff Choirs—Paul Boepple directing. (Town Hall. Saturday, Feb. 4, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Marlboro Trio—Chamber music. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Thursday, Feb. 2, at 8.)

Mikhail Vaiman—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Feb. 3, at 8:30.)

Quartetto Italiano—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Feb. 3, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.... ¶ Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 4, at 8:30. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Henryk Szeryng—Violin. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Feb. 4, at 8:30.)

Michael Rogers—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Feb. 4, at 8:30.)

Guarneri String Quartet—The last in a series of concerts, this one with Mischa Schneider, cello, and Boris Kroyt, viola. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Saturday, Feb. 4, at 8:30.)

Paul Badura-Skoda and Jörg Demus—Piano, in a Mozart-Schubert program of music for four hands. (Philharmonic Hall. Saturday, Feb. 4, at 11:30.)

Szymon Goldberg and Jörg Demus—Violin and piano, in a program of Bach solo works. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Feb. 5, at 8.)

Lorin Hollander—Piano. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and West Broadway. Sunday, Feb. 5, at 8:30. For tickets, call SP 7-2000, Ext. 462.)

Artur Rubinstein—Piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Tuesday, Feb. 7, at 8:30.)

Composers' Showcase—The second in a series of four programs of twentieth-century American music, this one comprising works by George Antheil, Erich Itor Kahn, and others. The performers include Adele Addison, soprano; Beveridge Webster, piano; and Matthew Raimondi, violin. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and West Broadway. Tuesday, Feb. 7, at 8:30. For information about free tickets, call SP 7-2000, Ext. 240.)

Claudio Arrau—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 8, at 8:30, the first in a series of three concerts of Beethoven sonatas.... ¶ Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Feb. 11, at 8:30, a varied program.)

Peter Serkin—Piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 8, at 8:30.)

Music from Marlboro—The second in a series of three chamber-music programs offering soloists from the Marlboro Music Festival, this one with Alexander Schneider, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; John Barrows, horn; and others. (Town Hall. Thursday, Feb. 9, at 8:30.)

New York Chamber Soloists—A program of music by Bach and his contemporaries, with Louis-Jacques Rondeleux, bass-baritone. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Feb. 10, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Jacques Brel—Belgian pop singer. (Carnegie Hall. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 10-11, at 8:40.)

Gene and Francesca—Folk singers. (Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center. Saturday, Feb. 11, at 2:30. No tickets necessary.)

Jorge Bolet—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 11, at 8:30. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

New York Pro Musica—A program of music by Flemish masters of the late fifteenth century. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Saturday, Feb. 11, at 8:30.)

Note—Edith Peinemann will give a violin recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Feb. 12, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Monday, Feb. 6, in the order that written applications are received on that day (not before). Two separate requests may be sent in the same envelope.

MISCELLANY

Sacred Music—A program of new music by six contemporary composers (who will conduct or perform their own works), including David Amram, Mary Lou Williams, and Sister Miriam Therese Winter. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Feb. 5, at 8:15.)

Contemporary Music Society—A program of electronic and instrumental music, with Harvey Sollberger, flute, and other soloists, as well as the Alwin Nikolais Dance Company. (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Thursday, Feb. 9, at 8:30. For tickets, call TR 3-1250.)

WNYC American Music Festival—Among the events of interest will be a concert by forty members of the Orchestra of America (directed by Howard Hanson, Herman Neuman, Harold Farberman, and Franz Bibo), sponsored by the National Association for American Composers and Conductors. (Town Hall. Sunday, Feb. 12, at 2:30. Free tickets can be had by writing WNYC, New York 10007, and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

Jazz Concerts—The Cecil Taylor Unit performing Mr. Taylor's "Presence." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Thursday and Friday, Feb. 2-3, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden: Saturday, Feb. 4: Knicks vs. Detroit.... ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 7: Knicks vs. Los Angeles.... ¶ Saturday, Feb. 11: Knicks vs. San Francisco. (Games begin at 8:30.)

Boxing—Cassius Clay vs. Ernie Terrell, 15 rounds, for the World Heavyweight Championship. (Houston Astrodome, Houston. Monday, Feb. 6. A closed-circuit telecast will be shown on a forty-foot screen at Madison Square Garden at 10:30; preliminary short films starting at 9:15.)

Dartmouth Winter Carnival—The annual four-event ski meet. (Hanover, N.H. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 10-11.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, Feb. 5, at 7: Rangers vs. Toronto.... ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 8, at 7:30: Rangers vs. Boston.

Racing—At Bowie, Md.: Weekdays at 1:05; through Saturday, March 4. The Bowie Handicap, Saturday, Feb. 4.

Track Meets—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, Feb. 3, at 7:15: Knights of Columbus. ... ¶ Friday, Feb. 10, at 7: United States Track and Field Federation.

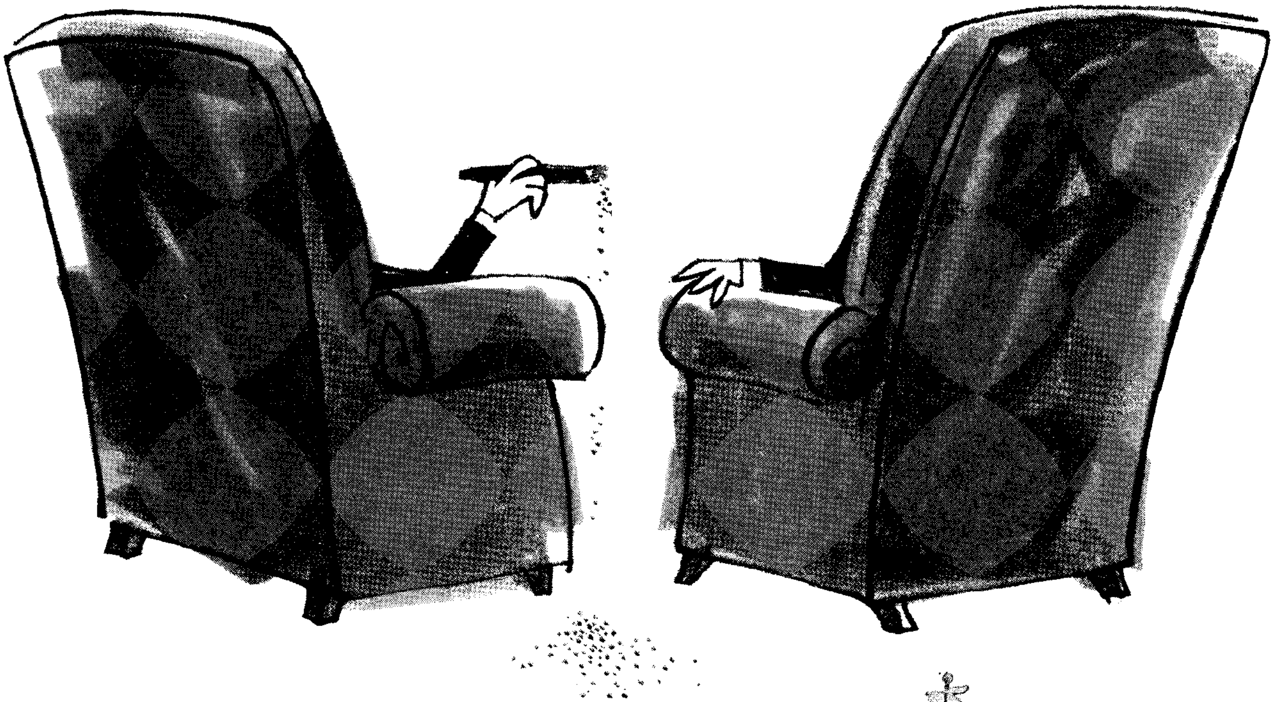
Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8; through Friday, March 3.

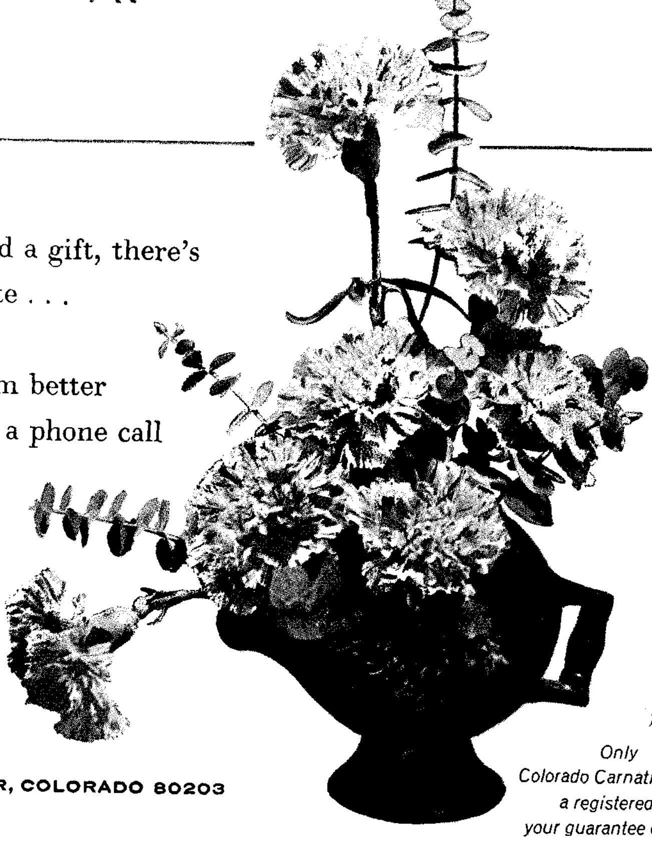
FOR CHILDREN

Music—By the **little orchestra society**: Thomas Scherman conducting an all-Mozart program, with Ann Gardner, soprano, and Thomas Head, baritone. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Saturday, Feb. 4, at 11 and 3.)... **brooklyn philharmonia**: Siegfried Landau directing, with Maurice Edwards, narrator, and the Brooklyn Philharmonia Choral Society. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Feb. 4, at 2:30.) ... **washington national symphony**: Howard Mitchell conducting the first in a series of three concerts. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Sunday, Feb. 5, at 2.)... **amato opera company**: An abbreviated version of "H.M.S. Pinafore" (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Feb. 11, at 2:30.)

Stage Shows—By **florsheim productions**: "Puss in Boots." (Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. Saturdays at 3. For tickets, call LO

we were going to send old Burton a yacht
for his birthday, but we switched to COLORADO CARNATIONS®
...they need less water, you know





When it's time to send a gift, there's one that's always in perfect taste . . . always welcome . . . fragrant Colorado Carnations . . . available from better florists nationwide . . . and just a phone call away. Next time you need a gift for a customer, specify beautiful Colorado Carnations®

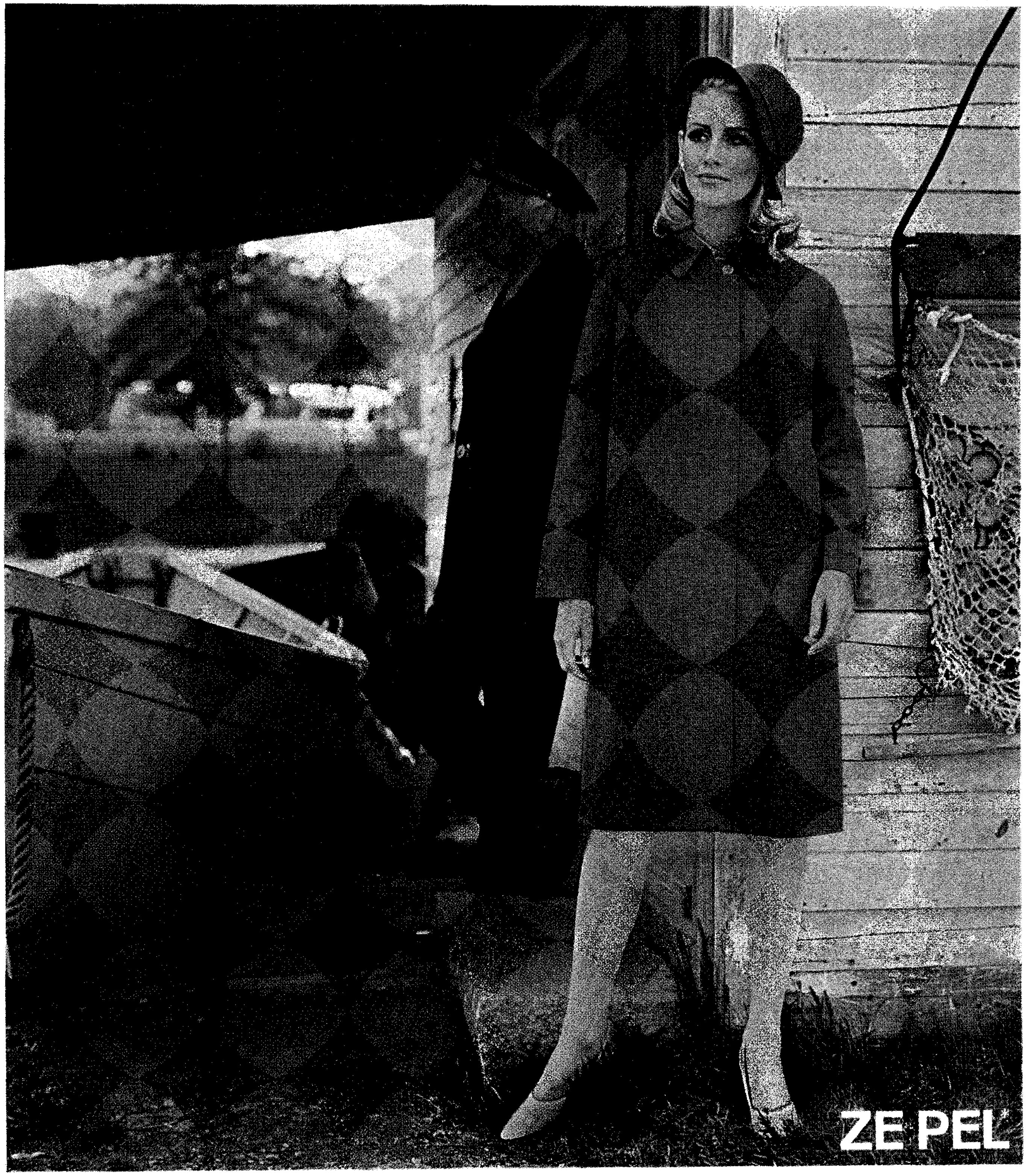
**COLORADO
FLOWER GROWERS
ASSOCIATION, INC.**

901 SHERMAN STREET / DENVER, COLORADO 80203

*Only
Colorado Carnations wear
a registered trademark seal—
your guarantee of finest quality.*

SHOW OFF A LITTLE in Misty's Any-Weather **"RIO,"** a frankly female version of the gentleman's Balmacaan. Handsomely tailored in our exclusive *Buoy Cloth,*smooth Poplin of 65% **Dacron**® **polyester**–35% Cotton protected with **ZE PEL** rain and stain repeller. Luscious sherbert party colors . . . peacock (as shown), lemon, pink, apricot, raspberry, ivory, ice blue, mint, olive, natural, navy, black. Sizes: regular 6 to 20; petites 2 to 16; juniors 3 to 15. About $37.50. Talls 12 to 22. About $38.50. Matching Misty Fisherman Hat, about $6.00.

PHOTOGRAPHED AT MYSTIC SEAPORT, CONN.



At **BLOOMINGDALE'S,** New York; **ABRAHAM & STRAUS,** Brooklyn; **BAMBERGER'S,** Newark; **LUCKEY, PLATT & CO.,** Poughkeepsie; **DAVISON'S,** Atlanta; **THALHIMER BROS.,** Richmond, Danville, Greensboro, Durham, Winston-Salem; **CHERRY & WEBB,** Providence; **JAISON'S,** McKeesport and branches; **NEVIUS-VOORHEES,** Trenton, Princeton, Flemington; **P. J. YOUNG CO.,** New Brunswick; **FIELD-SCHLICK,** St. Paul; **BULLOCK'S,** Los Angeles; **FRANKENBERGER'S,** Charleston; **JORDAN MARSH,** Boston; **SAGE ALLEN,** Hartford; **STEWART'S,** Baltimore; and fine stores everywhere or write Misty Harbor Ltd., 512 Seventh Avenue, New York 10018.

Misty Harbor® LTD.
A DIVISION OF JONATHAN LOGAN

*DU PONT REGISTERED TRADEMARK

SLIGHTLY HIGHER WEST OF THE ROCKIES

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

5-8853.)...**GINGERBREAD PLAYERS & JACK:** "The Princess and the Frog." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.)...**ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS:** "Little Red Riding Hood," Saturdays and Sundays at 1....¶ "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. GR 5-9647.)...**PAPER BAG PLAYERS:** "Fortunately." (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Saturdays at 3.)...**PICKWICK PUPPET THEATRE:** "The Mikado." (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Feb. 4, at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2:15 on the day of the performance. Children under five not admitted.)...**ROCKEFELLER PLAYERS:** "Robinson Crusoe." (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. Saturdays at 1 and 3, and Sundays at 1. For tickets, call 249-6978.)...**STORYLAND THEATRE:** "Heidi." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 3:30.)...**TAUBENSLAG PRODUCTIONS:** "Little Oliver Twist." Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30....¶ "Adventures of Pinocchio," Saturdays and Sundays at 3. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2283.)...**ROD YOUNG'S PUPPET THEATRE:** "The Royal Space Ship." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. LE 4-1672. Saturday, Feb. 4, at 1:30.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition entitled "The Artist's Workshop–Tools and Techniques" demonstrates the methods employed in pictorial art and includes examples of different mediums from the Museum's collections of European, American, Egyptian, and Near and Far Eastern art. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)...¶ "Five Young Artists: A Retrospective Exhibition" consists of drawings that evidence the particular bent of each: Charles Wunderman's city and subway, Ari Mayer's character studies, Howard Goodley's vivid introspections, Susannah Kelly's hipsters, and Alan Ericksen's animals. Through Feb. 15. (Daily, except Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-8828)—The current show is called "Ten Years into the Space Age." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 7:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. Children under five not admitted.)

NOTE—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have free and exclusive use of the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, every Saturday from 10 to 12.

ET ALIA

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)...¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

POETRY READINGS—G. C. Oden, Robert Cohen, and Joel Sloman reading from their own works. (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Thursday, Feb. 2, at 8:30. For tickets, call YU 8-6783.)...¶ Harold Pinter reading a personal selection of poetry ranging from Donne to Ted Hughes. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Sunday, Feb. 5, at 8:30.)

CAT SHOW—Empire Cat Club. (71st Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 34th St. Saturday, Feb. 4, from 10 to 10, and Sunday, Feb. 5, from noon to 8.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 7, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday, Feb. 3, at 1:45: English and French furniture, and Minton, Royal Doulton, and other porcelains; the property of Mrs. Joshua Zuckerman and others....¶ Saturday, Feb. 4, at 10:30 and 1:45: Old Spanish treasure, including coins, silver, porcelains, jewelry, and artifacts, recovered from ships destroyed off the Florida coast in 1715.

COMING EVENTS

(A check list for readers who plan ahead.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—At Madison Square Garden: Feb. 16, 18, 21, 25, and 28, and March 7 and 12.

DOG SHOW—Westminster Kennel Club. (Madison Square Garden. Feb. 13-14.)

HOCKEY—Professional games at Madison Square Garden on Feb. 12, 18, 22, and 26, and March 5, 8, 12, and 15.

SKATING—Middle Atlantic Figure Skating Championships. (Iceland Rink. March 10-12.)

RACING—At Aqueduct: March 13-July 29.

TRACK MEETS—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** New York Athletic Club, Feb. 17....¶ I.C.A.-A.A.A. Indoor Championships, March 4....**102ND ENGINEERS ARMORY:** Metropolitan Intercollegiate Track and Field Association Indoor Championships, track events, Feb. 24.

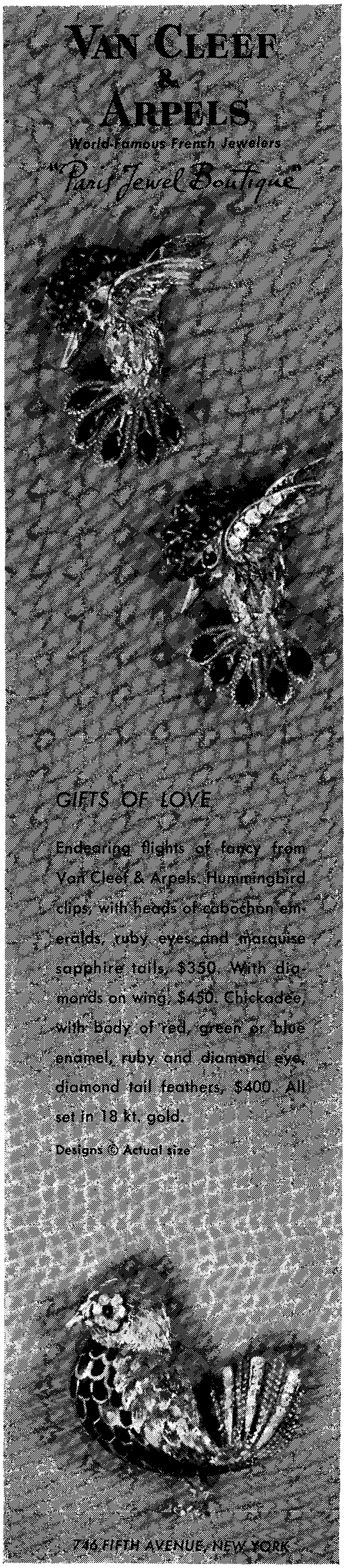
TROTTING—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: March 4-May 24.

MUSIC—**METROPOLITAN OPERA**, Lincoln Center (799-4420): The season continues through April 15....**PHILHARMONIC HALL** (TR 4-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 20....¶ New York Choral Society, Feb. 12....¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, Feb. 14 and 28....¶ Chamber Symphony of Philadelphia, Feb. 15 and 22....¶ Jörg Demus, piano, Feb. 19....¶ Little Orchestra Society, Feb. 21....¶ Festival Orchestra of New York, Feb. 24....¶ Boston Symphony, March 1 and 3....¶ Hermann Prey, baritone, March 5....¶ Stuttgart Chamber Orchestra, March 5....**CARNEGIE HALL** (CI 7-7459): Artur Rubinstein, piano, Feb. 12....¶ Cleveland Orchestra, Feb. 13, 16, 19, and 20....¶ The Romeros, guitarists, Feb. 17....¶ Alexander Brailowsky, piano, Feb. 22....¶ Mstislaw Rostropovich, cello, and the London Symphony Orchestra, Feb. 23, 26, and 28, and March 2, 5, 7, 9, and 12....¶ Arturo Benedetti Michelangeli, piano, Feb. 24....¶ American Symphony Orchestra, Feb. 26-27....¶ Claudio Arrau, piano, March 1....¶ London Symphony Orchestra, March 3, 6, 8, and 10....¶ Boston Symphony, March 4....**TOWN HALL** (JU 2-4536): Lili Kraus, piano, Feb. 14....¶ Bach Aria Group, Feb. 15....¶ Amor Artis Chorale and Orchestra, Feb. 17....¶ Masterwork Chorus, Feb. 24....¶ Clarion Concert, Feb. 28....**HUNTER COLLEGE ASSEMBLY HALL** (535-5350): Marilyn Horne, soprano, Feb. 18....¶ Peter Frankl, piano, March 4....**GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM**, Metropolitan Museum (879-5512): Gérard Souzay, baritone, Feb. 19....¶ Alicia Schachter, piano, March 4....¶ Maureen Forrester, contralto, March 5.

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS—Martha Graham Dance Company, at the Mark Hellinger Theatre, Feb. 21-March 12....¶ Joffrey Ballet, at the City Center, March 9-26.

THEATRE—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: "Love in E-Flat," a comedy by Norman Krasna, with Kathleen Nolan and Hal Buckley....¶ A three-week repertory of Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet," "Measure for Measure," and "Hamlet," by the Bristol Old Vic, at the City Center....¶ Ingrid Thulin in "Of Love Remembered," a play by Arnold Sundgaard....¶ A comedy, "The Natural Look," by Lee Thuna, in which Brenda Vaccaro, Gene Hackman, Zohra Lampert, Jerry Orbach, and Ethel Griffies will appear....¶ A play by Robert Anderson, "You Know I Can't Hear You When the Water's Running," starring Martin Balsam, Eileen Heckart, and George Grizzard....¶ "Sherry!," a musical version of Kaufman and Hart's "The Man Who Came to Dinner," with music and lyrics by James Lipton and Laurence Rosenthal, and a cast that includes George Sanders, Dolores Gray, and Elizabeth Allen.

OTHER DATES—Lincoln's Birthday is Sunday, Feb. 12; Monday, Feb 13, will be a holiday....¶ Winter Garden Show of the Horticultural Society of New York, at Essex House, Feb. 15....¶ National Antiques Show, at Madison Square Garden, Feb. 21-March 2....¶ Washington's Birthday is Wednesday, Feb. 22....¶ Coliseum Antiques Fair, at the Coliseum, March 4-12....¶ International Flower Show, at the Coliseum, March 4-12.


VAN CLEEF & ARPELS
World-Famous French Jewelers
"Paris Jewel Boutique"

GIFTS OF LOVE

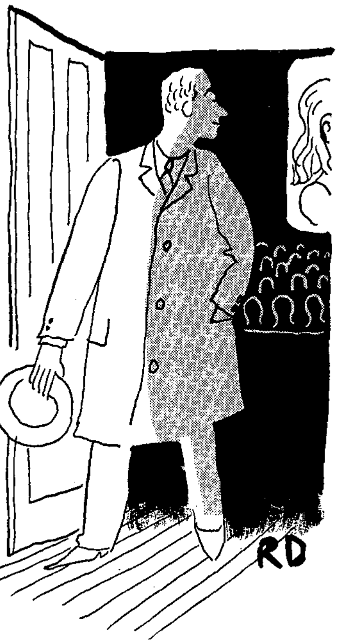
Endearing flights of fancy from Van Cleef & Arpels. Hummingbird clips, with heads of cabochon emeralds, ruby eyes and marquise sapphire tails, $350. With diamonds on wing, $450. Chickadee, with body of red, green or blue enamel, ruby and diamond eye, diamond tail feathers, $400. All set in 18 kt. gold.

Designs © Actual size

746 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				2	3	4
5	6	7	8			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

The Bible—Gigantic snippets of Genesis, directed by John Huston and with Mr. Huston playing Noah. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Blow-Up—David Hemmings is a fashion photographer in London and Vanessa Redgrave is a pretty girl who is somehow implicated in a murder. Michelangelo Antonioni is a poet, not a storyteller, and his picture is always lovely to look upon and often impossible to understand. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1664.)

The Crazy Quilt—A disillusioned young man meets and marries a girl who lives off daydreams. The consequences are sometimes comic and sometimes sad. Written and directed by John Korty, and starring Tom Rosqui and Ina Mela. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350.)

The Deadly Affair—A stylish thriller, directed by Sidney Lumet and boasting a cast that includes James Mason, Simone Signoret, Maximilian Schell, Kenneth Haigh, and Lynn Redgrave. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

Doctor Zhivago—A lot of things have gone wrong with this expensive-looking version of the Pasternak novel. The notable, largely wasted cast includes Julie Christie, Omar Sharif, Tom Courtenay, Alec Guinness, Geraldine Chaplin, Rod Steiger, and Rita Tushingham. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; starting Feb. 8.)

The Endless Summer—A hang-ten documentary about surfing in various parts of the world. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668.)

Funeral in Berlin—An excellent suspense film, starring Michael Caine as the Cockney spy Harry Palmer, a role he originated in "The Ipcress File." The setting is mostly East Berlin, and the activity is mostly murder. (Forum, B'way at 47th, PL 7-8320; Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313; and Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum—A successful replica of the bawdy Broadway musical. With Zero Mostel, Phil Silvers, Jack Gilford, Buster Keaton, and hundreds of pretty girls. Directed by Richard Lester. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240.)

Galia—A jaunty melodrama about a girl who takes Paris by storm and pays a certain price for her victory. Starring Mireille Darc, Venantino Venantini, and Françoise Prévost, and well directed by Georges Lautner. In French. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304.)

Gambit—Michael Caine and Shirley MacLaine show off their comic skills in a thriller of appropriately preposterous complexity, directed by Ronald Neame. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411; through Feb. 7. . . . ¶ Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540; starting Feb. 8.)

Georgy Girl—Lynn Redgrave, James Mason, Alan Bates, and Charlotte Rampling acting their talented heads off in a wry English comedy. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014, Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-5123; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200.)

Goal!—A model documentary, depicting the great soccer competition held in England last summer and known as the World Cup. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652.)

Grand Prix—Yves Montand, James Garner, Toshiro Mifune, Eva Marie Saint, and a lot of other good-looking, high-spirited people in a continuously thrilling picture about racing cars and the strange men who drive them. Directed by John Frankenheimer. (Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Hawaii—Enormous in scale and tiny in content. With lots of pretty scenery and Julie Andrews and Max von Sydow. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Is Paris Burning?—An unexpected bungle, in which only Paris itself survives undiminished. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, AL 5-7050; and Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577. After 7:30 on Monday, Feb. 6, the theatre will be turned over to the telecast of the Cassius Clay-Ernie Terrell fight.)

Loves of a Blonde—A Czechoslovakian comedy about how hard it is to be young and in love. Directed by Milos Forman. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

A Man and a Woman—Beautifully photographed account of love between a beautiful widow who works as a script girl and a handsome widower who drives racing cars for a living and a Mustang on his days off. In French. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-2013.)

A Man for All Seasons—A flawless rendering of Robert Bolt's eloquent play about Sir Thomas More. Mr. Bolt has written the screenplay, and Fred Zinnemann has directed with tact and force a large cast that includes Paul Scofield as the tragic, noble Sir Thomas; Wendy Hiller, as his wife; Robert Shaw, as Henry VIII; and Leo McKern, as the wily Cromwell. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30 and 5:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Naked Prey—Cornel Wilde at his all-around best in Africa. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Feb. 7.)

The Night of the Generals—A handsomely produced melodrama about a Nazi general with a penchant for murdering prostitutes. With Peter O'Toole, Omar Sharif, Tom Courtenay, Donald Pleasence, and Joanna Pettet. Anatole Litvak directed. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060; and Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?—A fine movie of that hard night's night. Mike Nichols, as director, and the cast, who need not be named here, do Edward Albee proud. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363.)

The Wrong Box—Excellent comedy, with comedians Ralph Richardson, John Mills, Wilfrid Lawson, Michael Caine, Peter Sellers, Peter Cook, and Dudley Moore. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Feb. 7.)

REVIVALS

The Battle of the Sexes (1960)—Peter Sellers, Robert Morley, and Constance Cummings enacting a comedy about the introduction of modern American methods into a staid firm in Edinburgh. A British film, derived from a story by James Thurber. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Feb. 2.)

Beat the Devil (1954)—Humphrey Bogart in the hire of a gang of lunatic crooks out to get control of a uranium field. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Feb. 3-6.)

Casablanca (1942)—Intrigue in North Africa. With Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Feb. 3-6.)

Cat Ballou (1965)—A Western that makes sport of Westerns, with Lee Marvin and Jane Fonda. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; through Feb. 4.)

The Entertainer (1960)—Laurence Olivier plays the role of a nasty little second-rate English music-hall performer. Also in the cast are Joan Plowright, Brenda de Banzie, and Roger Livesey. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Feb. 2.)

Gigi (1958)—A musical revamp of Colette's novel. With Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier, and Hermione Gingold. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Feb. 8.)

The Luck of Ginger Coffey (1964)—Married love and muddled life in Montreal, with Robert Shaw and Mary Ure. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; starting Feb. 8.)

Major Barbara (1941)—The English screen version of Shaw's Salvation Army comedy. With Wendy Hiller. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Feb. 8.)

The Married Woman (1965)—How to be married, have an affair, be miserable, and be happy, as recounted by writer-director Jean-Luc Godard. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Feb. 3-6.)

Mr. Hulot's Holiday (1954)—A romp at a seaside resort, with Jacques Tati. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Feb. 2.)

Room at the Top (1959)—The difficulties of a young man of lowly birth who is trying to make his way upstream against all the social pressures of small-town society. With Laurence Harvey and Simone Signoret. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; Feb. 5-7.)

Shane (1953)—How the wicked cattle raisers tried to keep the noble homesteaders from settling on their range. With Alan Ladd, Jean Arthur, and Brandon deWilde. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; through Feb. 4.)

The Shop on Main Street (1966)—A comedy as sad as it is funny, made in Czechoslovakia and starring Josef Kroner and Ida Kaminska. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; through Feb. 5.)

Film Libraries—At the **museum of modern art**, 11 W. 53rd—Feb. 2: "Salvatore Giuliano" (1961), in Italian. . . . ¶ Feb. 3-4: "All These Women" (1964), in Swedish, with Jarl Kulle. . . . ¶ Feb. 5-7: "Major Barbara" (1941), with Wendy Hiller. . . . ¶ Feb. 8: "Don Q, Son of Zorro" (1925), with Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Astor. (Showings Sundays through Fridays at 2 and 5:30, and Saturdays at 11:30, 3, and 5:30, plus additional showings on Thursday evenings at 8.) . . . **gallery of modern art**, 2 Columbus Circle—Five programs in a series called "A Tribute to Ginger Rogers." Feb. 2-4 at 3 and 5:15, and Feb. 5 at 2 and 4: Excerpts from her films. . . . ¶ Feb. 7 at 3: "Magnificent Doll" (1946). . . . ¶ Feb. 7 at 5:15: "Flying Down to Rio" (1933). . . . ¶ Feb. 8 at 3: "Stage Door" (1937). . . . ¶ Feb. 8 at 5:15: "The Gay Divorcee" (1935). . . . **note:** At both Museums, a limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
THE NIGHT OF THE GENERALS.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
Through Feb. 7: Theatre closed.
From Feb. 8: "Tobruk," Rock Hudson, George Peppard.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
HAWAII.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
FUNERAL IN BERLIN.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"Hotel," Rod Taylor, Catherine Spaak.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"Alfie," Michael Caine, Shelley Winters.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Sand Pebbles," Steve McQueen, Richard Attenborough. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
THE BIBLE.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
Through Feb. 7: "The Blue Max," George Peppard, James Mason.
From Feb. 8: **GAMBIT.**

Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
GRAND PRIX.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
GEORGY GIRL.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
IS PARIS BURNING?

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
THE ENDLESS SUMMER.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
GOAL!

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
Through Feb. 5: **THE SHOP ON MAIN STREET,** revival, a Czechoslovakian film.
From Feb. 6: "To Be a Crook" (in French).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
Through Feb. 7: **GAMBIT.**
From Feb. 8: "Tobruk," Rock Hudson, George Peppard.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Game Is Over," Jane Fonda, Peter McEnery.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
IS PARIS BURNING? (After 7:30 on Monday, Feb. 6, the theatre will be turned over to the telecast of the Cassius Clay-Ernie Terrell fight.)

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
THE DEADLY AFFAIR.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Alfie," Michael Caine, Shelley Winters.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
BLOW-UP.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
THE NIGHT OF THE GENERALS.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
LOVES OF A BLONDE, a Czechoslovakian film.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"La Guerre Est Finie" (in French), Yves Montand, Ingrid Thulin.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Sweet Love, Bitter," Dick Gregory, Don Murray.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
FUNERAL IN BERLIN.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
GALIA (in French).

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
GEORGY GIRL.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
IS PARIS BURNING?; and "Red Tomahawk," Howard Keel.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Feb. 7: "The Quiller Memorandum," George Segal, Alec Guinness.
From Feb. 8: **DOCTOR ZHIVAGO.**

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Feb. 2: **MR. HULOT'S HOLIDAY,** revival; and "My Uncle" (in French), revival, Jacques Tati.
Feb. 3-6: **BEAT THE DEVIL,** revival; and **CASABLANCA,** revival.
From Feb. 7: "Transport from Paradise," a Czechoslovakian film.

Garrick, 152 Bleecker St. (OR 7-0700)
Through Feb. 4: **SHANE,** revival; and **CAT BALLOU,** revival.
Feb. 5-7: **ROOM AT THE TOP,** revival; and "Frantic" (in French), revival, Jeanne Moreau.
From Feb. 8: **THE LUCK OF GINGER COFFEY,** revival; and "Gervaise" (in French), revival, Maria Schell, François Périer.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Feb. 7: **THE WRONG BOX;** and **THE NAKED PREY.**
From Feb. 8: **GIGI,** revival; and "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof," revival, Elizabeth Taylor, Paul Newman.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"Fahrenheit 451," Julie Christie, Oskar Werner.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through Feb. 7: "I Live in Fear" (in Japanese), Toshiro Mifune.
From Feb. 8: To be announced.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Feb. 7: "A Fistful of Dollars," Clint Eastwood.
From Feb. 8: **DOCTOR ZHIVAGO.**

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
THE CRAZY QUILT; and "Time Lost and Time Remembered," Sarah Miles.

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
IS PARIS BURNING?

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
FUNERAL IN BERLIN.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
"Night Games" (in Swedish), Ingrid Thulin.

Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"The Sound of Music," Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
GEORGY GIRL.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Sweet Love, Bitter," Dick Gregory, Don Murray.

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
IS PARIS BURNING?

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
A MAN AND A WOMAN (in French).

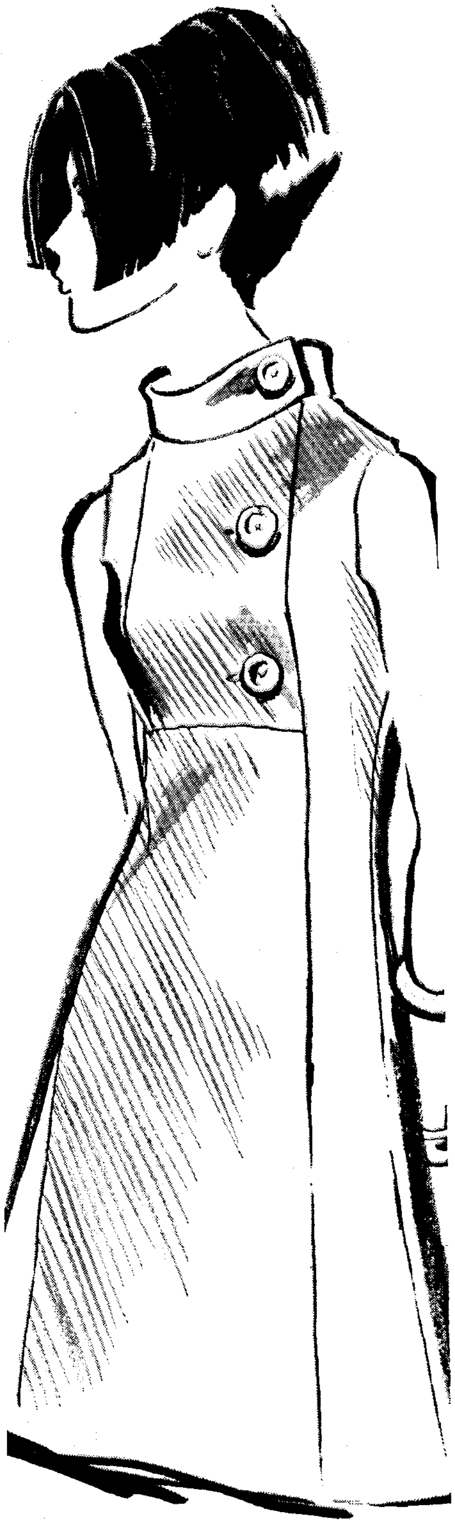
Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (TR 4-8445)
"Eric Soya's '17'" (in Danish).

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Feb. 8: **MAJOR BARBARA,** revival; and "Life Upside Down" (in French), revival, Charles Denner.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
"A Fistful of Dollars," Clint Eastwood.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Feb. 2: **THE ENTERTAINER,** revival; and **THE BATTLE OF THE SEXES,** revival.
Feb. 3-6: **THE MARRIED WOMAN** (in French), revival; and "Love à la Carte" (in Italian), revival, Marcello Mastroianni, Simone Signoret.
From Feb. 7: "Ashes and Diamonds" (in Polish), revival; and "The Condemned of Altona," revival, Sophia Loren, Maximilian Schell.

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
GEORGY GIRL.



THE DRESS THAT SUCCEEDS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING. Laurence Gross does it for us (and you) with shape and color in a delicious new double knit Dacron® twill. Navy, Red or Green. 6-14. $50. Mail orders promptly filled.

Erlebacher

Connecticut Avenue, Washington, D.C.

DISCOVER

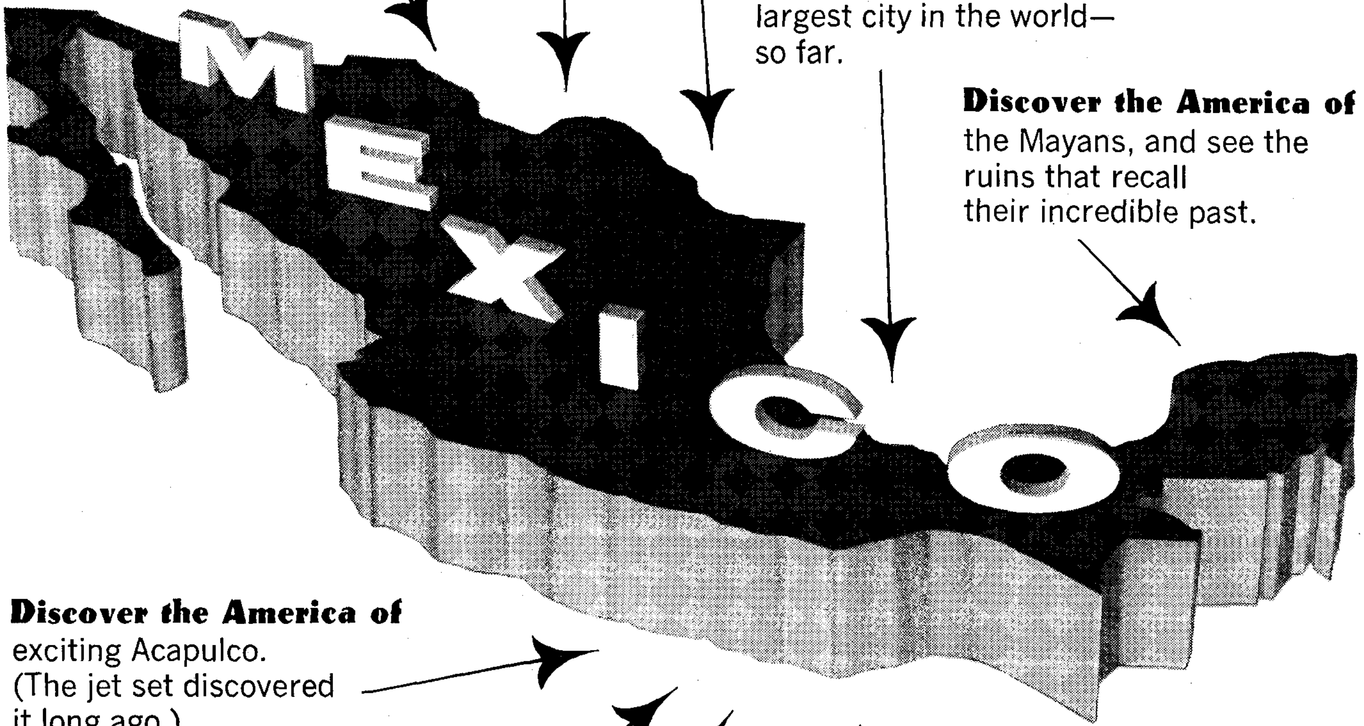
Discover the America of silver by Pineda and paintings by Cuevas and ceramics by Wilmot, and arts and crafts by hundreds of other equally renowned artists who are waiting for you to discover them.

Discover the America of history that Europeans discovered and settled 100 years before Plymouth Rock.

Discover the America of Cortez and Moctezuma.

Discover the America of the Aztecs, whose capital has become the twelfth largest city in the world—so far.

Discover the America of the Mayans, and see the ruins that recall their incredible past.



Discover the America of exciting Acapulco. (The jet set discovered it long ago.)

Discover the America of gay mariachis who'll serenade you with their wonderful Mexican music.

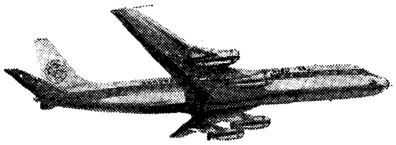
Discover the America of China Poblana, the bright and colorful type of dress that was inspired by a Chinese princess.

Discover the America of Maximilian and Carlota, and visit their castle on Chapultepec Hill. It's as European as the Palace of Versailles.

Discover the America of modern museums and striking new architecture, where magnificent presentations preserve history within the shape of the future.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AMERICA



Discover the America more tourists from other parts of North America visit every year; and Discover Aeronaves de Mexico. It's as American as enchiladas and tamales, and as modern as the big Super DC-8C fan jets that fly non-stop from and to more places in Mexico than any other airline. ☐ Discover what we mean by our "Welcome, amigo!" service. ☐ Discover what we mean by Mexican hospitality. ☐ Discover what we mean by gourmet meals. ☐ Discover what thousands and thousands of your countrymen have already discovered about our country.

Discover the America of the United States of Mexico . . . your travel agent knows and has visited it. You don't need a compass or a sextant to find Mexico; all you need is a visit to your local travel agent. He is the best guide in the world. If you don't have one, ask a friend who came back from a "dream vacation" . . . chances are he used a travel agent. If you still can't find one, call us and we'll send you all the information which you may need to enjoy a vacation in wonderful Mexico.

See your travel agent or call

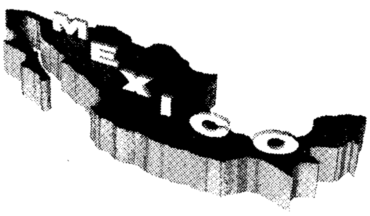
AERONAVES DE MEXICO

MEXICO'S LARGEST AIRLINE

Serving the United States, Canada, Europe, Central and South America with the world's most modern jets.

Gateways: Detroit • Los Angeles • Miami • Montreal • New York • Phoenix • Toronto • Tucson • Washington, D.C.

Other offices: Boston • El Paso • Hartford • Newark • San Diego • San Francisco



NM2

AERONAVES DE MEXICO
500 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York

Please send me folders on all of Mexico.

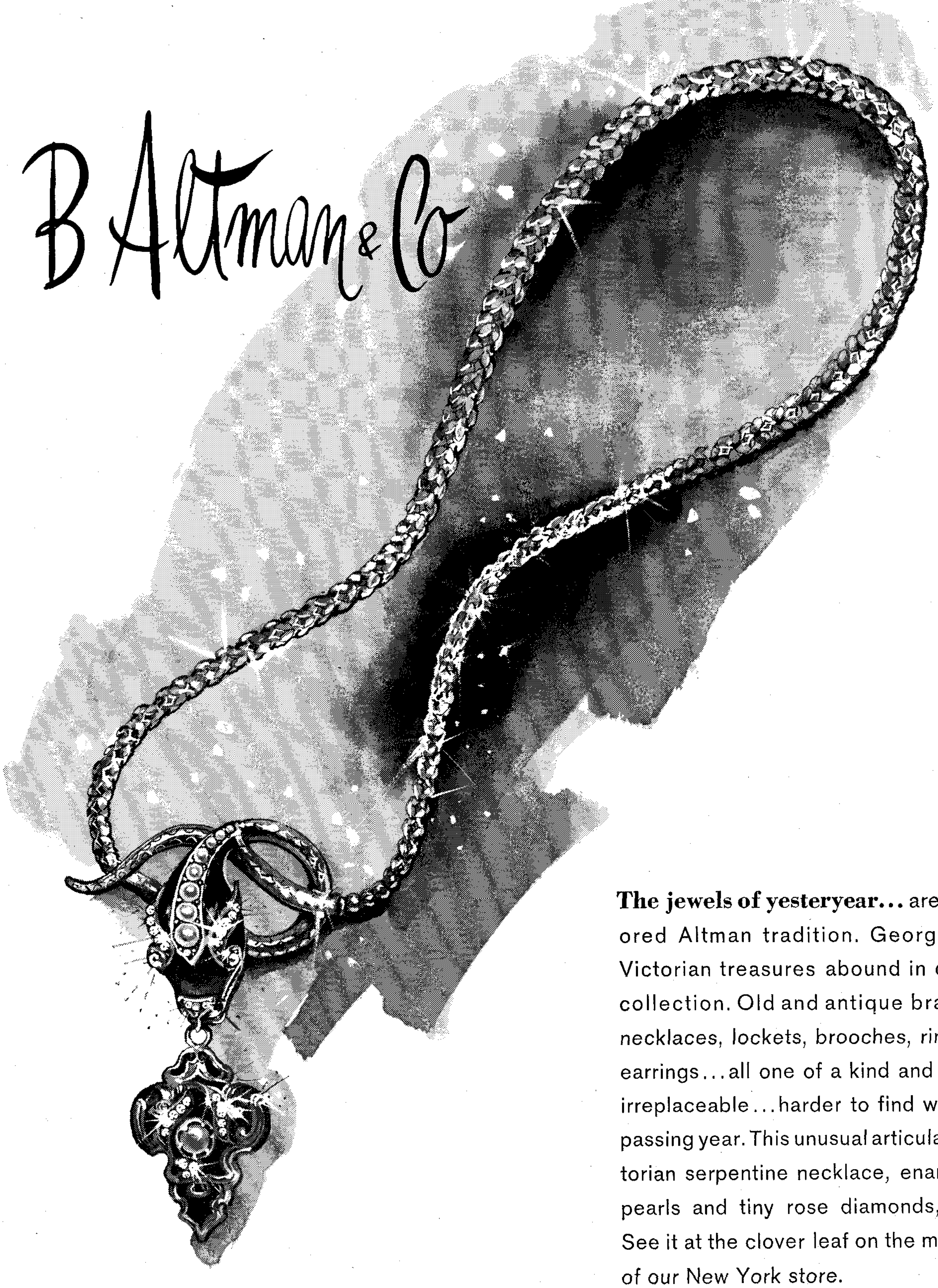
Name ____________________

Address ____________________

City ____________ State ______

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

B Altman & Co



The jewels of yesteryear... are an honored Altman tradition. Georgian and Victorian treasures abound in our vast collection. Old and antique bracelets, necklaces, lockets, brooches, rings, and earrings...all one of a kind and virtually irreplaceable...harder to find with each passing year. This unusual articulated Victorian serpentine necklace, enamel with pearls and tiny rose diamonds, 995.00. See it at the clover leaf on the main floor of our New York store.

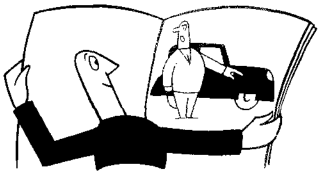
Note how avidly Fifth Avenue's great store explores the past to please the modern romantic...and always with an unfailing tradition of friendly service. Come see us, B. Altman & Co., Fifth Avenue.

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

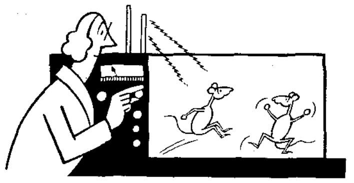
Notes and Comment

WE were overtaken by a sense of gullibility the other week on reading in the *Times* that General Motors was calling in two hundred and sixty-nine thousand of its brand-new 1967 Chevrolets, Buicks, Pontiacs, and Oldsmobiles, all of them in the hands of motorists; according to a company spokesman, a "slight" misalignment in the steering shaft had been discovered in eight of the cars. Our reception of this news was the same as it had been on other such occasions, when Ford or Chrysler or Kaiser Jeep or some other company had pleaded fallibility at the drawing board. Once again we were filled with admiration for the seemingly exemplary fashion in which an automobile manufacturer was owning up to his product's shortcomings. How forthright, we thought, how public-spirited of General Motors to call in so many cars when so few were known to be at fault! How much expense the company was putting itself to in order to redress so "slight" a defect! It was only as we approached the end of the *Times*' extensive account that our flow of admiration came to a halt, for at that point the reporter entered the thought that the company's cry of *mea culpa* was no voluntary act but a confession wrung by a recent federal statute that obliges auto manufacturers to disclose any defects in their merchandise to the National Traffic Safety Agency, the reporter going on to observe, "General Motors apparently has decided that making its own announcement is preferable to allowing the Federal Government to disclose the defect data." Since recovering from our bout of gullibility, we have found ourself reacting less to the minimizing style of the company's spokesman than to the permissiveness of the government's law, whose effect, as far as we can make out, is to legalize the sale of uncontrollable vehicles *before* their defects need be revealed. By this standard, it seems to us, one could argue that the aircraft industry is entitled to its fair share of crack-ups before ironing out any lingering bugs in its new models—including that impending five-hundred-passenger transport. As a safety measure, the government's law impresses us as curiously tolerant and easygoing—qualities that, conceivably, reflect a widespread reluctance to impugn the mechanical safety of so well-established a cultural staple as the automobile. However that may be, the country, as matters stand, is engaged in an immense game of Chicken, its players steering with wheels that may snap or stepping on accelerators that may jam. Given present legislation, the buyer has too much to beware of, for nowadays buying a new car can be tantamount to enlisting as a test driver. One's car is a mystery. We are acquainted with a woman who hasn't known what to make of her station wagon since its brakes failed one morning last summer as she was nearing the busiest street on Martha's Vineyard. Nothing crossed the car's path, as it happened, but since that morning she has found that a certain element of suspense attends her driving. "I think every state trooper may be keeping an eye on my station wagon," she says. "I think mine may be one of the ten most wanted cars in the country."



THE great difficulty in keeping up with science these days is that the wrong discoveries usurp the headlines. We can't help feeling that stories of great interest are being overlooked or only scantily reported. Our attention was recently called to a pair of such stories by an agent we maintain out in slide-rule-and-caliper country to keep us abreast of things. Each of the two stories appeared as a single paragraph in a column called "Science Newsfront" in the January issue of *Popular Science*, rubbing shoulders with such items as "What Makes Engine Oil 'Good'?" and "He Feeds Cows—by Computer." Our agent felt they deserved greater prominence, and so do we. The first, in its entirety, runs:

> Does UHF radiation from TV and radar transmitters affect your nervous system? It's possible, studies on the behavior of rats indicate. To test the theory, Dr. Susan Korbel of the University of Arkansas exposed rats to the low radiation levels a person might receive 10 or 20 miles from a transmitter at frequencies between 320 and 947 MHz for periods ranging from a few weeks to two months. Dr. Korbel reports that UHF-irradiated rats were overactive and showed more "emotionality" than control rats. The period of hyperactivity was followed by consistent long-term lethargic behavior.



The possibility that television's power to irritate and stupefy extends to people who are not looking at it strikes us as truly interesting news, and we hope Dr. Korbel presses on with her investigations.

That hope does not apply to the investigator whose work gave rise to the second story:

> A kitchen rigged with accident-causing booby traps provided investigators with new insights into home accidents. A project, recently conducted by Joan S. Guilford of the American Institutes of Research, Los Angeles, used a kitchen with such things as a rubber ball left on the floor, unplugged appliances set on "high," spilled coffee, protruding towel racks, scalding tap water, and items placed on shelves too high to reach. The kitchen was prearranged, Dr. Guilford reports,

"to maximize accident potential as well as opportunity for accident-avoiding behavior." The 226 subjects of the experiment—who thought they were testing the kitchen layout—experienced 714 accidents (none serious). Most frequent were bumps and falls (264), followed by burns or scalds, and cuts and jabs.

That works out to more than three injuries per person. Dr. Guilford's complacent wholesale deception raises an interesting question—whether one is obliged to excuse behavior in a scientist that one would never excuse in a layman. If Dr. Guilford had played her injurious little trick on two hundred and twenty-six victims merely for a joke, or out of spite, the public would have taken a very severe view of her actions. We don't see why the standards of common decency should be automatically suspended for anyone who has a degree and an institute and a passion for observation and a clipboard, and who chooses to call the victims "subjects" and takes careful notes on their discomfiture. If Dr. Guilford is really in the dark about such perplexing questions as whether a rubber ball on the floor adds to a kitchen's safety, we suggest that she try *asking* somebody, since what is dark to one may be as clear as day to another.

Friends

WE spent a sunny afternoon last week rambling through Central Park with Miss Celeste Holm, the actress, and Mr. Richard Edes Harrison, the cartographer, amateur ornithologist, and former president of the Linnaean Society, while they explained why they belong to a new organization called Friends of Central Park, which has as its purpose the preservation of the Park as a natural landscape and the education of the public about its history. "The Friends of Central Park is something like the Friends of Prospect Park, the latter being a group that was organized eight months ago and now has nearly seven hundred members," said Mr. Harrison, who was wearing a bushy beard, a gray suit, a tweed cap, and a striped bow tie. "Our membership fee is two dollars a year, and we welcome everyone interested in keeping Central Park as it was originally designed—woodlands, meadows, forests, and streams—rather than as a setting for more buildings, monuments, permanent athletic fields, and assorted fantasies dreamed up by determined philanthropists anxious to have their names imbedded everlastingly in concrete."

Miss Holm, meanwhile, was picking up litter along a path on the west side of the Park above the Lake, acquiring cigarette packs, beer cans, newspapers, and a discarded paper shopping bag. She wore black loafers, black stockings, a black cloth coat, a red turtleneck sweater, and a black tam-o'-shanter, which slipped to the side of her head each time she bent down, and she was followed by a black-and-white poodle named Maestro.

"Miss Holm is secretary of the Friends," Mr. Harrison said. "It's an honorary position, but, as you can see, she gets down to the grass roots."

"Hmm," said Miss Holm as she picked up several empty pop bottles and an assortment of sandwich wrappers. "I'm beginning to look as though I'm on a picnic. And a tacky one at that."

"We want to see more money spent on keeping the Park clean and green, on planting and landscaping," Mr. Harrison went on. "Most of the people who come here just want to walk or sit, to escape from the pavement, noise, and smells of the city. A natural park is its own magnet; it doesn't need Happenings, recreation centers, and all the contrived amusements that could easily be put elsewhere. Fortunately, Happenings come and go, but amusements converted into buildings have a way of remaining."

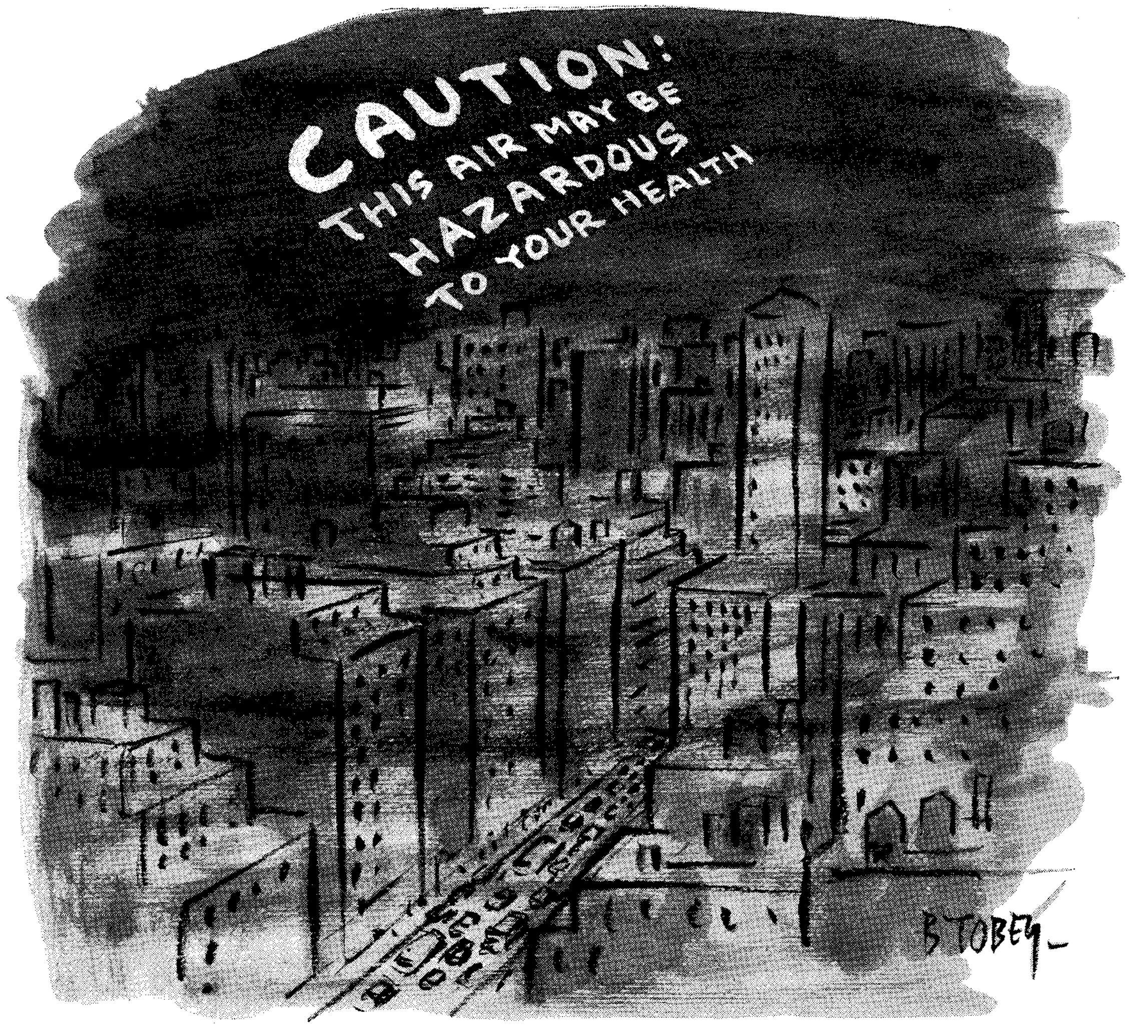
"I need one of those pointed sticks," Miss Holm said. "What ever happened to the men with pointed sticks?"

Mr. Harrison frowned. "You see them on Mondays, after people have scattered the Sunday papers all over the Park," he said. Then, leading her and us to a concrete walk in the Ramble and pointing to muddy gashes in the bank beside the walk, he continued, "Concrete should *not* be used here. When rains come, the water runs straight down the walk and pours directly off the concrete and causes erosion. This should be a gravel path, and the underbrush should be preserved. For some unfathomable reason, the Department of Parks believes underbrush is bad and removes it, never realizing that it is needed to prevent erosion, especially on steep slopes."

BAR & GRILL
218
Albert Hubbell

"I don't know much about erosion, but I can tell you a thing or two about trees," Miss Holm remarked, retrieving six gum wrappers from the walk. "My grandfather Edmund Gale Jewett, who taught all the natural sciences at Adelphi Academy, in Brooklyn, showed me how to graft apple trees. He was a grand old man. He used to take me skating in Prospect Park and rock-climbing in Central Park. It's really because of the things he taught me that I'm interested in the Friends. I want people to know that the original concept of this park, as it was defined by the men who laid it out—Frederick Law Olmsted and Calvert Vaux—was country in the middle of the city."

"Let me show you how that country is fast disappearing," said Mr. Harrison, unfurling a map and raising his eyebrows, which are black and bristly. "Central Park consists of eight hundred and forty acres. We estimate nearly three hundred of those acres are taken up with things other than grass and woods. Some of the Friends and I have spent a great deal of time drawing up this map to show exactly what *is* in the Park. If you study it, you'll be appalled. Prior to 1900, there wasn't much change in Olmsted's and Vaux's plan, but since 1900 sixty-eight acres of walks and drives have been paved, twenty-seven acres of buildings, with parking lots and service drives, have been built, thirty acres of land have been enclosed for restricted use, as tennis courts and ball fields and the like, and six and a half miles of fences have been erected. Then, there are fifteen acres of bridle paths, which, although they're part of the original design and certainly don't do any harm, can be used only by riders. And did you know that the Metropolitan Museum, which Olmsted himself didn't want in the Park, takes up twelve acres alone? Add a hundred acres for the Reservoir and another twelve for the transverses—sunken highways. And don't forget the Lake, the Harlem Meer, and the Pond, at Fifty-ninth Street, which can't really be counted as incursions, because they're natural sites for boating, but which nevertheless take up space." Mr. Harrison furled the map. "We're going to give a copy of this to everyone who joins the Friends and to anyone who comes on our summer walking tours. They'll begin in June, and will be conducted by Henry Hope Reed, the curator of the Park. Mr. Reed is chairman of our organization, just as


CAUTION: THIS AIR MAY BE HAZARDOUS TO YOUR HEALTH
B. TOBEY

Clay Lancaster, the curator of Prospect Park, is chairman of the Friends of Prospect Park. Both groups are sponsored by the Greensward Foundation, whose president is Marianne Moore."

As we approached the Great Lawn, we saw the afternoon sunlight lingering on bare patches of ground.

"We want people to realize that things like the proposed stable-polo-field complex, which would be built on the north edge of this lawn, are further encroachments on an already diminishing greensward," Mr. Harrison said.

"What about the chicken farm they want to put in Prospect Park?" asked Miss Holm.

"The chicken farm—excuse me, the *animal* farm—proposed by Abraham & Straus is a fiscal monstrosity," Mr. Harrison said. "It will cost two hundred and thirty thousand dollars, of which A. & S. will donate ninety thousand and the city will pay a hundred and forty thousand, and the city will also pay ninety thousand a year maintenance. That money should go, instead, to keeping Prospect Park in better shape as it is. And the stable-polo-field complex in Central Park will cost about *six million* dollars. I'm not against polo, but an *indoor* polo field doesn't belong in the Park. You might as well put the Metropolitan Opera in the Park. People who go to polo games will just go there and then leave; they're not interested in walking or sitting in the Park. Why can't the money be used for grass, and for the care of dying trees, and for getting rid of litter?"

"Chin up," said Miss Holm, handing him the shopping bag, filled with trash.

•

SIGN observed in the window of a brand-new specialty shop on Madison Avenue:

PRE-OPENING CLEARANCE SALE

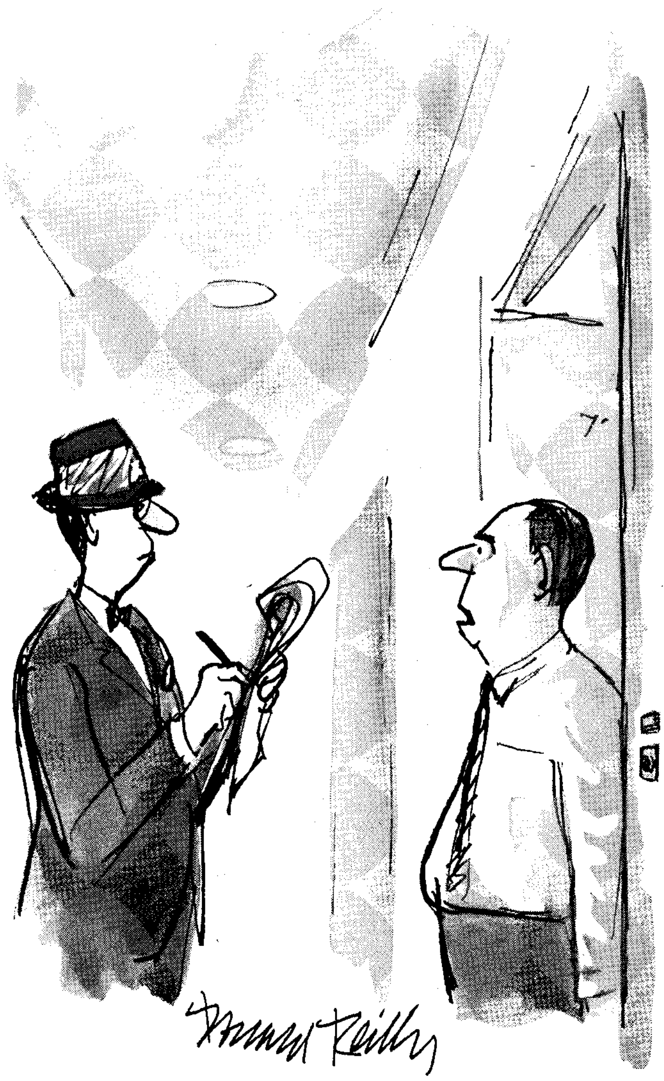
New Garden

THE new Madison Square Garden, under construction on the grave of the old Pennsylvania Railroad Station, will not be completed until autumn, but we've given it a preliminary inspection in order to report on how things are shaping up. The new Garden, which occupies the western portion of the two-block area bounded by Seventh Avenue, Eighth Avenue, Thirty-first Street, and Thirty-third Street, is part of the Madison Square Garden Center, which will include a twenty-nine-story office building going up on Seventh Avenue, and it will be a circular structure, a hundred and fifty-three feet high, with a diameter of four hundred and twenty-five feet and a circumference of thirteen hundred and thirty-five feet. The south side of the Garden's steel frame has now been sheathed with buff-colored concrete panels, which we think give it the look of a gigantic snare drum, but when we arrived at the site the other day we heard some other opinions. A man muttered to no one in particular that the building resembled an oil-storage tank, and a woman told a companion that it reminded her of a hatbox.

We did this eavesdropping as we were making our way along Thirty-first Street to the field office of Charles Luckman Associates, the architects of the building, to keep an appointment with Mr. Sherman Schneider, who helped design it, and who has been project architect since its inception, in the autumn of 1961. Mr. Schneider is a soft-spoken, bespectacled man in his middle thirties, and when we asked him how *he* would describe the new Garden, he smiled and said he felt it was an architecturally exciting solution to some complicated functional requirements. "The shape of the Garden was determined by the need to design a main arena that would provide good sight lines and unobstructed vision for twenty thousand-odd people watching hockey games, basketball games, circuses, or ice shows," he continued. "On the basis of studies in sight-line geometry, we concluded that the seating arrangement around the arena floor should be oval, and since we already knew that unobstructed vision would require a clear-span roof, we decided to erect the simplest and most economical kind—a roof supported on cables strung in a circular configuration. Cable-supported roofs have been around for some time, but this is the first one in Manhattan, and it's one of the largest in the United States. It's more easily explained when looked at, so let's head over there."

As we left the field office and crossed Thirty-first Street, Mr. Schneider went on to say that from the point of view of design and structural engineering the new Garden is one of the most complex buildings in the city. "Putting down the foundations was a staggering project that started in the spring of 1964 and took nearly a year," he told us. "We not only had to fit the circular pattern of the building into the rectangular grid of the Pennsylvania Railroad tracks and platforms below but had to accomplish that without disrupting train service. Then, before demolishing the old, aboveground station, we had to pour an immense concrete slab beneath it to serve as a roof for the new, underground station. That took ten months. Finally, a year ago, we erected the first steel column of the framework of the Garden, and since that time, as you can see, things have moved right along." He glanced up at a concrete slab that was dangling a hundred feet above us from the boom of a giant crane, and then led us along a taxi drive that runs from Thirty-first Street to Thirty-third between the Garden and the office building. Here we passed an entrance to the subterranean railroad station, from which several travellers had just emerged and were looking dazed at being assaulted from all sides and above by a deafening cacophony of whining saws, roaring concrete mixers, and screaming air compressors. On the far side of the entrance, Schneider turned left and started up a truck ramp leading into the Garden. "What a mess!" he exclaimed cheerfully, surveying the interior of the building, where huge, unfinished walls, ceilings, floors, and staircases were swarming with workmen and cluttered with scaffolding, mounds of debris, and piles of construction materials. "This ramp rises all the way to the floor of the main arena, which is fifty-two feet above street level," he went on. "In between are four staggered levels, into which we've crammed, among other things, a large truck-loading area for the railroad station, a spacious ticket lobby for the Garden, a forty-eight-lane bowling center, a five-thousand-seat movie theatre, and a five-thousand-seat amphitheatre, which will be used for theatrical productions, tennis matches, and other events too small for the main arena." As we continued up the truck ramp, Schneider pointed out a tall escalator tower—one of four such towers, rising at regular intervals against the Garden's exterior—and then, on the fourth level, showed us some giant girders, which support the floor of the main arena and consequently provide roofs for the amphitheatre and bowling center beneath it. "The longest of these girders has a span of a hundred and seventy-five feet and a weight of ninety-six tons, and it is the largest girder ever used in a New York City building," he said.

At the top of the ramp, we followed Schneider out onto the floor of the main arena, and found ourself in a vast steel-framed amphitheatre, looking up at the sky through a layer of cables draped in a catenary from the upper and outer rim of the building to a hublike ring resting on a tall scaffold in the center of the floor. "This gives you a fine view of the three main components of a cable-suspended roof—the outer ring, the inner ring, and the cables," Schneider said. "Here the outer ring, which is called the compression ring, rests upon the building's forty-eight perimeter columns. It is made up of forty-eight rectangular steel sections that weigh twenty-four tons apiece. The inner ring, which is called the tension ring, is resting on temporary staging at the moment. It is thirty-four feet in diameter, weighs a hundred and four tons, and has forty-eight radial arms. Each of the cables—there are forty-eight of *them*—is three and three-quarters inches in diameter and weighs three and a half tons. The outer ends of the cables are bolt connections that pass through sleeves in the compression ring and are anchored on the outside by giant spanner nuts. The inner ends of the cables are fastened to the arms of the tension ring by pin-and-shackle connections. When the roof has been decked and finished, the scaffold supporting the tension ring will be removed and the roof will be on its own. The cables will pull the tension ring outward and the compression ring inward, and since both rings are circular, all forces will be in balance, and the weight of the roof will be transferred equally to the forty-eight perimeter columns. What could be simpler?"



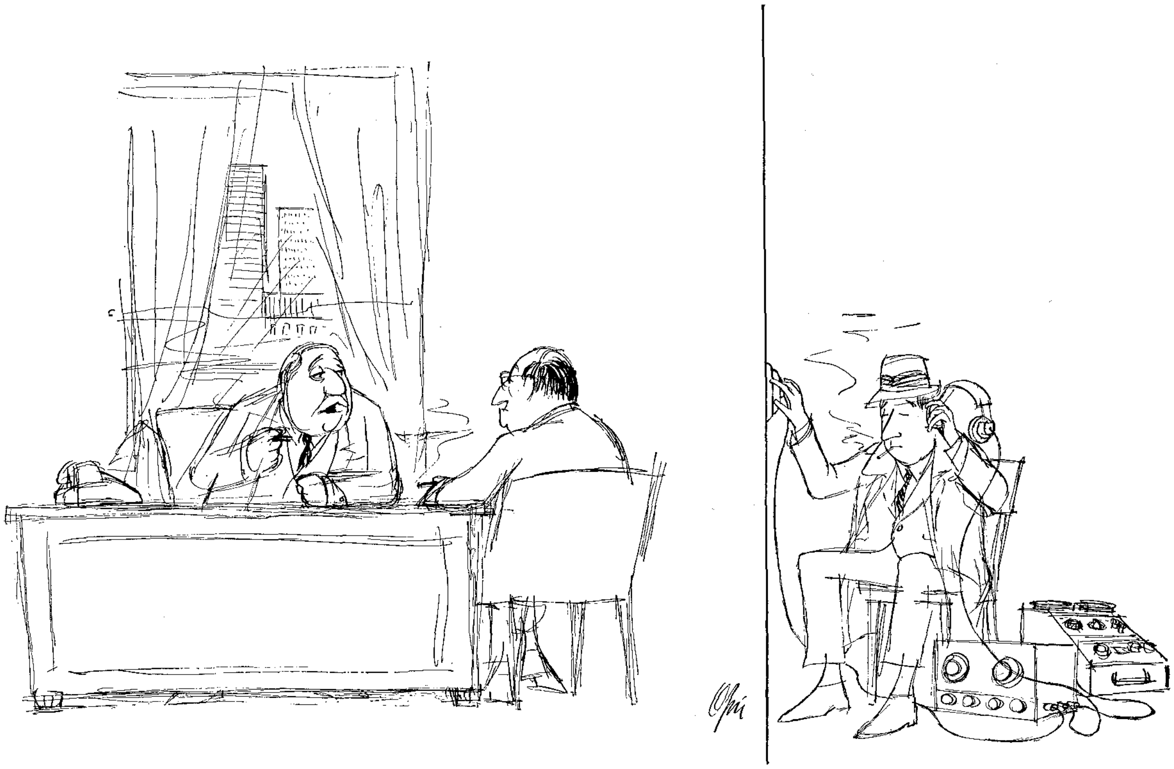
"I'm afraid I have no opinion at the moment. All my journals of opinion have been late this week."

•

OVERHEARD on a Fifth Avenue bus, distraught matron to sympathetic friend: "All winter long, my begonias have acted as if they didn't even know me."

They Go in Smiling

AN attendant hung a red sign reading "QUIET PLEASE CURTAIN UP" on one of the lobby doors of the Morosco Theatre as the final wave of matrons funnelled into the orchestra for last Wednesday's matinée. One lady handed the ticket-



"Now, just between you and me and the lamppost . . ."

taker an extra ticket, saying, "Her name is Mrs. Hughes, and she's blond, and she has a blond mink coat," and the ticket-taker said, in a kindly voice, "Don't worry. I'll see that she gets it." The door closed, the show—"Don't Drink the Water"—began, and the ticket-taker, a tall, benevolent, white-haired man wearing a dark suit and a dark tie with a pearl stickpin, walked across the now nearly empty lobby to where a girl in a green coat was standing and staring fretfully out into the street. "I'm waiting for my husband," the girl said unhappily. "He's trying to park."

"It's quite a problem, parking around here," the ticket-taker said consolingly. Then he said, "Don't worry. I tell you what—when he comes in, I'll give you both a little briefing on what you've missed." The girl looked relieved and grateful. The man returned to the ticket box and carried it over to the box office. When he returned, a blond woman in a blond mink coat was wandering around the lobby, looking anxious. "Are you Mrs. Hughes?" the ticket-taker asked. When she nodded, he handed her the stub of the ticket that had been left by her friend, then walked with her to the inside door, saying, in a low, genial voice, "I'll give you a little briefing. Now, this is about a caterer from Newark, New Jersey, and he and his wife and daughter have always gone to Atlantic City for their vacation, but this year his wife's brother induces them to go to Europe. They land behind the Iron Curtain, and he's taking pictures of everything in sight." He went on summarizing, rapidly and enthusiastically. "So they take refuge in the American Consulate," he was saying as he opened the door for her, "and if they step outside they can get arrested and shot. Now you pick it up from there." The lady was beaming appreciatively as she disappeared into the dimness.

We introduced ourself to the ticket-taker, who told us his name was Samuel J. Freedman, and said he had been briefing latecomers to plays at the Morosco, and other theatres where he had worked, for about six years. "I feel this way," he said. "I know how disappointed they are when they're late. So I brief 'em, and I cheer 'em up, and they go in smiling." He gave a big smile himself, and then returned to the girl in the green coat and suggested that perhaps she ought to go in, promising that he would tell her husband when he arrived. The girl agreed. "He has a Glen-plaid overcoat," she said, "and he'll be running." Freedman gave the girl a quick briefing and ushered her inside.

"I used to be in vaudeville, years ago," Freedman told us a moment later. "I was born at 329 West Thirty-eighth Street, over in Hell's Kitchen. It seemed that everybody there was sort of inclined to go into show business. I used to do comedy, sing, dance, do all the dialects, work in blackface and minstrel shows. I was Ward of Raymond & Ward, and Freeman of King & Freeman. I'd be the heavy, and my partner would sing the ballads. I worked places like the American Roof, at Forty-second Street and Eighth Avenue—that's the Franklin Savings Bank now—and the Dewey Theatre, down around Fourteenth Street. When blackface went out, I went out. I went into bookkeeping, and I played professional baseball for a while, and now—now that I'm retired—I'm back in show business!" He beamed. "I like it here. It keeps me active. It stops me from getting into that old-age bracket where people injure their life by fear. Fear of illness, fear of everything. When you get older, today is the future. I've just taken up the uke, and I'm practicing now. I haven't sung publicly in years. I sing and dance for my grandchildren sometimes. Songs like 'Margie' and 'Ain't She Sweet?' Every time I hear music I like, I think I'm twenty again!" Freedman swung into a brisk, vigorous tap dance across the floor, his rapid steps echoing through the empty lobby, and ended with a stylish Big Finish—both hands held out to one side. "That's the old soft-shoe," he said, smiling.

A young man in a Glen-plaid overcoat came running in from the street and glanced desperately around the lobby. Freedman greeted him, explained that his wife was inside, and guided him toward the door. "I'll give you a little briefing," he said reassuringly, in a low voice. "This is about a caterer from Newark, New Jersey, and . . ."

•

A CHAP we know who attends the Bernard M. Baruch School of Business and Public Administration of City College was telling us the other evening how pleased he was to have been given the go-ahead on the topic he has chosen for his term paper: "Personnel Interviewing, the In-Basket Technique."

MORE BIG NEWS FROM OUT THERE

(THIS WEEK'S WINNER OF THE GOLDEN OPTIC—THE COVETED PRESS-AND-PERIODICAL AWARD OF THE NATIONAL COUNCIL OF SAUCER-SIGHTING SOCIETIES.)

LESTER KRINDCHICK, 37, of 12 Poplar Street, a buttons foreman at the Soft-Weve Shirt Factory of this city, and his wife, Myra, a housewife and mother of two, never gave any thought to flying saucers until 1 A.M. yesterday. At about that hour, Mrs. Krindchick happened to be glancing out the window when her eye was attracted by a strange object in the sky. She remembers calling to her husband, "Les, what is that—swamp gas?"

Mr. Krindchick, his suspicions aroused by the thought that swamp gas was unlikely over City Hall, took a good look. "More likely St. Elmo's fire or migrating geese," he recalls remarking.

The incident would have ended there except that a few moments later Mr. Krindchick's eye fell on the screen of the little radar set he has rigged up in the laundry room—he is an avid hobbyist and a past president of the Elks—and he noticed a blip in the area of the unidentified object. "The wind was wrong for an approaching plane," Mr. Krindchick, a teetotaller, told the *Gazette* this morning, "so, just to be on the safe side, we decided to put in some phone calls. We figured if there was a real situation up there we'd run smack into a surefire sign of it—flooded switchboards at the local offices of the *Saturday Evening Post* and the A.P. and Station KZMP."

While the Krindchicks were making up their minds whom to call first, the object, which they describe as "oddly shaped, with a kind of bulge," was rapidly descending on their back yard, making no sound but "a kind of low rushing hum that almost approached a roar." The Krindchicks, who are Civil Defense Air Raid Wardens, both stated that the craft—for such it proved to be—either hovered a foot or two over their lettuce patch or settled firmly on their compost heap. "It was bigger than the firehouse," Mr. Krindchick stated, but then agreed cheerfully with his wife when she stated that it was "more like the size of an old-fashioned ferry." Mr. Krindchick, an unruffled, clear-eyed man who serves weekends in the Naval Reserve and one night a week as a volunteer with a Red Cross team that gives eye tests to the needy, described the craft as made of "a strange metal I've never before encountered." Mrs. Krindchick, who is recording secretary of the Poplar Street School P.-T.A., added that the ship's surface impressed her as being of a "very dull, shiny material."

By now the Krindchicks were prepared for almost any eventuality, so they were not surprised when a door swung, slid, or folded open in the craft's side and a shaft of light spilled from the interior—"an eerie, blue-pink light, not unlike that given off by a television set or a pizzeria," according to Mrs. Krindchick, who, before her marriage, worked as an interior-design consultant for Balsa Brothers Furniture. In the light, a creature was clearly visible.

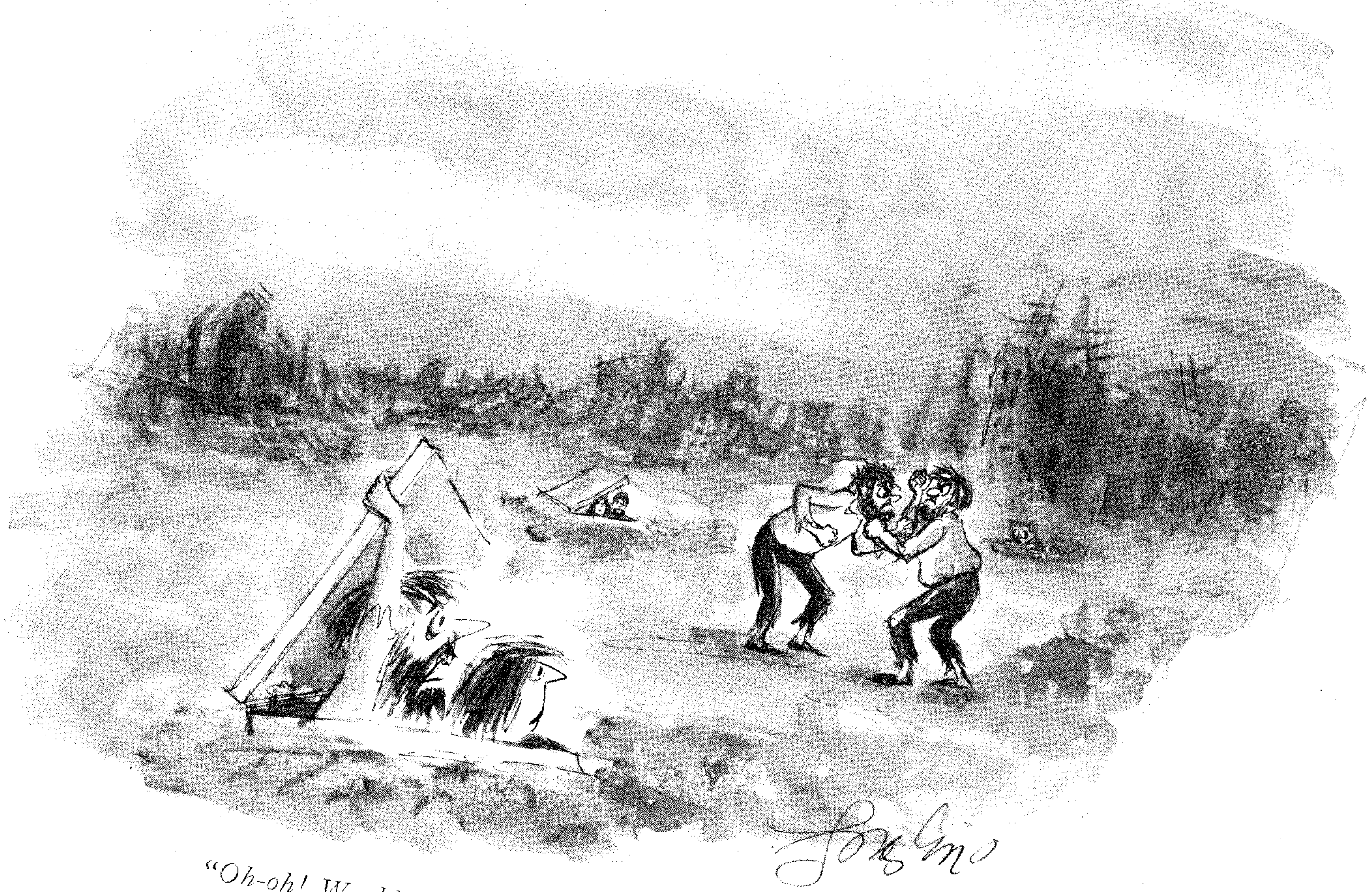
"He was about average height for a being of that type," Mr. Krindchick told reporters, "dressed in either a green cloak that hung from his shoulders—if those were in fact his shoulders—or a greenish chalk-stripe business suit. He was very much like you and I, and yet totally different, in a way I can't even begin to explain."

"As you can imagine," Mrs. Krindchick added, "we were hardly in a state to make detailed observations. When this person, or type, beckoned to us to come to him, we barely had time to snatch up some freshly sharpened pencils and a Kodak. [Unfortunately, the camera later proved to be unloaded.] A moment later, we were standing in front of the ship and this . . . individual . . . was communicating with us."

Whether their visitor spoke English or merely directed his thoughts to their intelligence centers the Krindchicks cannot say. "That's one area in which we've just plain forgot," Mr. Krindchick admits. "But anyway, we understood each other fine, even though he had a slight speech defect. He introduced himself—his name was either Falmbach or Felsch, something like that—and he clearly knew we were Mr. and Mrs. Krindchick. He said there were things of importance he wanted to convey to us, and would we come aloft with him."

The Krindchicks were naturally apprehensive, but they felt that the potential of this encounter was too important for them to allow personal considerations to interfere. Mrs. Krindchick checked back at the house to see that the children were asleep and all the faucets turned off, and then she and her husband joined their host aboard his ship. Almost before they knew it, they were airborne, the ship taking off with what the Krindchicks describe as a "purring, thundering" sound.

NOW began for the Krindchicks, somewhere high above the earth, one of the most memorable hours of their lives. While their host was piloting the ship through the atmosphere, his knees lightly gripping a wheel-like lever, they had time to make careful observations of the ship's interior. It was finished in varying shades of a muted orange blue, they agree, with Mrs. Krindchick adding that occasional accents



"Oh-oh! World War IV!"

of canary yellow provided further cheer to the spacious cabin. The "modern, sort of way-out" furniture was of a kind of wood neither Krindchick had ever seen before. The upholstered pieces, Mrs. Krindchick noted, were covered in what appeared to be a sturdy washable fabric.

Before they had time for further observation, the Krindchicks were joined by Falmbach, or Felsch, who served them a tastefully prepared meal. Although the Krindchicks had had a late and ample pot-roast dinner, they wisely chose to sample everything their host set before them—or, rather, for some reason, slightly to their right. Their notes show the first course to have been "a sort of fruit-cuppy, shrimp-cocktail sort of thing." The Krindchicks clearly remember the main course as a very strange-looking meat that tasted like TV-dinner chicken. "The seasoning," Mrs. Krindchick said, "had quite a bit of sage in it."

The Krindchicks found it impossible to give their full attention to analyzing the food, for throughout the meal their host was lecturing them, in an arresting audio-visual style, on his home, a distant, cloudlike planet that he carefully pinpointed for them in the upper-left corner of his celestial chart. (Mr. Krindchick later said it was "nearer the middle.") The visitor was obliged to return there almost at once, he indicated, owing to what the Krindchicks understood to be either "a fuel problem" or "a foot problem." He had seized this brief opportunity to exchange views with representative people of the planet Earth. He felt confident the meeting would lead to the mutual enrichment of their civilizations.

For the next half hour, over coffee, host and guests unburdened themselves at length on a great multiplicity of questions, so that when the Krindchicks were all too soon delivered back to No. 12 Poplar Street they felt, in Mrs. Krindchick's words, "wiser, deeper, better human beings for the experience."

"There was a heck of a lot of dazzling conversation," Mr. Krindchick added. "But meaty."

Pressed for details of the shipboard conference, the Krindchicks said they have not yet had time to sort out their crowded impressions. Among the subjects touched on were rush-hour traffic, "The Sound of Music," migraine headaches, and current trends in the apparel industry.

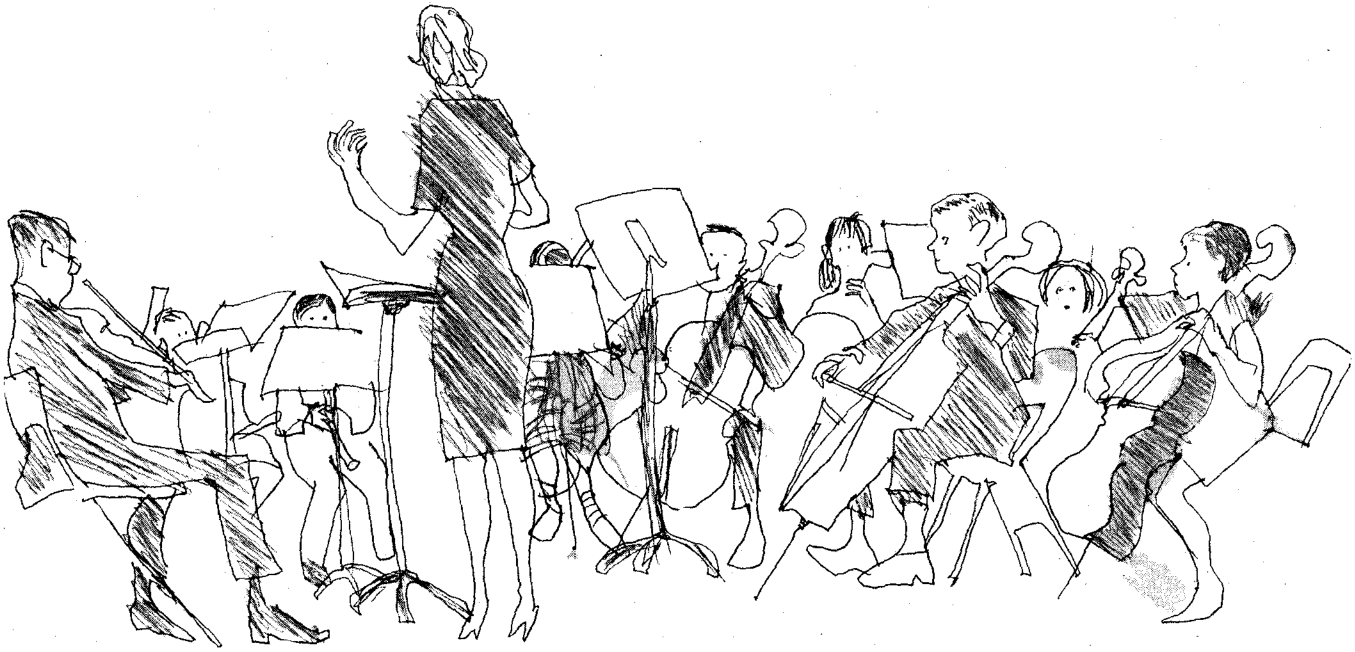
"All in all," said Mr. Krindchick, "a most worthwhile experience." Mrs. Krindchick agreed.

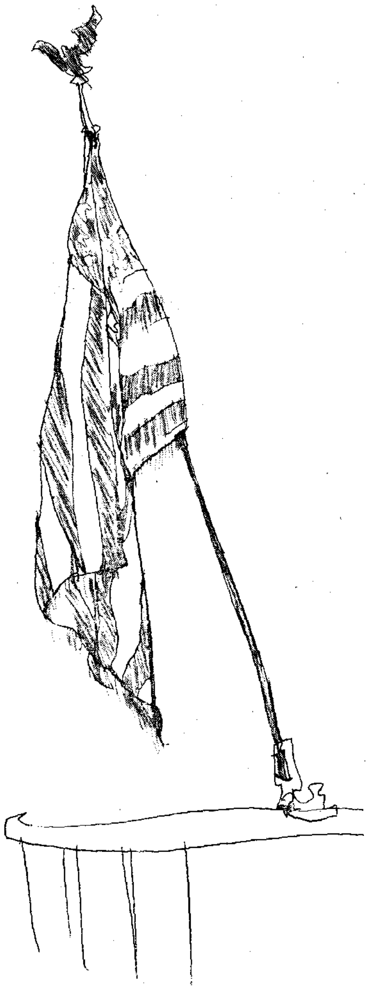
—GORDON COTLER

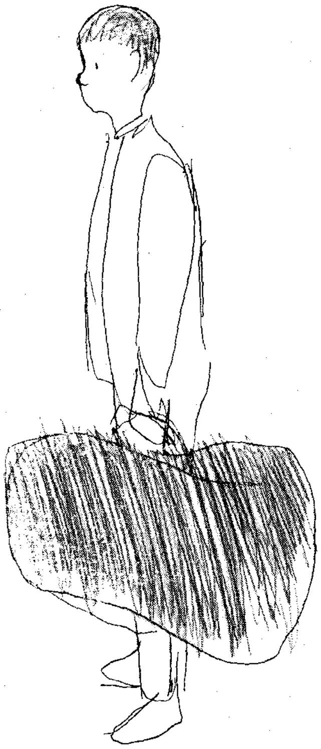
•

The new Capitol Hill Methodist Church, recently consecrated, stands on the site of the birthplace of J. Edgar Hoover, director of the F.B.I. He has been honored by a 22-x-38-foot faceted glass window called *Statesmanship Through the Christian Virtues.* The window depicts Christ, not Mr. Hoover.
—*Together, a Methodist Church organ.*

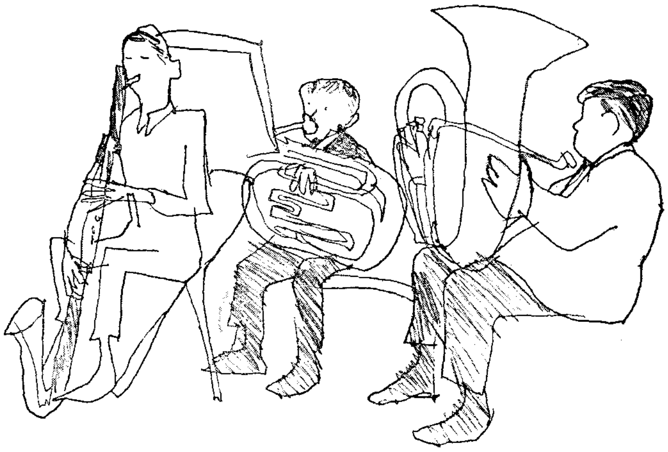
Every man must face these little disappointments.

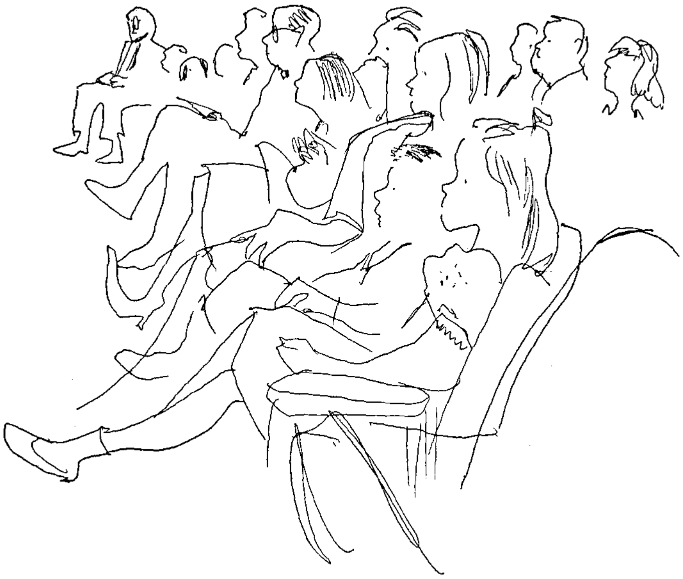


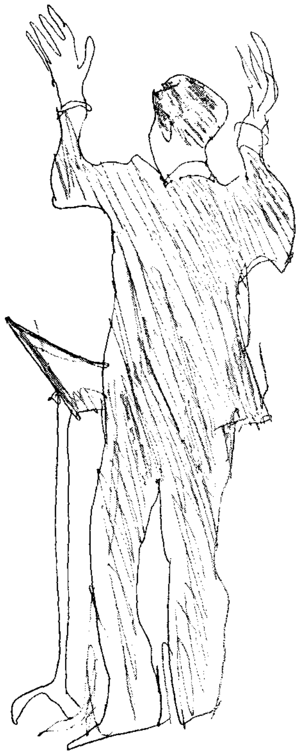


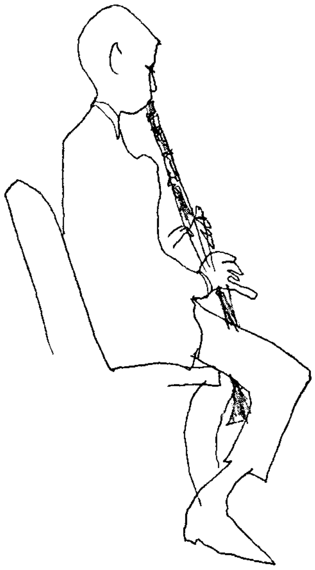


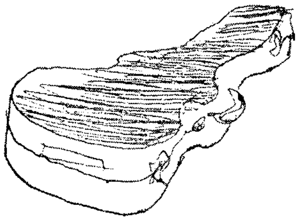
SCHOOL CONCERT

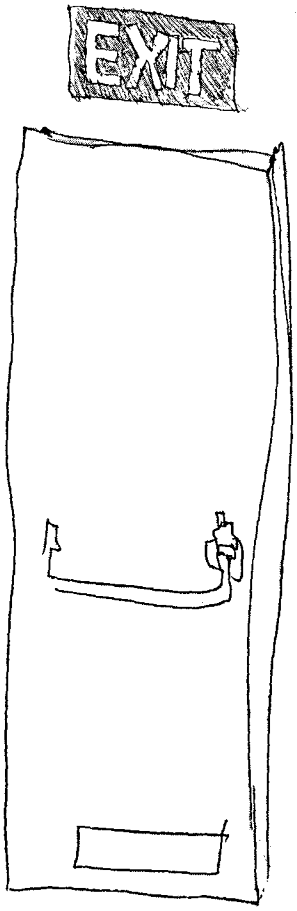


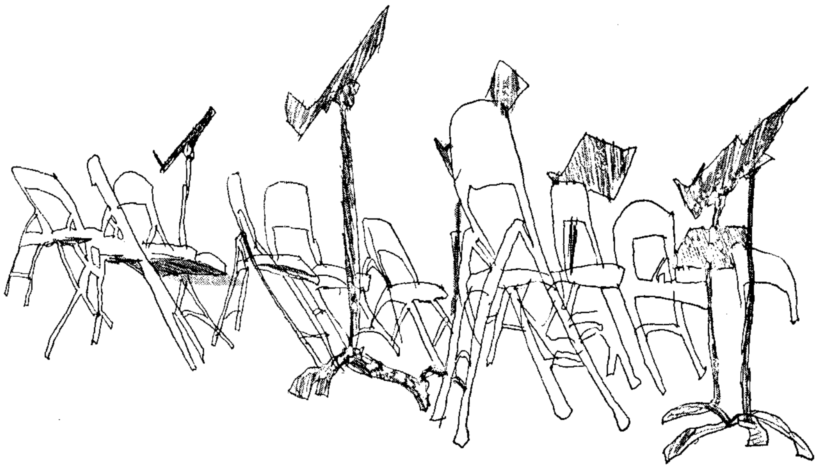












STEVENSON

PORTRAITS IN A VILLAGE

I—PORTRAIT OF J2

SMOOTH, vanilla-colored, no speck of vanilla bean anywhere in sight but delicately trimmed in black (the delicacy consists in the fact that the balance between vanilla and black equals, approximately, that of the thin black border and the off-white on a mourning card); quite majestic really, because restricted by speed limits, J2, playing Bob Dylan good and loud, advances through the main street of the village of Uberwald.

Children react the way women do when they see each other's Easter bonnets. The glum ones giggle, the lively ones freeze. But J2 looks different. In what subtle way I cannot tell. Did it suffer a mysterious sea change on its way over from London? Or did it fly? A child, my own, meets another boy and coolly says, "J2's hardtop. Neat. Did you see?" (So that was it.)

The six-year-old friend replies, "Type E Jag. If you need more reasons to own a Jaguar, see your dealer."

Then mine, in a loud stage whisper: "Jaguar. A different breed of cat."

No television in the mountains, so they read ads. Planes? "Viscounts," pronounced as in "*visc*ous." Liquor? "Vermouth," pronounced as in a "*mouth*ful" of teeth. Then they roll comfortably back into their own everyday life, with imitations of the local garageman around the dinner table.

"L'Alfa RRRomeo, c'est vrrraiment forrrt, hein?"

UP the hill my child and I climb toward the chalet, wet leaves sticking to the soles of our boots. November. Already the earth freezes at night. The petunia stalks in the flower boxes on the balcony slowly turn tobacco brown. The dryness creeps up and up, threatening the dark-pink and white flowers, already rigid, but still miraculously alive. Day after tomorrow they must go. The man from the nurseries will walk into the living room with his nailed and muddy boots, and he will say, "Did your camellias really bloom in September?" And I will answer, "Indeed they did. Three of them."

He never gets tired of asking this question, and I never get tired of answering him. Huge, pink as the dawn on a mountaintop, their faces turned directly to the light of the sun—three of them, blooming at a height of a thousand feet and in the month of September. Then, suddenly, disaster struck. On three successive mornings, a flower lay, neatly decapitated, on the wormy wood of my refectory table. What had motivated their death, or their collective suicide? The blooms were healthy, cool to the touch, moist, with tender, unrelinquished hearts. In any case, their untimely death marked the end of all my hopes. Several weeks later, in a book, completely by chance, I found the answer: I had killed my camellias. Simple as that. A febrile, Orphean theme runs through the life of that particular flower, and I had tampered with it, played the role of a reverse Eurydice. One rainy morning, instead of going out on the balcony to greet my flowering tree through the windowpane—as was my habit—I had simply turned the pot around, halfway. Camellias always turn to the light of the sun, and when the bloom twists around on its stalk its neck snaps. The healthy flower falls dead.

BEHIND me, down the road, the child dawdles and sings:

> *"Pâles et mauves colchiques*
> *Tristes et mélancoliques,*
> *Là, c'est novembre qui . . ."*

He is right. The November crocuses are out in the muddy field. Soon the sky will be washed in the same shade of livid, purply white. Sad, sad, this month of stillness, cold, desertion, this endless month in which the soul ineffably declines.

The child feels it, too, and so does the school that taught him the song, and so must the poor man who wrote it, for it is a melancholy song without being a good one.

TOP of the hill. Heat of the body sweating lightly under the vinyl raincoat, breath coming hard. Child still dawdles, humming. I wait for him to catch up with me. Suddenly he points, and I follow the direction of his index finger to J2, parked in the otherwise deserted lot of the Grand Hotel.

Soon it will be too cold for J2. It is too cold for petunias. Already the cows are in their sheds, their tails held out of the way of the milking by a thread pinned to the rafters with a thumbtack. J2 looks nice in the rain, I think. It must be that clement shade of vanilla.

Dudley says, with great assurance, "I think Jay *is* J2." But where is Jay? If J2 is in the parking lot, Jay cannot be far away. Where can he be? Up at the girls' school? Speaking to the nymphs and muses? (What was the exact age of Musset's muses? Fifteen, I believe he said, was the limit.) Two of them walk by now on their way down to the village. Their long straight hair is cut bluntly, like the fringe on a carpet. They have small straight noses and light eyes, darkly outlined. One of them wears a sort of gym jump suit. She looks like a garage mechanic, but she also looks like a nymph. The two of them wrinkle their noses. They both giggle. One of them says, "Oh look! J2!"

LET us quickly go home and light the fire.

But the fire is already blazing, and in front of it, cross-legged on a sheepskin, sits Jay, warming his hands.

"Jay, of all people! This is a surprise."

Now it's his turn to look surprised. "Hello," he says. "I'm sorry I'm late." He stands up. He is nimble and shy. His fingernails are bitten.

"You're not late. You're a day early. I asked you for tomorrow."

"Oh, I *am* sorry."

"Don't be sorry. But don't forget to come tomorrow."

Blame November for this stage dialogue; blame my damp hair, blame the mist that wraps like veiling around my brain, blame the plummeting barometer and the cold wind that blows most of us into continual headaches.

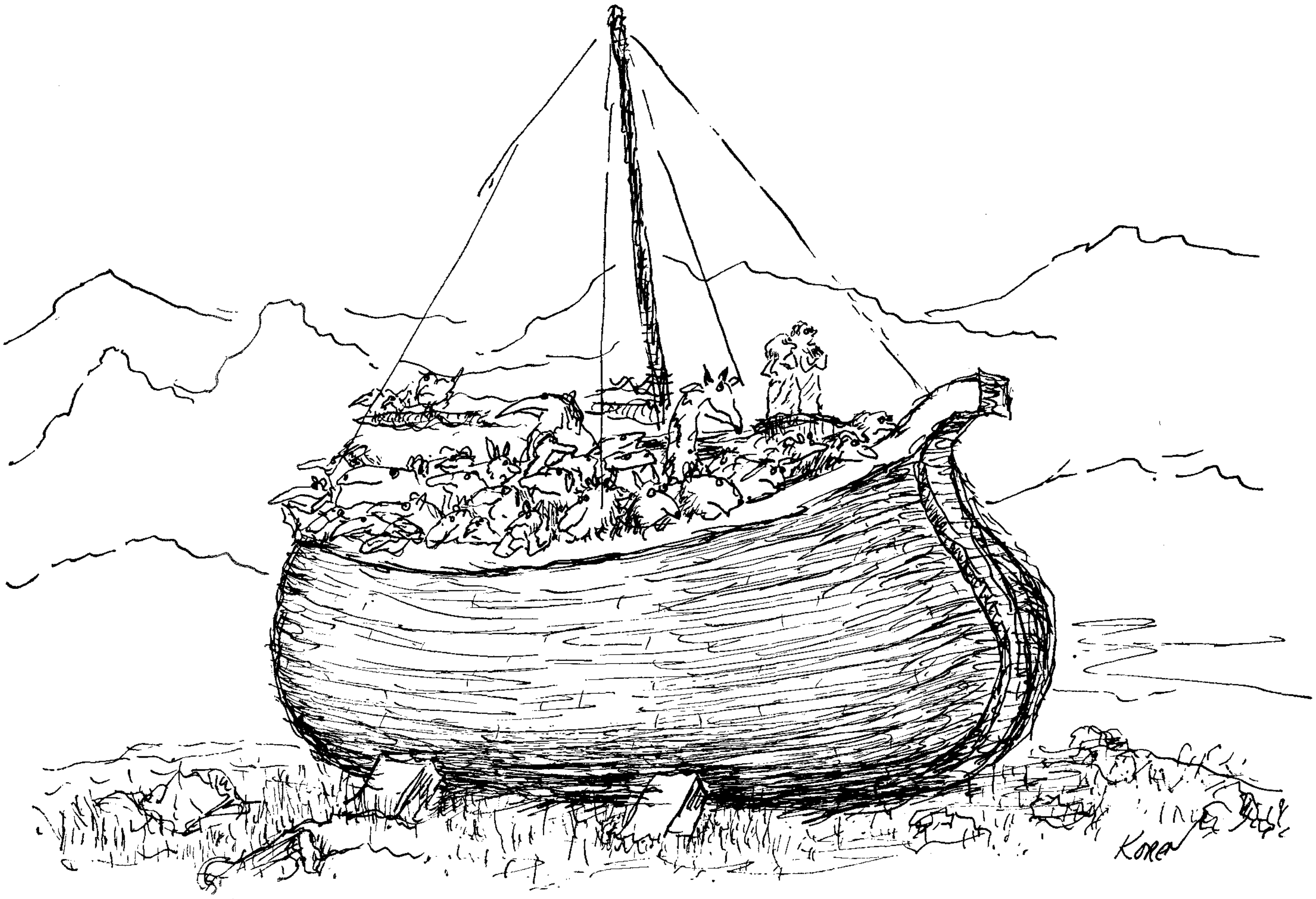
Jay's red cashmere sweater is worn back to front and inside out. The label, under his chin, reads "Pringle of Scotland."

"Jay, what will you have to drink?"

"Tonic, please. Without anything."

"A slice of lemon?"

Nobody wants to drink to kill the damp. I would like to see someone drink half a bottle of vodka and then—no, not throw the glass to break it but *eat* it. Really, I have seen it done once, and I want to see it done again. Immediately. This very minute. It is



"What would you say the precipitation probability is for today?"

• •

the only thing I can think of that would cheer me. But it is hopeless. Jay never drinks anything; I never drink anything. Only the child likes a sip of beer, or, on rare occasions, half a glass of champagne.

"Jay, your sweater," I say.

He looks down. "Oh, I *am* sorry." He pulls it over his head. His chest is scrawny, like a twelve-year-old's. Transpose the digits of the number twelve and he's twenty-one. No, he must be a bit more. Twenty-two or three perhaps. Certainly not more than that.

"I'll get your tonic."

Jay, from somewhere inside his sweater, says, "That'll be awfully kind. Thanks."

Jay throws his head back and finishes his tonic. I pick up my knitting. The child tends to the fire; his older brother has gone off to boarding school down in the valley, and so no longer tends the fire. He has relinquished his small duties and, simultaneously, his large presence, which had become a habit.

"What news of your eldest? I'm sorry, I can't remember his name," says Jay.

So. Why am I forever lulled by thoughts of inscrutability, when I am continually being told in a thousand different ways that I can be read—well, like a book.

"He's fine. He loves boarding school. He's working well. And what about you, Jay?"

"Oh, nothing much. I've bought another car."

"WHAT?" says the child, very loud all of a sudden.

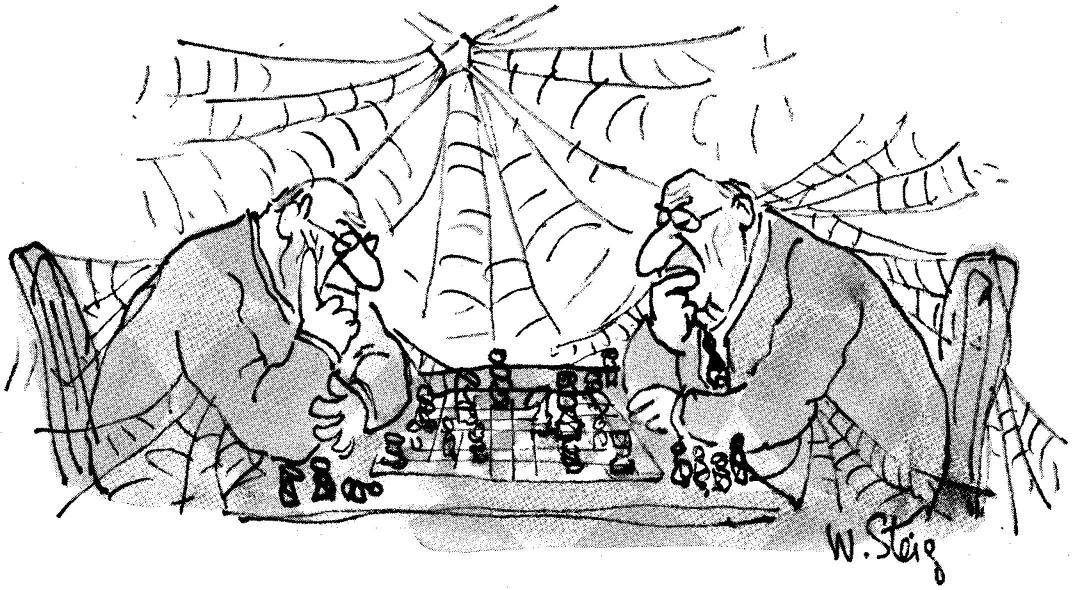
This is obviously the right response. The one Jay is looking for. He smiles. "Yes." And he pauses. Then he says, "An Alfa."

"Oh Jay, how marvellous!" I have managed. Managed something, I can't tell what. And I didn't ask what color.

Jay combs his hair with his hands. His hair is long—almost as long as mine; it lies all over the neckline of his sweater, but it's jagged in front, unlike mine. He speaks slowly and shyly, with a very slight lisp; there is a space between his two front teeth. A lucky sign, my grandmother used to say. Jay is lucky. I feel it. And therefore he doesn't have to bother to be anything else, but he does. He is intelligent, direct, kind, absent-minded, enterprising, quiet, a careful driver, and he certainly doesn't show off. I like him. He will go far. Whatever that is. The muses and nymphs all believe in him. They think he has a future. So do I. But this future of Jay's makes me uneasy. It is in Jay's future that I can read my decline. Perhaps before I formulate such thoughts I should wait for December and snow. Perhaps if it was more like Breughel outside, and the sun was shining, and my camellias were blooming once more in time for the New Year, I would throw my knitting into the fire and put off decline.

Jay owns a private plane company. That is, he owns two or three planes and flies people commercially. It's all a bit vague in my mind. But I know that Jay is a man of the future, and when he wants to speak of things that are close to his heart, he doesn't address me; he addresses the child. "You see," he says, and then he makes a motion with his thin right hand—that motion that people invariably make when they speak of a circular staircase, only Jay seems to do it the other way round, to go with the way he sometimes wears his sweaters. "You see," he repeats, "it's when you go into a *reverse* spin that you begin to feel peculiar."

The child's eyes, usually narrow and



slanted, are suddenly round, like overcoat buttons.

I interrupt them both. "What are your plans, Jay?"

"Plans. Oh, I have none. Well, a week here—I have to take delivery of the Alfa. Then back to London and work. I'm flying the Alfa over."

"And the girls, Jay—how are the girls?"

"Oh fine. Marvellous." He smiles his shy lucky smile. "Remember Rebecca?"

(Rebecca . . . Rebecca? . . .) "I think so. I'm not sure. She's the one with—"

"See that?" Jay points to a giant Rolex on his right wrist. I've never seen such a large watch. It dwarfs his wrist. Surely it must tell all, including the phases of the moon.

"Well, it's hers," says Jay. "She's let me wear it for now. She's coming up for the weekend."

"How nice." I look out the window. Indefatigable rain. "Damn! What time have you got, Jay?"

"Quarter to six. Why?"

"I forgot the meat, and they won't deliver. Jay, you will stay for dinner? I have a friend coming. She lives in Mexico. She's only here today. You'll like her. I have to run down for that meat, though—immediately."

"I'll drive you."

THE child, with eyes like buttons, sits on my knees. The interior of J2 is black leather, and the bucket seat fits the body like a glove. I could go to sleep except for Bob Dylan singing on the tape, good and loud. Smoothly, we descend the hill and park in front of the butcher's. Jay turns off Bob Dylan. Then he gets out and walks around J2. I can't tell what he's doing. He's looking for something. The license plates, back and front, read "J2." But he should know that by now.

NOIX DE VEAU in hand, I return to J2. But it is abandoned. Jay has crossed the street. The child has crossed the street. The two of them, surrounded by nymphs with long hair straight as the silk fringes on a lampshade, walk back and forth along the pavement, never taking their eyes off a brand-new bright-red car. Its shade of red clashes with Jay's sweater. The muses mostly stand on one leg and giggle. Jay is smoking a cigarette. I have never seen him smoke before. He waves to me. What am I going to say? That cars leave me indifferent? That I don't even drive? But that I have suddenly felt something, something unexpected, a wave of loyalty, of attachment to J2? Fickle, fickle, lucky Jay. Jay, surrounded by nymphs, with eyes only for his Alfa. I cross over quickly. It is pouring now, but even the muses greet me with a smile.

II—PORTRAIT OF LILY AS A GOOD EGG

DUDLEY says, "You know, Lily's a good egg."

And Lily says (small, reedy voice): "Forty-eight eggs for breakfast. I swear it."

I am not surprised. Four days before, in a pervasive autumn frost, I watched Lily at the village station. There she stood, facing the tracks. And she looked blonder than usual; neither gold nor platinum, just plain blond. Heavy hair trailing on the collar of a camel's-hair slack suit, bare feet in thin black ballet slippers. There she stood, rolling back and forth on the balls of her feet.

I said, "Do you know, Lily, that penguins cannot differentiate between an egg and a stone? I mean, you can give them a stone and they put it under the balls of their feet and they roll with it. They think they're hatching an egg. It's the male that does that. I can't remember what the female does."

Lily stopped rolling, but I don't think that she had heard much of my penguin talk. The cold mountain wind blew, and in the wrong direction. My voice does not carry, in any case. But it did not matter. I was thinking aloud, trying to keep out the cold. And I suppose that being frozen, together with the fact that we were watching for our children, had brought the penguins to my mind.

Lily said (small, frozen voice): "Oooh, I am cold! Oooh, I am so cold! Look at my bare feet. There's practically no sole on these things. Why is that train always late?"

Someone told me recently that only in the Soviet Union are the trains always on time. But that is neither here nor there. Here in our mountain village the blue train is usually four to six minutes late.

The platform was deserted except for Lily and me. The other mothers must have driven into the valley to fetch *their* sons at boarding school. At certain hours, mothers appear to have nothing but sons; at others, only daughters. This hour (three minutes past four) was definitely an hour for sons.

Then Lily started rolling again. I wondered why she didn't drive down into the valley. She does drive—a long black car in summer. Sometimes I see her alone with pearls around her neck—who *is* this city creature?—drive up the hill. Seven P.M. Must be a cocktail party. The winter car is small, fast, and of a blue that matches her eyes after sundown, because during the day Lily wears enormous, round, and very dark sunglasses.

Lily said, "Oooh, how that mountain sun hurts my eyes! It was the same in the desert. I even have to wear them indoors." This was not affectation on her part. I can get conjunctivitis in the space of five unprotected minutes up here, the refraction is so great.

At exactly four minutes past four we saw the blue train approach, rounding a curve. It drew to a stop, and Lily's son got off and walked toward her. He was blond, like her, only taller, and

Lily is very tall. He had brought along five friends. The boys began to unload, first through the window, then through the door of the first-class compartment. They brought out amplifiers, microphones, speakers, drums, and three electric guitars. I tried to pick out the singer. I tried so hard that I forgot all about my own son until I felt him tugging at my sleeve. My son is not so tall as Lily's, but he is catching up. He came out of a second-class compartment and brought no friends. He looked cold.

I said, “Let's go home and I'll make you some hot Ovomaltine.”

While her boys were loading the blue sports car *and* a taxi, Lily ran up to me for a second and said in a small, frightened voice, “I wonder how many eggs for breakfast tomorrow.”

END of mid-term. Lily and I, bundled, at the station. Her boys are still loading. We helped some. Now we stand aside.

Lily says, “I swear it, I *swear* it—forty-eight to fifty eggs *every* morning.”

We walk, face to the wind, toward the local tearoom. Across the round table I watch Lily slowly recovering. She drinks hot wine. I have tea with lemon.

Lily says, “I love those boys, but *oooh*, the noise.” The whites of the gentian eyes are slightly bloodshot, the small nose pinched. No makeup mars the honesty of her fatigue. She sneezes. “Oooh, I'm so tired. I hope I'm not catching cold.”

We each have a younger child left in school in the village. But for the moment—what bliss, we are alone. Suddenly Lily begins to laugh. She fits a cigarette into a water filter and lights it.

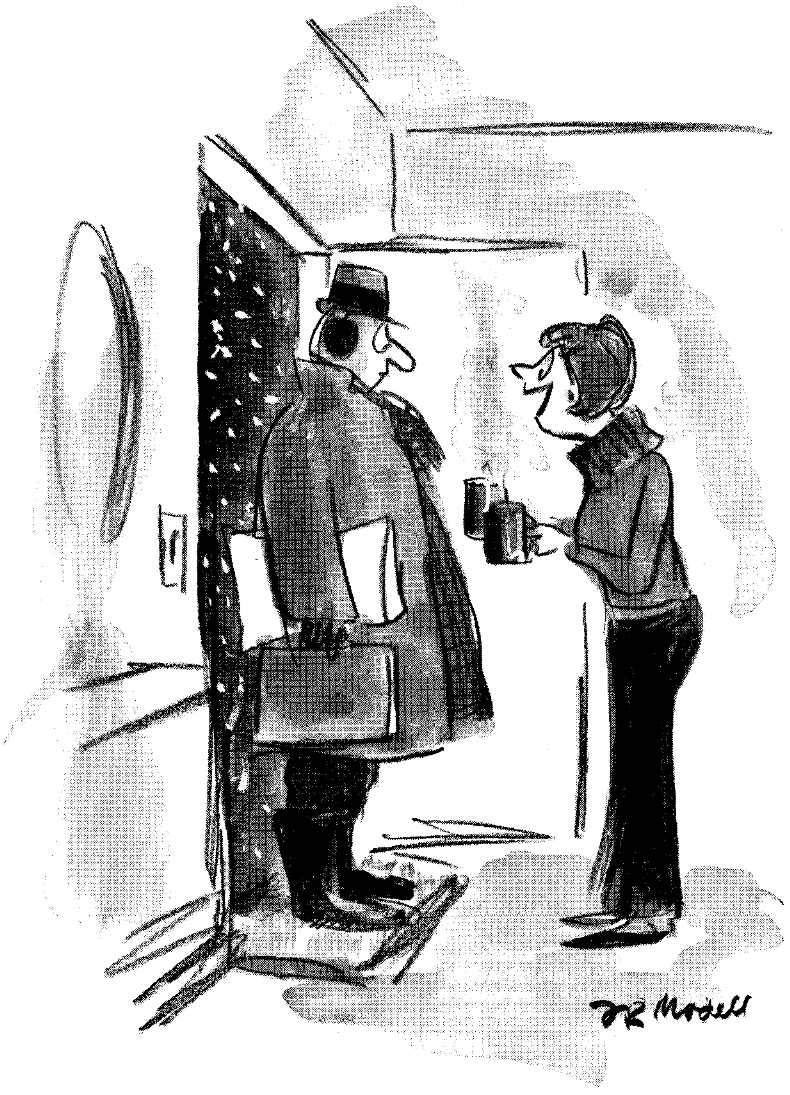
“Oooh, those *eggs*,” she says. She asks for another glass of hot wine. Then, confidentially: “You know, Jay promised to come and hear them play, but he never showed up. I wonder what he was doing. They were so disappointed. Here they had been practicing and practicing . . .” (The voice slows down, falls to a whisper almost.) Lily reflects, “I wonder what the future holds for Jay.”

So do I. But not right now. I don't want to have to think about the future. I don't want to have to think about the future of the future generation.

DUDLEY says, “I wonder what would happen if Lily went on ‘What's My Line?’ ”

Nothing whatever would happen if she were to go on “What's My Line?” I see a blank television screen.

Big, ever so blond, contained and quiet behind a veil of cigarette smoke; slow-speaking, moving gently when she moves; removing, slowly, the end of a cigarette from a water filter and fitting in another; round forget-me-not eyes lit by the yellow light of a twenty-watt bulb; pale hair wound on large curlers under an Hermès scarf, Lily sits back in her chair at a party, completely silent, watching. Either she miscalculated the time it would take to wash her hair or else she was asked at the last minute. It wouldn't matter to her either way; she is so collected. I can't help wondering where we're all heading with our hair washing. Lily washes her hair three times a week. I wash mine every other day, sometimes every day. At the beach it's never dry except on a torrid night, around five o'clock in the morning. Perhaps we should get wigs. I might suggest it to Lily. But I know that we'll never do anything about it. We are really so far from the world of wigs up here. We forget about makeup for days on end. Some women wear only trousers. Lily has a tiny white rowboat by a lake and goes fishing for trout all by herself. Then she finds she has taken her passport to drive into the valley to see the dentist. There's no doubt about it—after a while we tend to become slightly eccentric. And placid. No repartee. It takes us three to four days when we get to a city to adjust to normal conversation. Up here, Lily says, sometimes she doesn't speak to anyone for days on end. At other times, we all speak to one another, all day long, every day. And nothing is said.



“Try it and tell me how you like it. It's a hot Martini.”

“LILY, you must go back to work.” Now I've said something. I expect an explosion, but nothing very much happens.

Lily says, very quietly, “I have to wait a little more, for the children to grow up. Then I'll think about it.”

Lily is a reporter. (Dudley says “journalist.”) She writes about crime. Her high-powered past seldom seeps into the exaggerated tranquillity of our present conversations, but when it does we suddenly fly in airplanes, discuss magazine assignments, study reports; we speak of drama in the courtroom, the necessity for discretion. But for Lily the past is without nostalgia. Certainly her present exile is devoid of bitterness. We like, at times, to speak of another life, that's all.

Dressed in red pants and a red shirt and hiding behind a new pair of formidable dark glasses, Lily sits back on my couch and tells me about her friend Joe. "Oooh, you will *love* him," she says, in an infinitely gentle voice. "You *must* meet him when he comes. He's a very good friend of mine. A mobster, it's true, but a very good friend nevertheless."

Lily laughs delightedly, with her head thrown back. Then she puts out her cigarette. A moment's silence as she fits a new one into the water filter. I know that pause. She's preparing to make an effect.

"Did I ever tell you about Icepick Willie?. . . I *didn't*? I thought I had. Well, *he* was a friend of mine. Don't look at me like that. How was I to know he was Icepick Willie? You know about Icepick Willie? Well, I don't know why you should. *Oooh*, how he murdered them. I won't tell you how he did it. It's toooo disgusting. In a bar, where he worked. They were sitting on a stool *at* the bar. Right through the ear. And nobody around would know it. *Oooooh*." But the voice remains sweet, infinitely gentle, and the part of the face that is not hidden by the sunglasses registers total horror.

SOME time ago I found out that Lily knows how a killer is hired. I suspect she could dig up more than one. She can discuss the fees.

"But Lily, surely the fee must depend on the victim?"

"Of course." Lily watches me carefully. I suspect she knows that face of mine. I am preparing . . . a cliché.

"Lily, would you be able to do something about somebody important, somebody, say, like . . . de Gaulle?"

There follows a set piece on the particular vulnerability of anyone walking out of the Élysée Palace. There's a courtyard. And apartments, with windows giving onto the courtyard. Then Lily laughs. She says, "*Actually*, I've already been asked this same question. Truly. Very expensive job. One more thing about Icepick Willie. He's been written up in a book. I would lend it to you, but it's making the round of the village."

LILY, dressed in black trousers, black Pucci shirt, Chanel earrings and chain, sits on my couch and reveals the offer of a job so high-powered it makes me gasp.

"But Lily, you must accept. Think of the . . . think of the . . . I mean, you *must* take it."

"Yes, but I'd have to go to the States, and that would mean moving the children. I'm thinking of them. It would disturb their whole education. And you know, they're so happy here. . . ."

But Lily's different today. Not quite herself. Listless.

"Lily, maybe it's time to go down."

"Yes. You may be right. Perhaps I do need a change. A few days' change. Change is always good. My passport's in order."

"Time to go, Lily. Time to go down."

"Yes, but it's such a production. Packing. And I don't know where to go."

"Doesn't matter. You need a change. Everyone does."

This is spoken without zeal, almost without conviction. It's hard to tell when it's time to go. Perhaps never. Any time, really; perhaps it's always

---

THE DELTA

There are men making death together in the wood

We have not deserved this undergrowth
We have not merited this mud
O Jesus this mud

There are men making death together in the wood

My sergeant lies in a poisoned shadow
My friend has choked on a flower
The birds are incontinent in their terror

There are men making death together in the wood

They have taken my hands away
And they have hidden me from the moon
Pain makes decisions all around me

There are men making death together in the wood

The fish are puzzled among darkening knots of water
The ancient stairways of light sway and spill
The ferns are stained with the yellow blood of stones

There are men making death together in the wood

We have hidden the children for safety beneath the water
And the children are crying to us through the roots of the trees
They are soft pebbles without number
And they fill the streams

And the moon appears to watch now white with grief

See them now
Pilgrimming unwilling into dying
Unburdened now of blood
Their hurt bodies soaked with the dusk
See the reluctant file

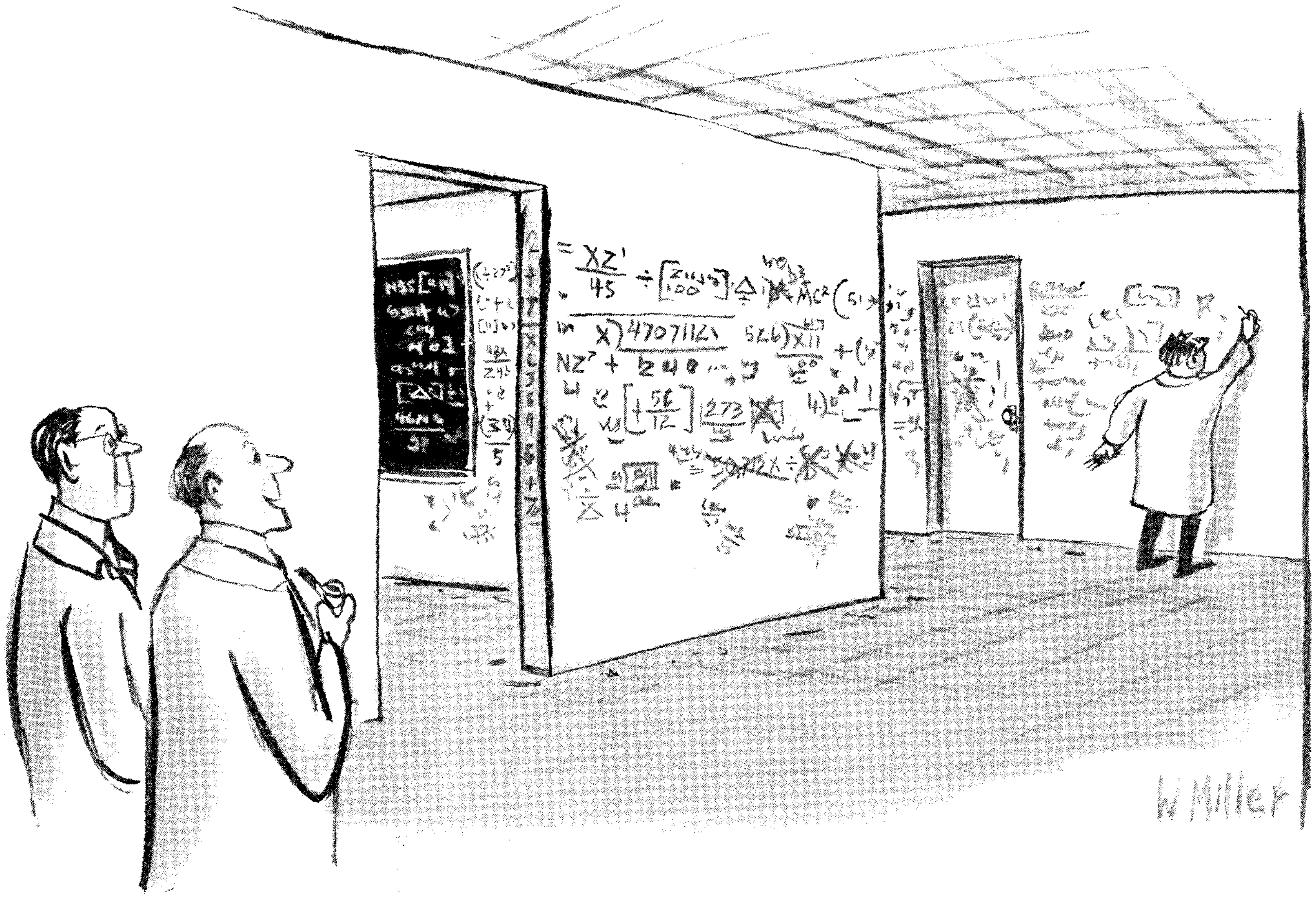
In a line he leads them
In a long slow line

They leave us over the hill
They are grass
They are dust
They are shed stone
Cold as the moon

And the widow moon above
Is cold and white
And will let no lovers in tonight

—MICHAEL DENNIS BROWNE

• •



"Ah, it rather looks as though Perkins is on to something."

• •

time to go. *I* certainly can't tell. Life is different up here. We have snow all winter long. Then, suddenly, on a summer's day, the swimming pool opens. Years go by. Right now it's summer.

LILY takes my advice and goes off, on a radiant day, in search of civilization. (Paris? Rome? Venice? London?) *The necessity for discretion.* No questions asked.

Six cloudless days later, I find her sitting by the edge of the pool at noon with a drink in her hand that looks like straight whiskey.

"Lily, you're back!"

Gently, she nods her head in the affirmative, and two large tears appear from under the sunglasses. Once revealed, there is no effort made either to wipe or hide them. Two more follow. This is serious. And under a noonday sun. What happened? *The necessity for . . .* I turn away from her, drop my shirt onto the grass, take off my skirt. The elastic on the pants of my bikini seems to be giving up. Never mind. Into the pool. Although it is heated, I feel like screaming, and cannot catch my breath. One lap is all I can manage. Teeth chattering, I run all the way back. Lily has risen from her chair, and closed her handbag. She sees me, but all she can manage is a small wave of the hand.

III—PORTRAIT OF DUDLEY, HALF DONE

THE grass when it reappears from under the snow is a dismal shade of brown. At the bottom of mountains, skiers carefully pick their way between mud and tainted snow. The snow, whatever is left of it, is slushy, and they lurch. I think that spring has arrived.

So many beds with a view in this village. With my binoculars, if I cared to go and find them, I could watch the skiers directly from my bed. But the blinds are shut and the alarm clock is broken. The telephone rings, just as I think I must have overslept. I run to answer it, in my nightgown—the telephone is in the living room—and as I pick up the receiver I see Dudley fast asleep on my living-room couch. He stirs while I speak.

Shall I wake him? No; there is no reason to. Rather, I shall go about my business and get the strong coffee—the essence of coffee almost—that he likes ready by the stove. After all, he is not in anybody's way.

Dudley is on his own and roaming again. He has a definite propensity for living-room couches, mine and other people's, and he knows that I never lock the door to the chalet; that I don't even own a key. Perhaps the party I did not go to broke up late. Perhaps there was no one to drive him to his small room, too small for him, away, far away, beyond the village. The meaning of discretion. I shan't even ask.

Lily says, "Dudley was perfectly charming at dinner the other night."

Jay says, "Dudley, that @¢¢#!!-@**&?" and, nudging his elbow, I answer very quickly, "He's my friend." (Ah, but is he?)

Strange, our words are barbed, like bees, and our endless conversations easily turn into fencing matches, where every word is carefully planned, measured, and delivered, where every pause becomes a truce. I've never even heard of such verbal exchanges. It's a game we play, really, and my only reward for winning is an admission from Dudley: "Well said!"

What do we speak about? It is hard to tell. Dudley is Welsh and loves words. So much so, in fact, that several times, on rainy afternoons, we have not spoken at all but corresponded, laughing all the while, from his seat on the couch to my seat by the fireplace. Unlike Mme. de Staël's endless tear-swept letters to her house guests at Coppet, our correspondence is very dry, funny, almost terse.

Strange, these endless conversations. Even stranger, this correspondence. It could only happen in a village, where distractions are so few. But Dudley is not often here. He not only roams, he disappears; for days, weeks, months at a time.

Where does he go? Why does he come back? I ask few questions. Sooner or later (more often later than sooner) he walks in the door, I light the fire, prepare the essence of coffee that he likes, and we resume our conversation.

THE telephone rings again. Dudley stirs, opens his eyes, slowly wakes, and stretches his arms above his head as I go on speaking. Then he yawns, unself-consciously, one yawn. There is a tear in the armpit of his sweater, and he has slept with his boots on. I've never seen him in town, and I don't even know whether or not he owns a suit. He looks vulnerable, for once, lying full length, stretched out, half asleep on my living-room couch. But I don't think he is. For Dudley has a fatal gift that he will not part with, that is irreparable, and that he will take with him to the very gates of Heaven or Hell. A Greek woman asks, "Where is that extraordinary young man I've heard about who is a friend of yours? Is he here now? I would like to meet him." I know exactly whom she means, but Dudley wouldn't like that. (And *is* he a friend of mine?) A man says, "I *don't* want to meet that beautiful young man I've heard about. I hope he isn't here just now."

I hang up.

"Do you know, Dudley, that a moment ago you looked like a cathedral lying on its side?" This is the first compliment I've ever paid him, and it might be the last.

He acknowledges it by shutting his eyes and nodding. Then, very quickly, raising his eyebrows, he asks, he almost pleads, "Coffee? You have some coffee in the house?" As I walk to the kitchen I hear him say, "One cup and I *must* go."

EMPLOYEES
Alan Dunn

So Dudley sits up, drinks his coffee quickly, slowly raises himself to his great height, and walks out the front door.

"Bye," he says, just before he shuts it.

A VISITING childhood friend asks me to try and bring Dudley to dinner.

"But his girl friend's just arrived. Can you have a couple?"

"Certainly," says the friend. And she laughs. "*C'était simplement pour le plaisir des yeux.*"

That's just the trouble. So many people are always ready to do things for Dudley *pour le plaisir des yeux.*

Still, he suffers. On a Monday he says, "Now, if I were small and quite fat and wore glasses, I might be better understood. I feel I'm about to reincarnate myself."

On a Thursday he has changed his mind. "I like looking the way I do, don't be silly. I'm as proud as a peacock."

Long narrow eyes, peridot in sunlight, tallow hair that falls over his forehead and collar and needs cutting—it is as futile to try and convey physical beauty in a woman or a man as it is to describe a rainbow. (We have them regularly up here—double ones, after a heavy summer thunderstorm.)

Dudley's girl friend is off to Provence for a wedding. He doesn't want to go. "Hate weddings," he says. So he is staying on in the village. But two days later Lily tells me that he has left. Then his girl friend calls me. She sounds distressed. "Where is Dudley, do *you* know?"

"No, I don't. I thought he was with you."

"He isn't."

In the stationery store where I go to buy my paper, I see a small man, quite fat, wearing glasses and reading a copy of *Playboy.* No, it couldn't be. Dudley has disappeared again, and his portrait is only half done.

—NATACHA STEWART

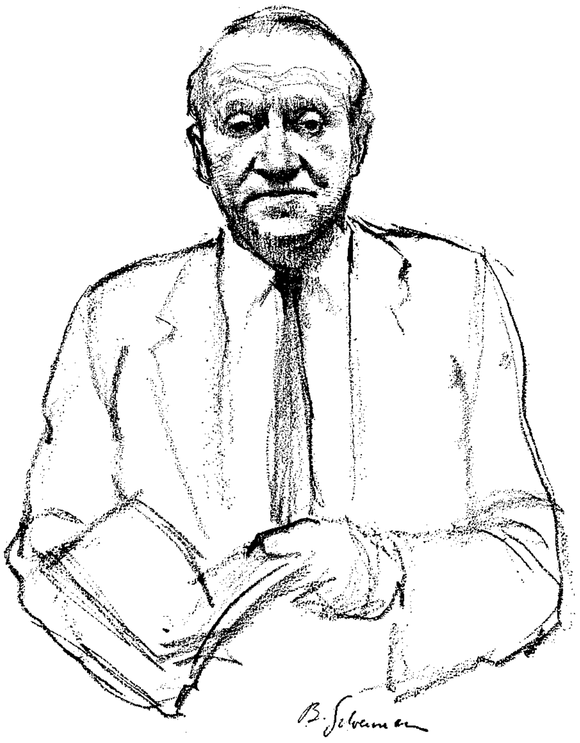
•

This means that Americans still would have to obtain special validation of their passports from the State Department to travel to Cuba, Communist China, North Vietnam, North Korea, or Alabama.
—*Pittsburgh Press.*

We knew it had to come.

PROFILES

A LOVER OF CITIES—I



Charles Abrams

A UNIVERSAL feature of modern civilization is the housing problem. In primitive or static societies, the simplest of habitations suffice in terms of the requirements and patterns of daily life and of the society's concepts and possibilities. Communities of Eskimo igloos or Dodoth huts are not slums—if for no other reason than that nobody in the cultures concerned thinks of them as such. It is only as traditional cultures begin to advance, to develop—"to emerge," as the current term has it—that shelter suddenly presents a grievous problem. The onset of modern civilization is so consistently accompanied by mass deprivation, misery, and abysmal squalor in the matter of housing that such conditions may be taken as a sure index that a traditional culture has embarked on a course of what we call economic progress. The housing problem as we know it is, like modern civilization itself, essentially an urban phenomenon. The world is being urbanized at an accelerated—possibly a catastrophic—pace. In the United States, which was only five per cent urban at the time our Constitution was written (codifying our values in essentially agrarian terms), seventy per cent of the population now lives in cities or suburbs; by the end of this century, it is estimated, as much as ninety-seven per cent of the people will be urbanites. In the developing areas of the world, which until lately have remained basically rural in character, urbanization is now taking place three or four times as fast as it is in the United States. This stems partly from the natural population growth, which is proceeding at an alarming pace, and partly from great internal migrations. During the present decade in Asia, Africa, and Latin America, according to a recent United Nations study, some two hundred million people who have dwelt in rural areas all their lives will pick up their belongings and move to the cities. It is in these regions, where many of the cities have undergone the strain of a threefold or fourfold increase in population over the past twenty years, that the housing problem shows up in its most exacerbated form. The U.N. study estimates that possibly as much as half the total population of Asia, Africa, and Latin America—that is, about a billion people—is at present homeless or living under conditions that are an affront to human dignity, to say nothing of human health. In the city of Calcutta alone, it is said, as many as six hundred thousand people have no abode whatever, and sleep at night on the streets or in hallways. The masses of migrants who have come crowding into the cities in all the developing areas, seeking a better way of life than that known by their forebears, are the shock troops in what is frequently characterized as "the revolution of rising expectations." The phrase suggests that their troubles are essentially psychological—that they might be content if they had never glimpsed the dazzling abundance that contemporary technology makes possible. Yet not only were most of these people better housed in the communities they came from but history suggests that mankind—that vast mass of mankind outside the advanced regions of the West—has probably never been as badly housed as it is in our era. Indeed, archeological evidence indicates that by all relevant criteria—space, light, sanitary conditions, shelter against the elements, security of tenure, aesthetic satisfaction—the majority of the inhabitants of this world had better dwellings during the Neolithic Age than they have today. Even the caves in which our still more primitive ancestors took shelter during the Paleolithic Age must be rated as considerably superior to the flimsy paper-carton-and-scrap-wood hovels of today's squatter colonies, occupied by millions of people in the great cities of the developing world. In the light of such general deterioration, it is hard not to be appalled by the predictions of the demographers that in order merely to keep pace with the current rate of population growth and of urban migration, mankind is going to have to build as many houses within the next forty years as have been built since the world began.

Though a housing crisis afflicts every one of the eighty or so developing nations, the governments of very few of them have had much notion of how to begin to cope with the immense complications inherent in sudden urbanization. They have lacked the capital, the economy, the industries, the skills, and, perhaps most important, the concepts for undertaking mass housing programs. They have also lacked the essential legal basis for such an undertaking, for it requires a whole new framework of law and, generally, new conceptions in regard to the relationship of the government to property and to the population. In recent years, some of the emerging countries have tried various glamorous panaceas—such as prefabrication—which have, for the most part, resulted in expensive, disheartening fiascoes. Some of the other countries have tried nothing at all. Having allowed themselves to be stunned by the magnitude of the problem into a kind of despairing apathy, they have hoped that if they ignore the crisis it will somehow solve itself.

In the quandary that all these nations face, a number of them have taken one useful step—that of asking the United Nations to send an advisory mission to size up the situation and offer practical suggestions. A man whom the U.N. likes to send out as the head of such a mission, when he is available, is Charles Abrams, a resourceful, often provocative, immensely knowledgeable New York housing and city-planning expert, who has left a recognizable mark on the housing policies of some twenty-one nations and who, in most of them, has shown a remarkable knack for getting some kind of results even under the most adverse conditions. Abrams is a thoroughgoing New Yorker, who was brought up in the slums of Brooklyn's Williamsburg, lives on West Tenth Street, owns assorted Greenwich Village properties, heads Columbia's Division of Urban Planning and Institute of Urban Environment, and, over the years, has functioned in a variety of ways as a major influence on the city's housing practices (most recently as chairman of Mayor Lindsay's special task force on housing). Nonetheless, he has shown himself to be highly adept at comprehending the special needs and problems of such distant places as Santiago, Nairobi, La Paz, Singapore, Lagos, Karachi, Accra, Ankara, and Davao. The economist Barbara Ward, in reviewing a book by Abrams called "Man's Struggle for Shelter in an Urbanizing World" for the New York *Times*, wrote, "Probably no expert in the field of housing knows the developing world as does Mr. Abrams."

The fact is that Abrams is an unabashed lover of cities, wherever they may be and however badly off they are. He often quotes Socrates' remark "Fields and trees teach me nothing, but the people in a city do." The current urbanization of the world does not dismay Abrams, as it does some observers. Despite all the wretched and distressing aspects of contemporary cities that he has seen, and all that he knows needs to be done to improve life in them, he has never ceased to esteem cities as the source of the cultural values that have mattered most to humanity throughout the ages. "Man's Struggle for Shelter" is a sober, often grim, sometimes highly technical book. Yet it contains rhapsodic passages, reflecting his view of the role that the city has played in history and in myth. "From earliest history the city has been linked with man's freedoms—a refuge in the days of Cain and Joshua, the hub of a vigorous political life in Greece, the impetus to law in Rome," he writes. "When man's mind roamed free in Utopian dreams, it was the city that was so often closest to his conception of heaven: the 'Celestial City,' the 'Heavenly City,' the 'New Jerusalem,' the 'Holy City,' and the 'City of God.'. . . The city still harbors the hope, in an increasingly hazardous and complex society, that the social and economic fluidity which was its historic attribute can be maintained against the chaotic forces that challenge it. It is still the marketplace for goods and ideas, the locus of a contractual society, the mirror for emulation, the meeting place for diversities, the center of culture." This, at any rate, has been the city's role in Europe and the United States. The cities of the developing nations, however, are having a harder time of it right now than ours have ever had. Instead of simply repeating the experiences that our cities went through during the industrial revolution, they are undergoing much more drastic changes. As Abrams points out, the developing nations are experiencing simultaneously the shocks of four different kinds of revolution—land, social, technological, and political—which the Western nations were fortunate enough to undergo sequentially over a long span of time, and it is in the cities that the shock waves of these upheavals converge. To Abrams, whom the *Times* has characterized as "the champion of the urban dweller," it is of the utmost urgency to provide these troubled cities with whatever aid may be needed to help them cope. He has long deplored the tendency of our overseas assistance programs to disregard the necessity for urban reforms and to concentrate upon programs of agrarian reform. "Revolutions are made in the cities; yet we are giving our aid to the farmers," he has said. "How come?" In recent years, the Agency for International Development has begun to pay more attention to urban needs, so Abrams' harping on this theme may have had some effect.

THE SHE WOLF

The old ridiculous partner is back again
who speaks my mind before me, singing me now
fonder than ever, my embarrassing vancourier.

I am her fool, the noisy one to follow
years at a time, and know her for my other,
who sounds my superstition like a bagpipe.

I am her acrobat and, altogether
lacking an answer loud enough, I
somersault to her tune, how sick soever.

I left her once
for seven years long;
then she piped
and I did not dance.

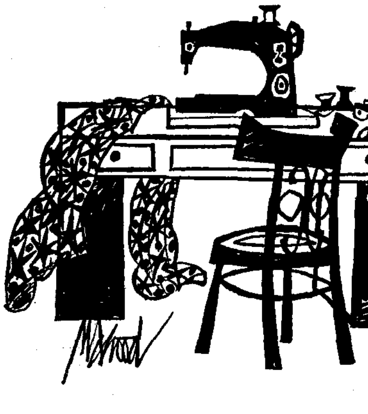
Little I gained that
seven long years
I wept not
although she mourned,

since she is back again and the mood is on.

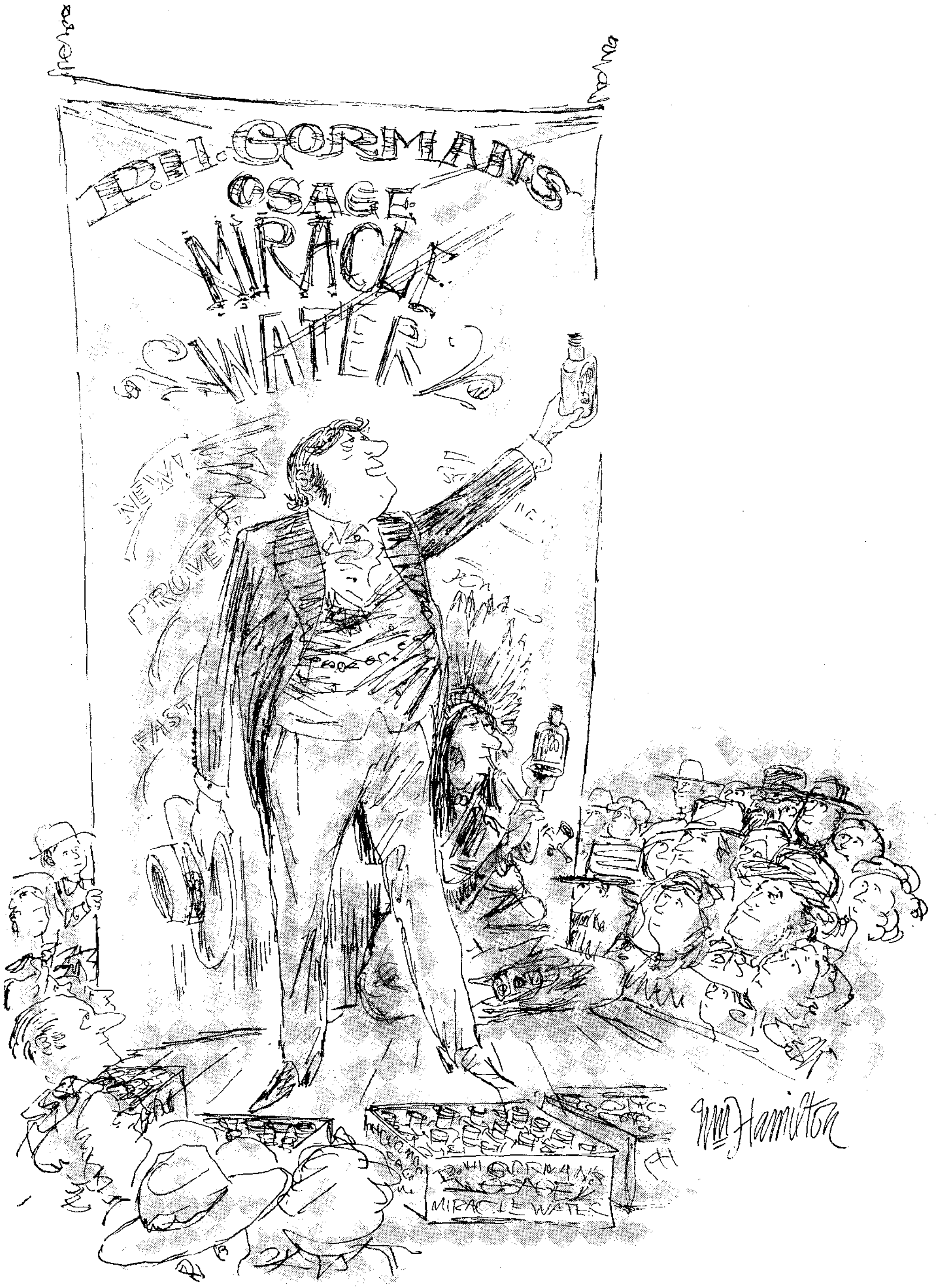
So must I bear my old she wolf who once
suckled the rising moon
to blow her pipes when I will dance again.

—Muriel Spark

• •



Abrams has said that any housing expert worth his salt should have a thorough grasp of economics, law, urban land policies, real-estate practices, architecture, construction methods, sociology, politics, administration, and public relations. Upon being apprised of this definition, a colleague of his, Lloyd Rodwin, a professor at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology who is the Chairman of the Faculty Committee of the M.I.T.-Harvard Joint Center for Urban Studies, observed, "Wouldn't you know it? Abrams has come up with a definition that fits only himself. No housing expert in the world that I know of besides him comes even close to possessing all those qualifications." Of the various branches of knowledge or expertise on Abrams' list, he is probably weakest in architecture and design; in all the rest he has shown himself to be as proficient as most specialists. "Abrams is not just a consultant," one U.N. official has said. "He's a team all by himself."



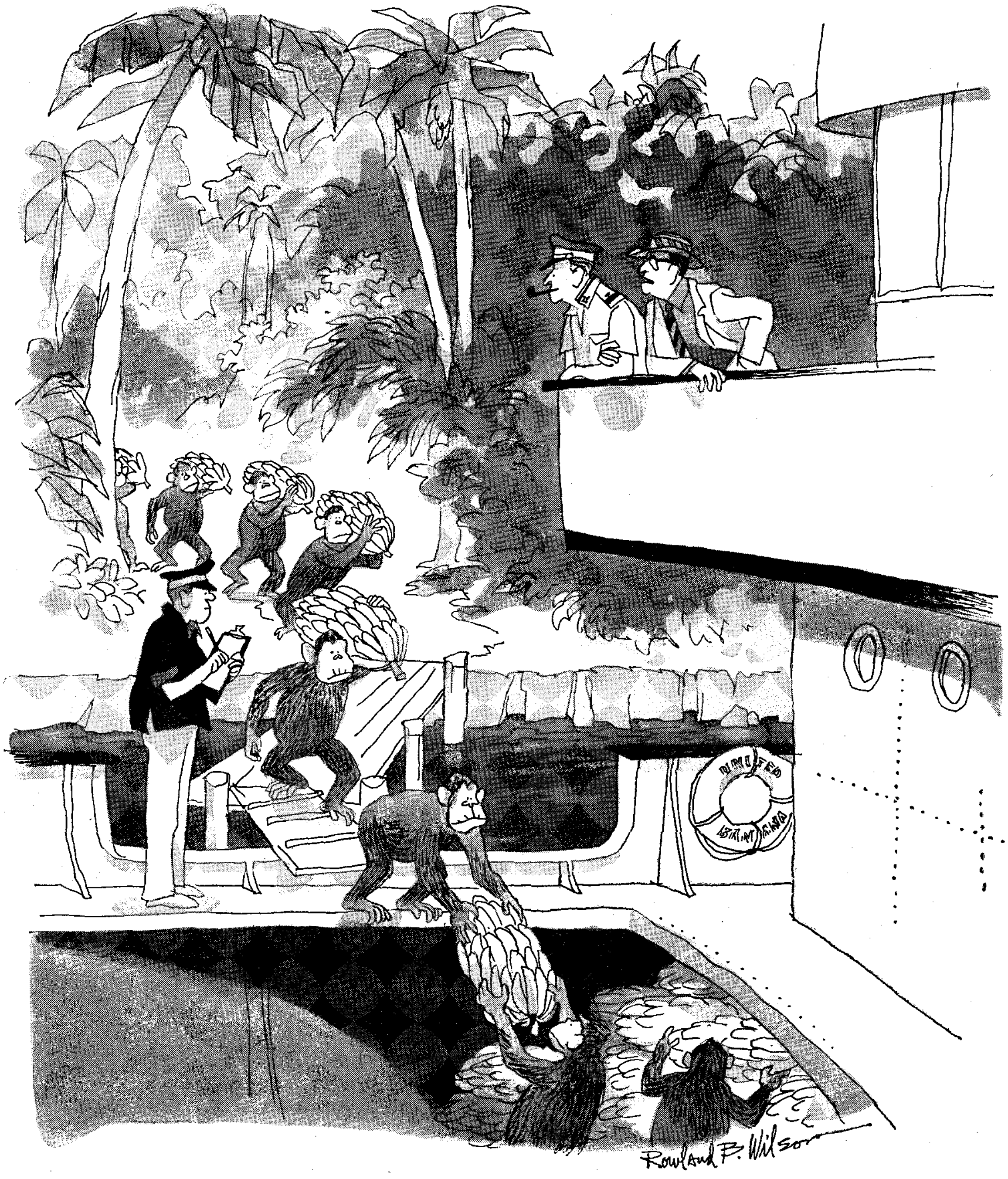
"Here, at last, is a combination of medically proven ingredients that performs five functions in one—as an anti-depressant for that feeling of constitutional debility; as an energizer that restores tired and run-down blood; as a quick-acting remedy for simple headache, and aches and pains due to neuralgia; and as a digestive capable of fighting ten times its weight in excess acidity. All for the price of fifty cents a quart bottle!"

• •

Abrams, who is very much what used to be called a self-made man, has developed most of his skills in rather unorthodox ways. It is characteristic of him that, although, in addition to his job at Columbia, he has been on the faculties of M.I.T., the University of Pennsylvania, City College, and the New School, and has written books that scholars regard as authoritative pioneering works in his field, he never went to college as an undergraduate and does not hold a B.A. His only degree is one in law, which he earned by going to night school in Brooklyn as a youth, while he was working days as a clerk for a law firm. When he is asked now how he acquired the background to be a professor, he is apt to reply in a matter-of-fact way, "By teaching courses and writing books." His real-estate experience has been similarly out of the ordinary. During the twenties, as a poverty-stricken young lawyer, he yearned to be of help to the underdog—just as soon as he had stopped being an underdog himself. Plunging into speculative real estate, he managed in fairly short order to make about a million dollars, and was thus reasonably free to devote himself thereafter to what he considered worthier and more challenging pursuits than making money. (In this respect, his behavior somewhat resembled that of Lincoln Steffens, who, having decided to become a socialist, first made himself a quick pile on the Stock Exchange so that he could be a socialist in style, undisturbed by sordid material considerations.) Throughout much of his life since then, Abrams has been an ardent campaigner on behalf of numerous liberal or humanitarian causes—low-rent housing, for example, or anti-discrimination measures—and in the process has inevitably come into conflict time and again with the powerful conservative forces of the real-estate and home-building lobbies. Because of his expertise, he is probably the most formidable opponent the real-estate interests have had to contend with, and at times his gift for provocative comment has aroused much exasperation. There are real-estate men who still seethe when they recall a speech that Abrams made at the convention of the National Association of Real Estate Boards some twenty-seven years ago. His liberalism was well known, so when they took the risk of inviting him to speak they were prepared to be attacked by him as reactionaries; consequently they were taken aback to hear him blandly congratulate them on their success in achieving Socialism in their sector of the American economy—an achievement, he said, for which he felt they had not received sufficient recognition. Over the past few years, he explained, by persuading the government to insure mortgages and to support and underwrite real-estate investments in a variety of ways, they had brilliantly contrived to eliminate virtually all speculative risk from their field, with the result that it was now scarcely accurate to describe their operations as "private enterprise." This being the case, he went on, he really couldn't understand why they should so vehemently decry as Socialistic the government's low-rent public-housing program—"unless," he added gently, "your notion of the ideal American economy is Socialism for the rich and private enterprise for the poor." The phrase has since been picked up and popularized by Michael Harrington, but it was new then, and provoked what Abrams considered a most satisfying splutter from the staid audience.

To real-estate men, Abrams has long been an object of fascination as well as a source of irritation. Because they like to think of themselves as practical, down-to-earth, hardheaded businessmen, and of their opponents as dreamy idealists who have drifted into do-good activity for lack of the ability to do anything else, Abrams' demonstrated prowess at turning a fast buck as capably as any reactionary makes him something of a puzzle to them. Herbert U. Nelson, who was for years the real-estate lobby's chief spokesman in Washington, and with whom Abrams often crossed swords, once wrote to him, "Since you can make money in our society the way it is, I frankly don't see what makes you keep on wanting to change it." To this, Abrams, who has a weakness for puns, replied, "The prophet motive, naturally"—a typical, and probably accurate, retort.

In addition to setting Abrams up financially, his speculative real-estate experience seems to have endowed him with the qualities of hustle, enterprise, and shrewdness, rare among both scholars and reformers. Or perhaps these traits were present from the start, and were what enabled Abrams to succeed so readily in what might be called the world of low finance. Averell Harriman has described him as a "practical idealist." As Governor of New York, Harriman appointed Abrams to his Cabinet—first as the State Rent Administrator and later as the chairman of the State Commission Against Discrimination. Harriman has said, "There's no one quite like Charlie Abrams. Some men are effective at rousing the public conscience. Others know how to get a practical job done. Abrams is one of the rare people who can do both things—he's a visionary who gets results." Abrams enjoys such praise, of course, having as much vanity as the next man. (He once wrote a lighthearted essay, called "On Boasting," in which he proposed that confessionals be established where a man could go from time to time to gloat about himself, in decent secrecy, to his heart's content.) But if he should be asked, he would probably sum up his own merits, as he sees them, in somewhat racier terms. He says that on many occasions, both on missions abroad and here in the United States, his achievement has consisted of being able to come up with some "gimmick"—by which he means some legal formula, perhaps, or some administrative or financial mechanism—that generates significant social action. "When you come right down to it, what I am



"Now if we could only lick the problem of pilferage."

SUPER-ROYAL

CREAM

Nature's most mysterious gift to Beauty

SUPER-ROYAL
CREAM
Germaine Monteil

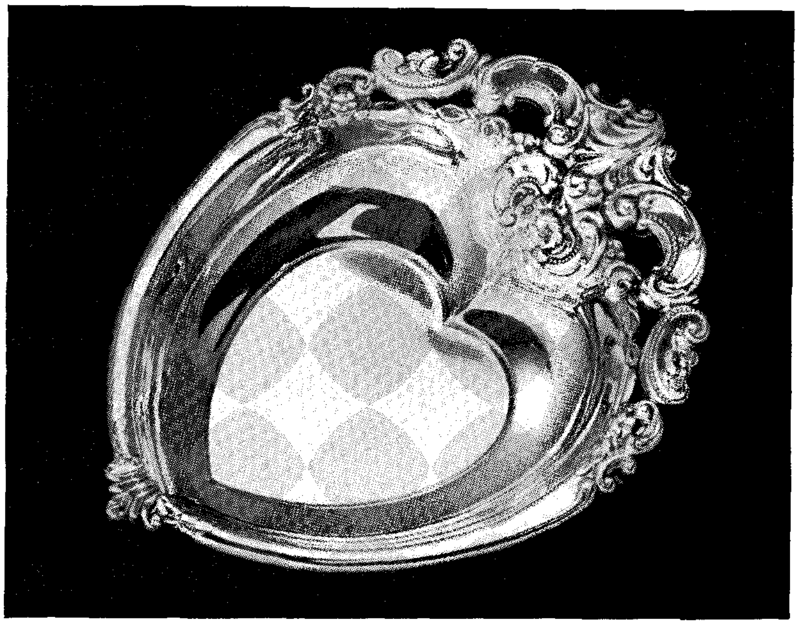
Mysterious because Royal Jelly has always defied complete analysis— but a wonderful gift to beauty for the countless women who have experienced its beautifying effect on their skins.

Germaine Monteil

really is a kind of finagler," he once said. "In real estate I learned how to finagle for myself. After that, I just began finagling for society."

ABRAMS is a stocky, nearly bald man of sixty-five. He has a round face, over much of which meanders a large, opinionated nose. His mouth is broad and expressive, and a cigar is usually clamped at a jaunty angle in one corner of it, in brazen contravention of no-smoking pacts he is forever entering into with friends and associates. His eyes are heavy-lidded and as round as an owl's, and there are always several pensive wrinkles running across his forehead. He possesses a resonant voice, which he uses with considerable eloquence. Born into the world (as a Corinthian envoy once said of the Athenians) to take no rest himself and to give none to others, he nevertheless appears to enjoy the world immensely, even when he is most strenuously engaged in trying to change it. For all the passion he brings to social issues, he is by nature an informal, convivial man, casual about details, unconcerned about protocol, and full of quips, wordplays, and extemporaneous jingles, which he can seldom resist trying out no matter what the occasion. It is typical of him that, in revising his will some years ago, just before he set out on a mission to Pakistan, he managed, to his own delight, to work a particularly outrageous pun into the text; he regretted, though, that he wouldn't be around to hear the groans of protest from the mourners.

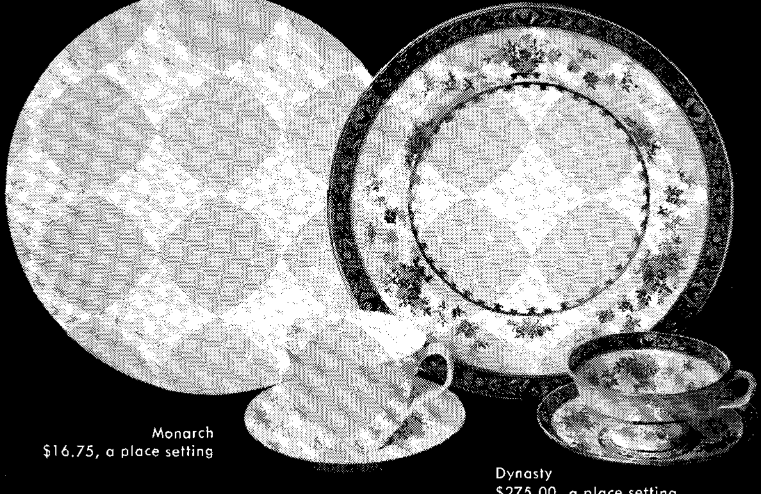
In spite of the formidable schedule of activities that Abrams maintains, he is a man who rarely appears harried or hurried. He is one of those fortunate people who can cruise along at high speed in some sort of overdrive, with very little wear and tear on the engine. In October, 1954, when Abrams headed a U.N. housing mission to what is now Ghana, not long before that country achieved independence, its Governor-General, Sir Charles Arden-Clarke, at whose castle Abrams was staying, thought it necessary to let him know, after he had been there a few days, applying himself in his customary fashion, that though in that part of the world only mad dogs and Englishmen went out in the midday sun, not even *they* started their day's activities at 6 A.M. and went right through till late at night without a rest. Sir Charles had to admit, though, that Abrams did not seem to be suffering. Another member of the mission was Dr. Otto Koenigsberger, a former Director of



Only Wallace does it this way.

Wallace creates a love poem in sterling silver...this Grande Baroque Sweetheart Dish. 6 inches long. $14.95. At fine stores everywhere.

Wallace Sterling
Wallingford, Conn.



Minton can make you a Monarch for $16.75

Monarch
$16.75, a place setting

Dynasty
$275.00, a place setting

with Dynasty, $258.25 extra, so to speak

In 1793, Thomas Minton set a pattern. A pattern of never falling short of his mark. The Minton mark still backs the finest bone china made. Regardless of price or pattern. For a color pattern brochure write

Minton English Bone China

Minton, Inc., 11 East 26th Street, New York, N.Y. 10010

FOUNDED MINTON 1793
MINTONS LTD.
STOKE-ON-TRENT
ENGLAND

BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN
CHINA MANUFACTURERS
MINTONS LIMITED

You can bask in the sun all day...
You can dance the Limbo till dawn...
You can raft miles down the Rio Grande...

but you haven't been to JAMAICA...

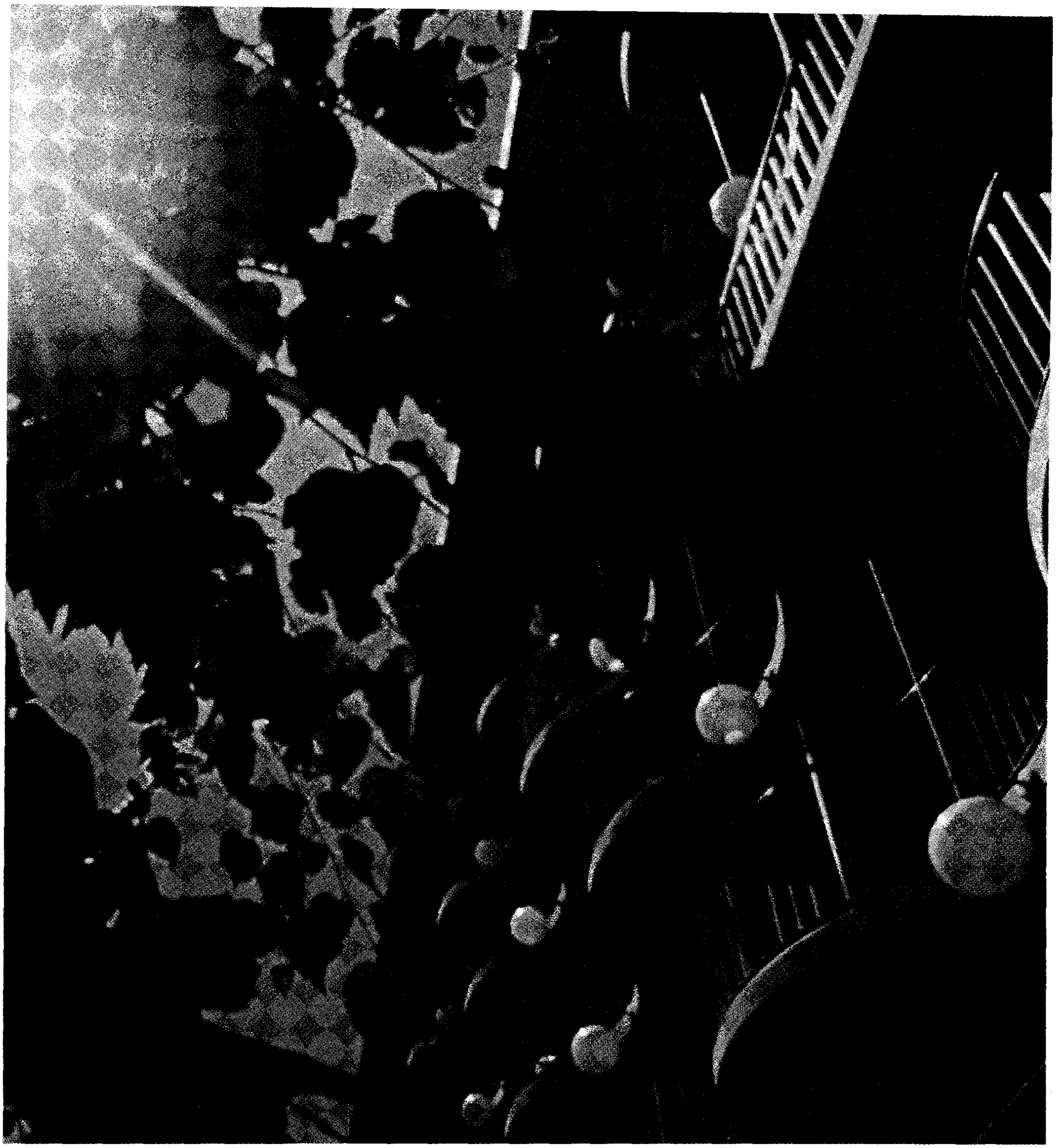
Photographed at the Royal Caribbean Hotel & Sea Club, Montego Bay, Jamaica, W.I.

W. A. TAYLOR & COMPANY, NEW YORK, N. Y. • 63 PROOF

until you've tasted

Tia Maria
JAMAICA'S HAUNTING LIQUEUR

(EVEN IF YOU NEVER GET THERE, BUY TIA MARIA... AND DREAM)



Inn side story for businessmen

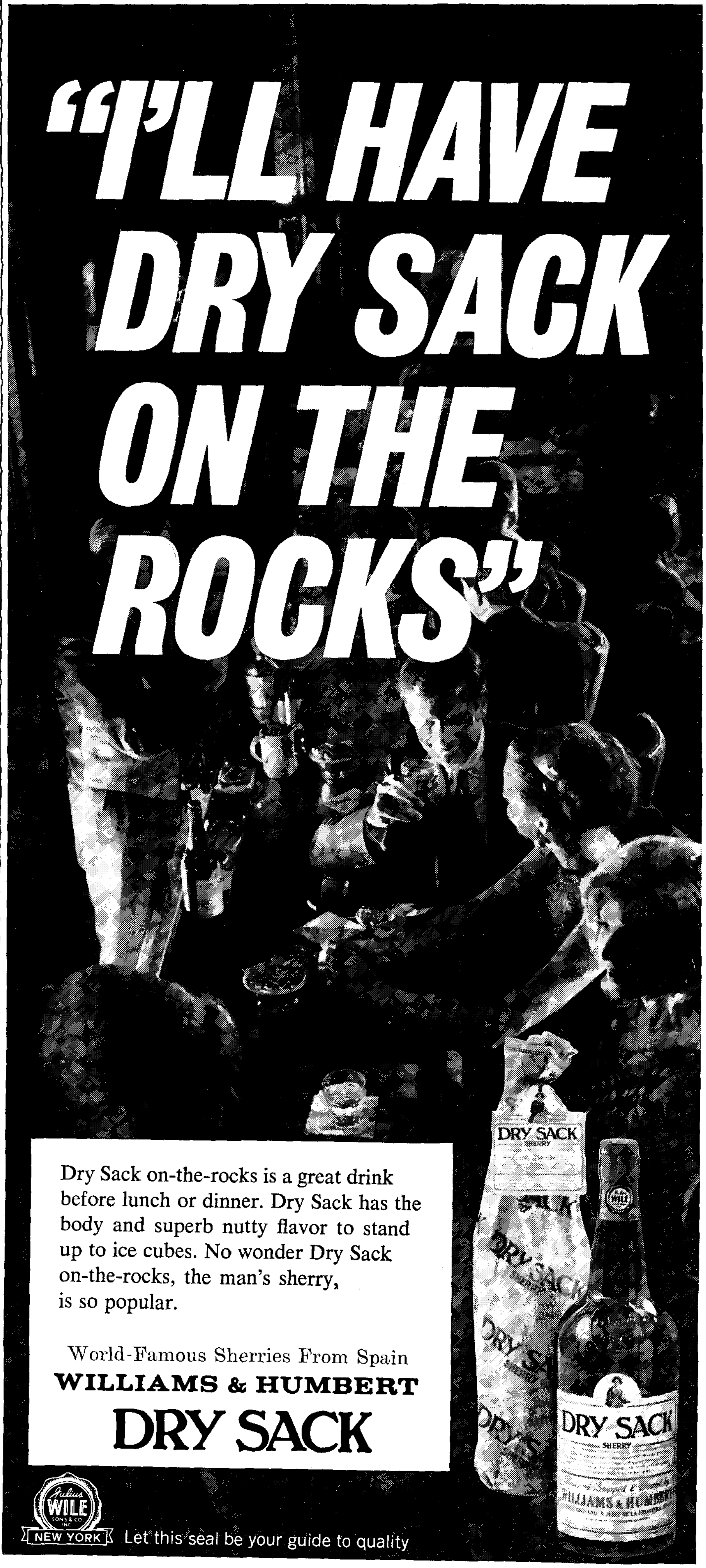
The exterior beauty of a Marriott Motor Hotel is all a facade. The real excitement's inside. Here, fun, food and excitement await the traveling man, meeting or convention group. Living is truly lavish, with banquet facilities for a cast of thousands, dazzling service, and food too good to be called just good. Our meeting rooms were designed to be met in, and our exhibit spaces can pass for a small stadium! Keep your head table free of headaches. Step inn-side to the exciting world of Marriott.

This is living... this is **Marriott**
MOTOR HOTELS

Atlanta, Dallas, Philadelphia, Saddle Brook, N.J., Washington, D.C., Chicago ('68) and Houston ('68)
Sales Offices: Washington (202) 628-4200; New York (212) 682-2204; Chicago (312) 693-2044

Housing for India and one of Britain's foremost experts on architecture in the tropics, and he still speaks with wonder of Abrams' energy and high spirits during that assignment. "The image of him that will always stay in my mind is the one he presented as we were returning across the plains to Accra from an inspection trip to the Ashanti territory," Dr. Koenigsberger has recalled. "Covered with a cloak of red dust, through which sweat trickled down his face, he sat in the back seat of the car as it jounced along the dirt road, working away furiously at a proposal that we were scheduled to present to Nkrumah and his Cabinet for discussion when we got back to Accra. Every once in a while, he would look up with a gleam in his eye and come out with some ridiculous pun on an African place name or some nonsensical—but, I must admit, quite catchy—song he had improvised. We were all close to exhaustion on that trip, but he kept us in good spirits." Rather to his dismay, Dr. Koenigsberger finds that some of Abrams' musical effusions have stuck with him insistently ever since. One in particular that he finds sneaking into his mind every now and then—most often when he is trying to concentrate on some sober academic matter—is a thing inspired by the name of a local tribal group, with a kind of nineteen-twenties Tin Pan Alley beat, which goes, "I'm Ga-Ga About a Gha Girl and That Gha Girl's Ga-Ga Over Me."

Abrams left behind him in Accra some more substantial accomplishments as well. For example, the proposal he was working on during that ride across the plains has proved to be of some value. It outlined a procedure that the incoming Ghana government might follow in order to clear up a muddle over land titles that then prevailed throughout the country, owing to the fact that Ghana was in transition from a system of tribal ownership of land to a system of private ownership. The situation was so confused at the moment that litigation had become a major industry and no one could buy or sell property with any certainty that the transaction was valid. Abrams, having seen that all this was hindering the development of the economy, worked out a systematic method for registering titles and speeding up adjudication of disputes. To his surprise, when he presented his plan he sensed an unexpressed hostility on the part of some of the Cabinet Ministers. Later, Nkrumah privately told him the reason for this response. "Two things have kept for-



Dry Sack on-the-rocks is a great drink before lunch or dinner. Dry Sack has the body and superb nutty flavor to stand up to ice cubes. No wonder Dry Sack on-the-rocks, the man's sherry, is so popular.

World-Famous Sherries From Spain
WILLIAMS & HUMBERT
DRY SACK

Julius WILE SONS & CO. INC. NEW YORK Let this seal be your guide to quality

DAUPHINE
Designed by Marina Victor

The youngest dress
you'll ever own.
Dauphine's blithe spirited two part knit in Duplex International's extraordinary Ponte di Roma doubleknit acetate. Freshly minted stripes over stitch-pleated skirt in Mediterranée blue, Aegean green or navy. Sizes 8 to 16, about 35.00. At B. Altman & Co., New York/Garfinckel's, Washington/Marshall Field, Chicago/Strawbridge & Clothier, Philadelphia and Bullock's, California: Pasadena, Westwood, Del Amo, Lakewood, Downtown.

Slightly higher in the west.

For other fine stores: DAUPHINE, 1400 Broadway, N.Y. 10018

Italian Line launches 5 sunny new cruises to Nassau/St. Thomas and Nassau/Bermuda

All you need is a week! As little as $192.00, all one class.

Enjoy the sparkling seas and blue skies of Nassau and St. Thomas, or Bermuda. Meantime, have the time of your life aboard one of the world's gayest resorts—the SS MICHELANGELO or the SS RAFFAELLO, magnificent new twin 46,000-ton superliners.

The MICHELANGELO and RAFFAELLO are superliners in every sense. Designed for your pleasure, each has 6 outdoor pools, beach-size sundecks, nightclubs, floor shows, gracious service and superb cuisine.

7-day cruises to Nassau and St. Thomas sail from New York on February 9 and 16. From $210.

6-day cruises to Nassau and Bermuda sail from New York on March 9, 17 and 23. From $192.

For further information, be sure to see your travel agent or

Italian Line

Italian Line, Dept. B-100, One Whitehall Street, New York, N.Y. 10004; or 696 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10019. Tel.: 797-7068 or 7069. Country of registry: Italy

eigners from buying up our lands and settling in Ghana—the tsetse fly and the land-title mess," he said. "DDT has got rid of the tsetse fly, and now here you come to get rid of the title mess. Don't be offended if some of us say no, thank you, not right now—not until we have definitely got our independence from the British." Despite these forebodings, Abrams' plan was accepted. Gradually since then, Ghana's title situation has become somewhat clearer, though it will probably be many years before it is resolved. After all, in the United States the courts are still confronted periodically with conflicting claims on lands that Indian tribes possessed more than two hundred years ago.

As Ghana's experience suggests, housing, in a modern or developing society, involves a good deal more than a site plan and blueprints for buildings. All sorts of considerations enter into the formulation of a national housing program—the houses themselves are likely to be in some respects the least problematical element. Among the other fundamental problems that Abrams' mission had to tackle in Accra was the lack of any sort of mortgage credit system in the new nation. People who wanted to save up for a house, Abrams found, did not open a savings account or deposit their money anywhere else at interest but, rather, put it directly into the building materials they were going to need, accumulating the makings of a house little by little over the years. Each payday a man might save enough to buy one cement block. In vacant lots and back yards throughout Accra, Abrams saw piles of cement blocks and other materials, often covered with weeds. He pointed out to the government that these were a tangible example of frozen assets, useless for years, and a strong argument for the development of some sort of credit mechanism that would satisfy the citizen's desire to save for a home in a way that was socially and economically productive, permitting the nation's resources and limited capital to be put to use at once. Norman Thomas once said that one of Abrams' most useful talents was his ability to point out the obvious. So it was in this instance. Nobody had ever brought this matter home to the Ghanaians quite so clearly before, and they were impressed. The Accra newspapers carried photographs of the back-yard accumulations of building materials, captioned "Frozen Assets—United Nations Expert Says." All this facilitated the subsequent establishment of a building-and-loan savings program. A

If you can't buy it, borrow it.

LOOK MAGAZINE

A PUBLICATION OF COWLES COMMUNICATIONS, INC.

SPRING IS HERE
houndstooth checked suit of
emerald and white wool
with solid linen overblouse,
by Paul Blumenstein; in
sizes 8 to 20. 120.00

MONTALDO'S

Charlotte, Winston-Salem, Greensboro, Durham, N.C. • *Richmond, Va.*
St. Louis • *Denver* • *Colorado Springs* • *Bartlesville, Okla.* • *Columbus, Ohio*
East Orange, Short Hills, N.J. • Doop's

CARON

This gracefully fluted Cologne Parfumée spray, specially priced at 4.00, is available in Caron's classic fragrances: Fleurs de Rocaille, Bellodgia or Nuit de Noel.

is the kind of French every woman understands.

further inducement to saving, in Abrams' opinion, would have been the establishment of a state lottery, in which each savings-account depositor could have had a chance to win a house at an annual, or even a monthly, drawing. He recommended this to the Ghanaian officials, telling them that lotteries for beneficent purposes were an honest and ancient device, going all the way back to the distribution of the Promised Land among the Twelve Tribes of Israel. Among countries that had adopted lotteries for government housing or welfare purposes were Colombia, Australia, Ireland, Turkey, Chile, Israel, and many others. The Ghanaian officials were fascinated by the sheer amount of lore that Abrams could summon up on this subject, as well as on virtually any other related to his field, but they were nevertheless leery of the proposition; it smacked of gambling, and Abrams was unable to convince them that the element of chance did not automatically taint such a proposition with illegality. "Their nation was just coming into existence, and they were being just a mite puritanical to avoid temptation," he later said. He sympathized with the attitude, although he did not share it.

As Abrams sees it, the job of an outside adviser in a developing country is not to import Western methods but rather to make sure that the methods are suitable to that particular country, and to modify them if they are not. "Western products and techniques often have a specious glamour for the emerging countries," he says. "Sometimes the best function that a U.N. adviser can perform is to point out to them that certain of their old ways of doing things, which they are now ashamed of, are actually as good as newfangled Western ways, if not better." Those who have observed Abrams in action on his U.N. missions say that one of his most notable assets is his unfeigned interest in everything he sees, and his appreciation of aspects of local life that half-Westernized government officials may scorn without quite knowing why. In one of the remote regions of Ghana, such an official, showing Abrams a partly underground village, deplored it as abysmally primitive. Abrams said, "Well, but what a marvellous way to beat the heat if you haven't got air-conditioning! And what a useful plaza the connected roofs make!" It behooves the visiting expert, Abrams has declared, not only to be sympathetic and flexible but also to approach his task with some measure of humility—with some recognition of the

Forget it's a Chrysler. Let's talk price.

Don't be misled by the expensive look. Or the luxury. Or the prestige of the Chrysler name.

Right now our entire Newport line — all full-size Chryslers — are priced just a few dollars a month more than the most popular smaller cars, comparably equipped.

That includes power steering, power brakes—biggest in the price class — automatic transmission, radio and one of the biggest V-8s made to run on regular gas.

And when you trade, you'll get most of that difference back. Chrysler's resale value has never been higher.

Remember how much a dollar used to get you?

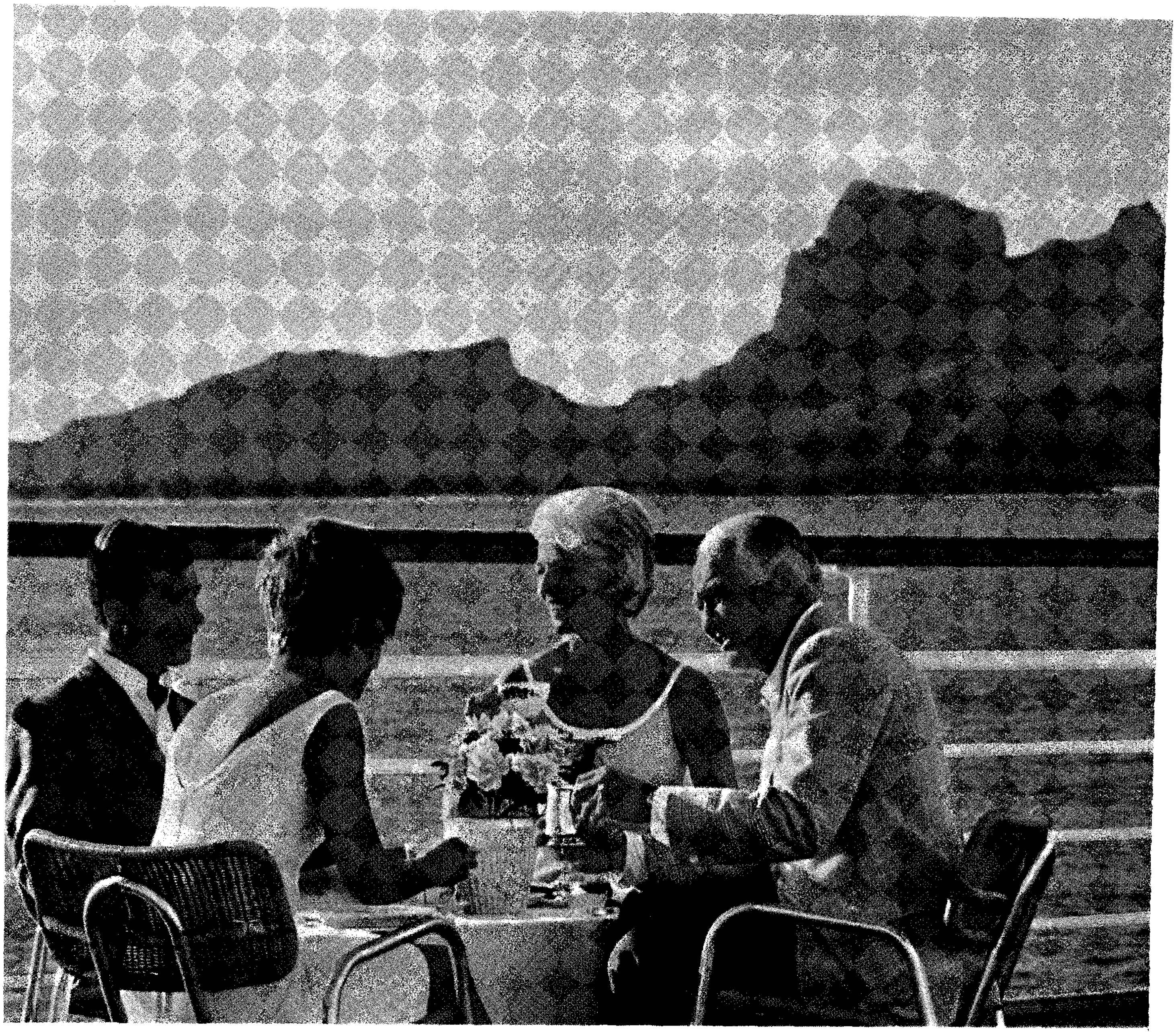
Chrysler still hasn't forgotten.

CHRYSLER

Take Charge...Move up to Chrysler '67

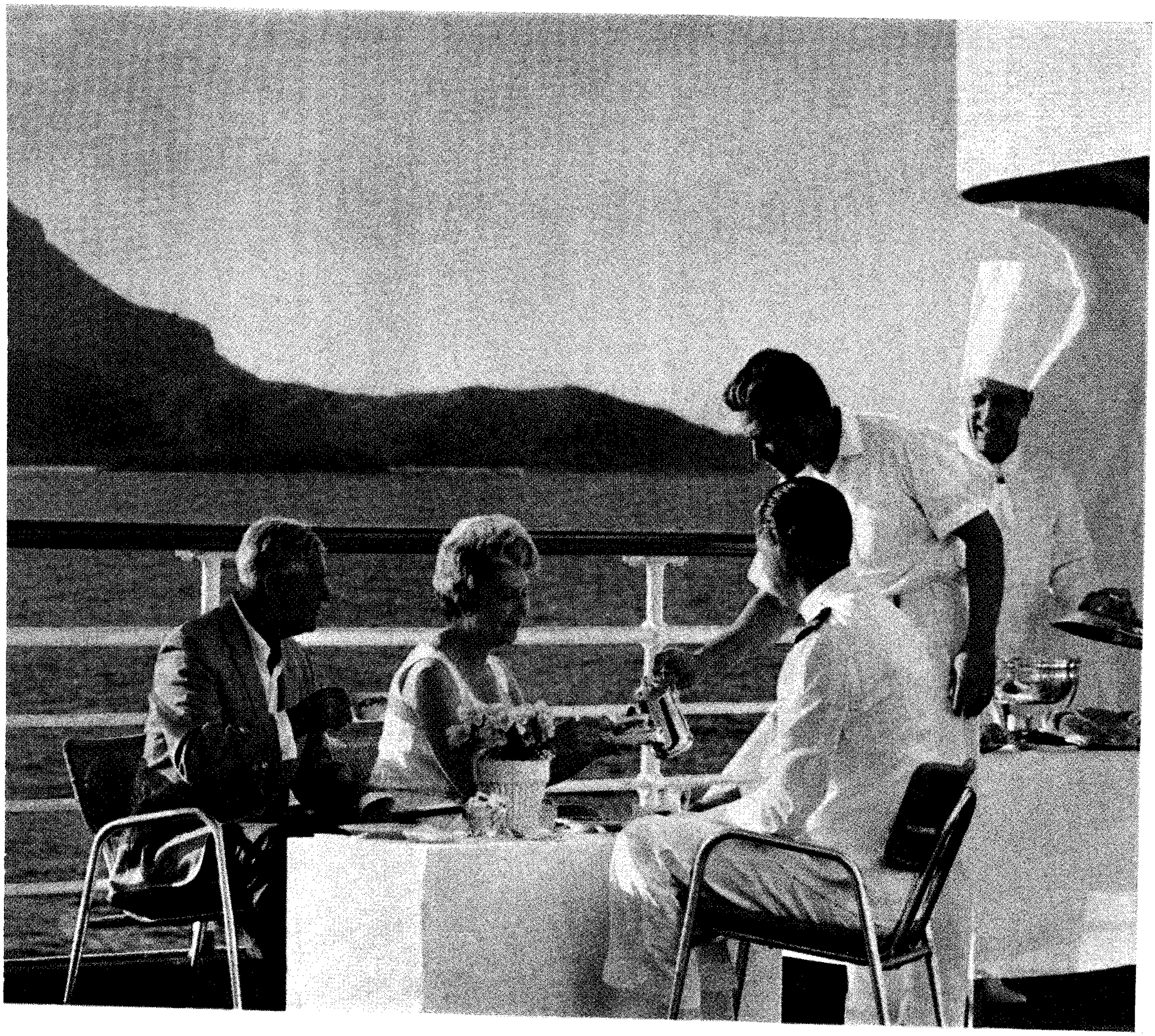
Illustrated above, Newport 2-Door Hardtop in Regal Blue Metallic. Tune in Bob Hope and The Chrysler Theatre, in color, Wednesdays . . . NBC-TV.

CHRYSLER-PLYMOUTH DIVISION **CHRYSLER** MOTORS CORPORATION

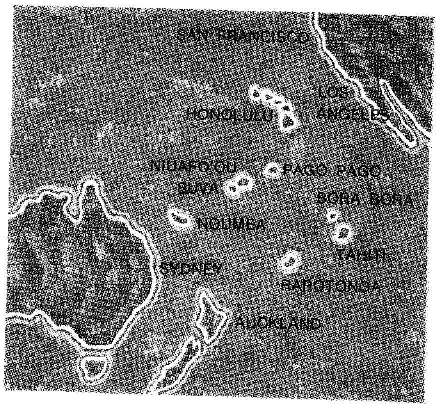


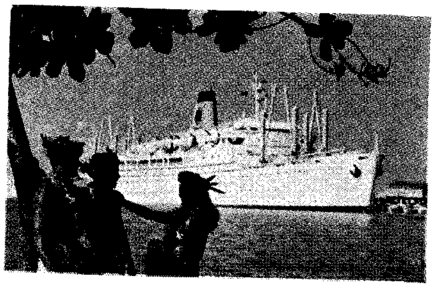
BREAKFAST AT BORA BORA

This is the way to experience the South Seas ...the Matson way



This is the cruise beyond compare. For 42 pampered days aboard the exclusively First Class SS MARIPOSA or MONTEREY you sail beneath serene skies along the world's fairest weather route. You explore ten intriguing ports: Bora Bora, Tahiti, Rarotonga, Auckland, Sydney, Noumea, Suva, Niuafo'ou, Pago Pago and Honolulu

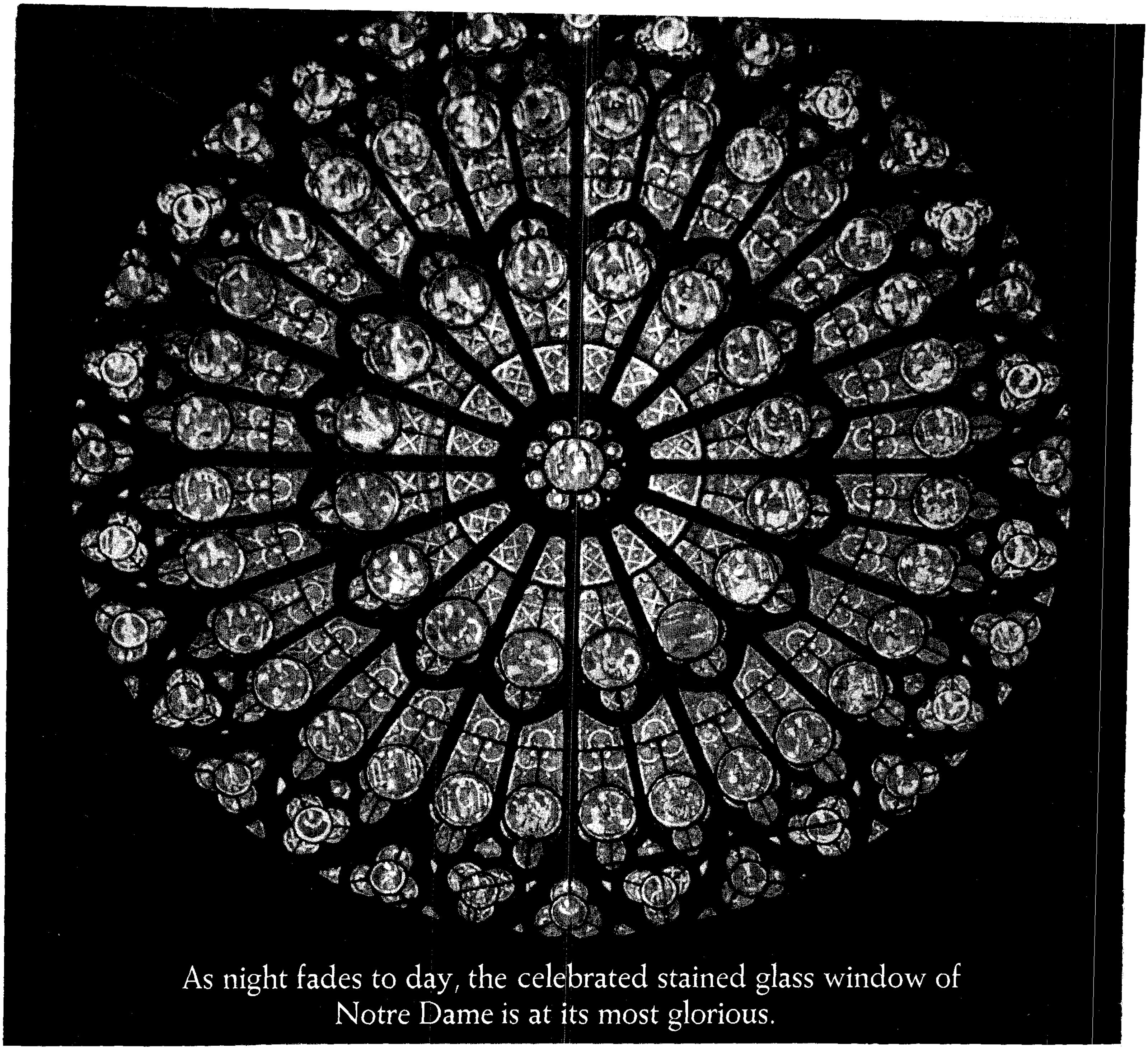




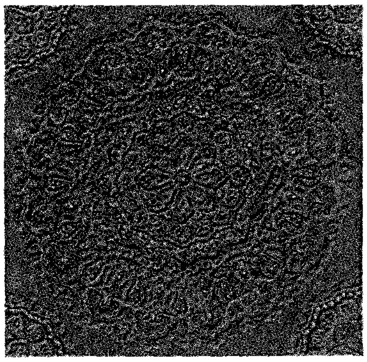
...ports visited regularly only by Matson. You partake of cuisine to tempt royalty, superbly attentive services, delightful entertainment. Staterooms are spacious, all have private bath. Spend each day in blissful solitude or stimulating activity, the choice is always yours. Charming companions become warm friends as your ship pursues the promise of a peaceful horizon. This is the gracious way to experience the South Seas. This is the incomparable life of a Matson cruise. Cruises depart every three weeks from San Francisco and Los Angeles. To select your stateroom and sailing date, see your travel agent or write Matson Lines, 215 Market St., San Francisco, California 94105

Matson Lines®

U.S. Flag Line serving the Pacific since 1882

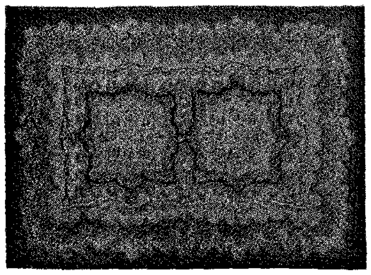


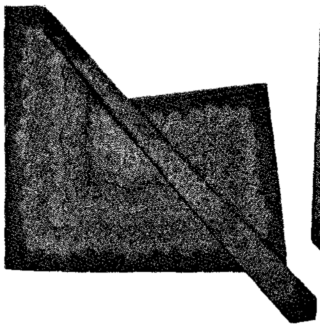
As night fades to day, the celebrated stained glass window of Notre Dame is at its most glorious.

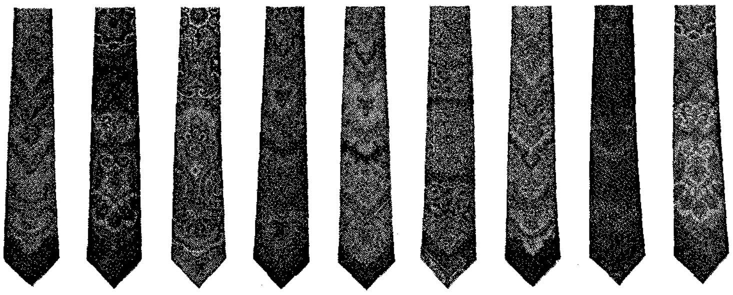


Damon has recaptured the splendor of stained glass on ties from their "Renaissance Collection."

The glorious colors of stained glass windows, seen in the light of just-breaking day, have been exactly recreated by Damon on ties and handkerchiefs of the most luxurious silk. Patterned after the stained glass windows of Europe's great cathedrals, these yarn-dyed imported silks will delight both the staid traditionalist and the fashion trend-setter. Ties and handkerchiefs inspired by the great stained glass windows of Europe are at fine stores, or write Damon, 16 East 34 Street, New York, N. Y.







From "The Renaissance Collection" DAMON INTERNATIONAL

fact that the United States and other Western nations, for all their riches, have little to brag about in regard to housing. "Housing and rational urban development," he has written in "Man's Struggle for Shelter," "are the two great problems on which the prosperous nations can offer their poor relations little guidance."

A prime example of Abrams' approach was his roof-loan scheme, which he devised in the course of his mission to Accra and later modified to make it applicable to Bolivia, Nigeria, and other countries. Before Abrams arrived in Accra, the government there had involved itself in a project that was threatening to develop into a scandal. In 1952, it had employed a firm of Dutch construction experts in a dual role. The firm was paid a whopping fee of $210,000 to survey the possibilities for prefabricated housing in Ghana, and then this same firm was given a contract to supply prefabricated houses. The whole arrangement looked to Abrams to be as impractical and inapplicable as anything could. At the time, Accra did not have a deep-water harbor. This meant that the precast-concrete walls of the houses, poured in Europe and shipped to Ghana by freighter, had to be lowered onto canoes three miles offshore and paddled through tossing breakers to the shore. Then they had to be laboriously transported to the site selected. By 1954, when Abrams' mission arrived, this scheme had cost $448,000 (in addition to the firm's fee for the survey), and only sixty-four houses had been put up. The project was threatening to drain the treasury, and it was becoming obvious that at best it would not meet the country's needs, for the houses would have to rent for a larger sum than the average householder was able to pay. To the government's relief, Abrams promptly advised it to cancel its contract with the Dutch firm.

The program that Abrams devised was entirely different. His aim was to find the simplest and most natural means of housing the people, with a minimum of dislocation and expense, and try to devise a formula that would facilitate it. He noted that most of the city dwellers were fresh from tribal villages and had not yet lost their skill at building their own homes. The only elements of an adequate dwelling that they could not supply for themselves, he concluded, were roofs, windows, and doors. He proposed, therefore, that the government set up a special fund of $2,100,000 for what he called "roof loans." A loan of around five hundred

The girl with the international flair.

She's lovely, she's a world traveller, she works for the world's most experienced airline.

Not many girls in this world can say the latter.

The fact is, we turn down more young ladies from all over the world than we can count. We've even been known to turn down ready-made stewardesses who've worked for other airlines.

Those who do win our wings, you see, must have much more than months of training, or even years of experience.

For one thing, they must speak at least two languages. For another, they must have a pride in pleasing that can't be taught. Last, and far from least, they must be able to create that certain atmosphere that makes every trip the trip of a lifetime.

Your next President Special trip to Europe, for instance.

PAN AM

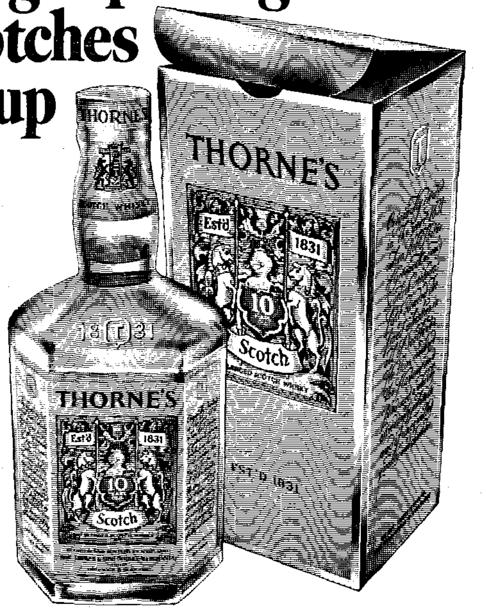
President Special

Pan Am's first-class service throughout the world

dollars covered the cost of the roof—which might be of corrugated iron, asbestos, tile, or aluminum—and of doors, windows, and a coat of whitewash for a small house. Thus, the government was able to encourage far more housing than the prefabrication scheme had provided for, and to do so by means of a fund that was constantly being replenished as the loans were repaid; furthermore, the housing was of a type that the lowest-income groups could afford.

The roof-loan plan, which is the kind of thing Abrams is referring to when he says that his job is to come up with just the right gimmick, has won much fame among housing experts. "It is so simple, yet only someone with a flexible and original mind would have thought of it," says Ernest Weissmann, a Yugoslav architect, who was formerly the director of the Housing, Building, and Planning Branch of the United Nations. The plan has worked out extremely well so far. In Ghana, roof-loan societies, usually with between thirty and forty members apiece, have been formed in more than five hundred towns and villages, and have produced unexpected social benefits. Members have taken to using the societies as instruments for general community development. They get together to discuss local problems and solve them—to work at improving the roads and putting up schools. Illiterate members have joined to form classes in reading and writing, because they have felt ashamed, many of them, when they have been asked to sign the paper for their roof loan and have only been able to put a thumbprint on it. When Abrams presented the plan to the Ghana Cabinet, a spirited debate arose over its feasibility. Cabinet members expressed a fear that most of the borrowers would default on their loans. "Our people look on the government as their father, and you don't repay your father," one Minister said. Abrams persuaded them that even if every borrower defaulted on his loan, the plan would still be worthwhile as a subsidy program for the lowest-income groups, since it would still produce far more houses for the money than any conventional housing program could. As things have worked out, the default rate has been less than five per cent.

The roof-loan scheme was intended mainly to serve the needs of the southern part of the country, where there are no suitable natural roofing materials. In Ghana's northern territories, the traditional roofing material had



The Thorne's gift package: 50 great Scotches all wrapped up in one.

It costs a pretty penny. But it's pretty special.

Thorne's Scotch is made from 50 great Scotches (Glenlivets, Speysides and Islays among them) that have been aged ten years and then blended.

Then this blend of Thorne's is poured by hand, bottled by hand, labelled by hand and registered by hand in our master log in Scotland. Just like it was in 1831 when we filled our first bottle.

Thorne's. A great gift whisky. With all the trimmings.

Imported most pridefully by Hiram Walker, since 1858 purveyors of fine whiskies to the world.

10 YEARS OLD. IMPORTED IN BOTTLE FROM SCOTLAND BY HIRAM WALKER IMPORTERS INC.
DETROIT, MICH. 86.8 PROOF. BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY.

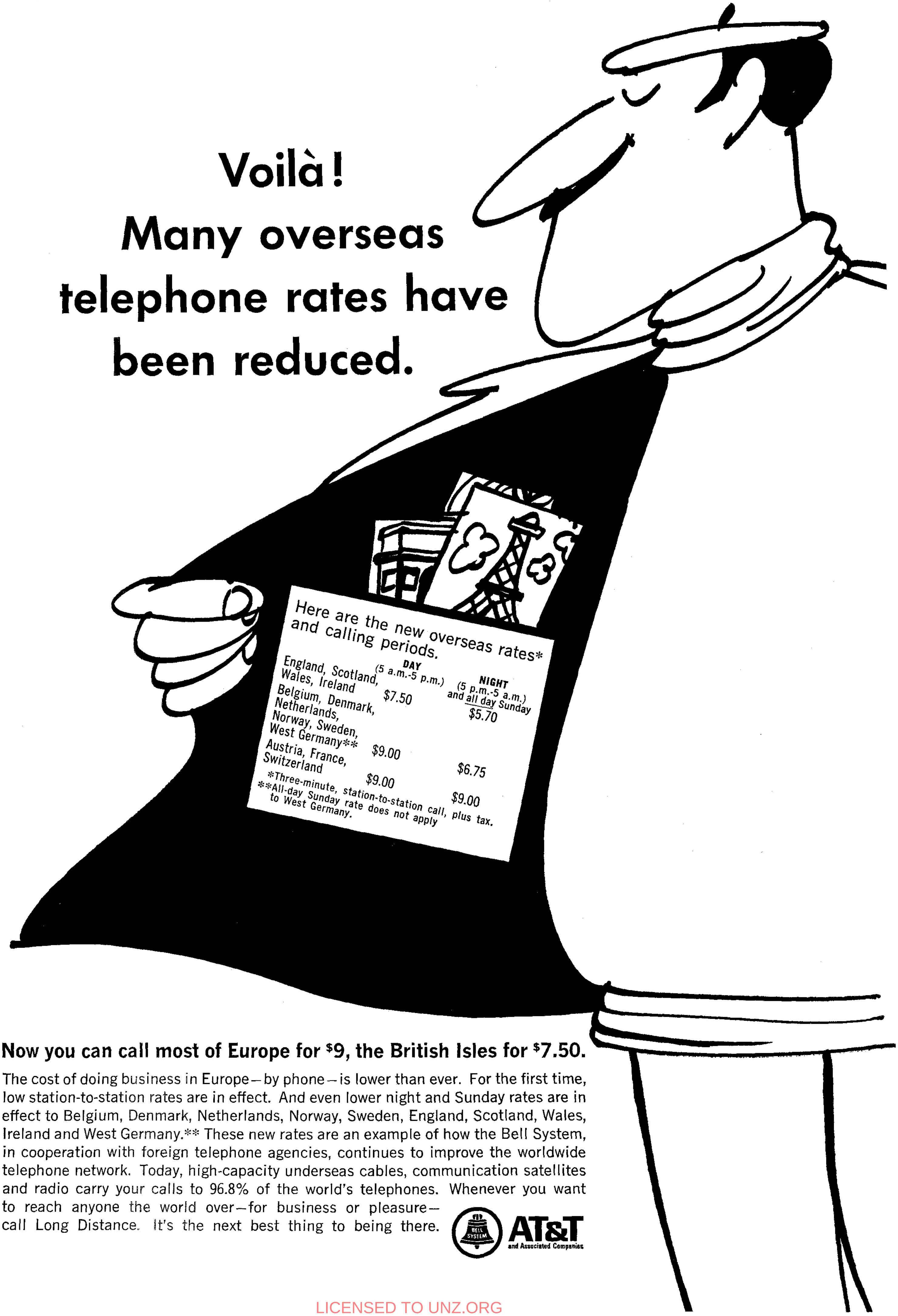
©1966 HIRAM WALKER IMPORTERS INC.

Our 76 years of international hospitality is reflected in how we pamper you today.

IMPERIAL HOTEL
TOKYO

T. Inumaru, President and General Manager

Voilà! Many overseas telephone rates have been reduced.



Here are the new overseas rates* and calling periods.

	DAY (5 a.m.-5 p.m.)	NIGHT (5 p.m.-5 a.m.) and all day Sunday
England, Scotland, Wales, Ireland	$7.50	$5.70
Belgium, Denmark, Netherlands, Norway, Sweden, West Germany**	$9.00	$6.75
Austria, France, Switzerland	$9.00	$9.00

*Three-minute, station-to-station call, plus tax.

**All-day Sunday rate does not apply to West Germany.

Now you can call most of Europe for $9, the British Isles for $7.50.

The cost of doing business in Europe—by phone—is lower than ever. For the first time, low station-to-station rates are in effect. And even lower night and Sunday rates are in effect to Belgium, Denmark, Netherlands, Norway, Sweden, England, Scotland, Wales, Ireland and West Germany.** These new rates are an example of how the Bell System, in cooperation with foreign telephone agencies, continues to improve the worldwide telephone network. Today, high-capacity underseas cables, communication satellites and radio carry your calls to 96.8% of the world's telephones. Whenever you want to reach anyone the world over—for business or pleasure—call Long Distance. It's the next best thing to being there.

BELL SYSTEM

AT&T
and Associated Companies

(*Advertisement*)

OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT
SECRETAR
ASS'T SECRET

A title on the door...rates a Bigelow on the floor

Step up to a high level of success. The higher your status, the deeper your carpet should be. With a plush Bigelow you can call anyone in on the carpet. And impress them. Bigelows are available in special designs, colors and textures. Write for our colorful free brochure on commercial carpets. Bigelow-Sanford, Inc., Dept. A, 140 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. *People who know...buy* BIGELOW

Sofa by Goebel Furniture Co., Inc. At fine stores everywhere.

beauty guaranteed to last

...fabric by EVERFAST® protected with DU PONT ZEPEL® FABRIC FLUORIDIZER from watery and oily spills. EVERGLAZE® easy care cotton

THE EVERFAST COLOR GUARANTEE: We unreservedly guarantee that should a fabric by EVERFAST fade for any reason during the life of the fabric, we will refund not only the cost of the fabric, but also any reasonable making up cost. EVERFAST FABRICS, INC., 70 W. 40TH ST., N.Y.C. 10018

been thatch. Thatch makes a good roof, by and large—it is much more comfortable in a hot climate than corrugated iron, and is certainly cheaper and more easily available—yet everybody in the northern territories who could afford an iron roof wanted one. An iron roof had become a status symbol, and a sizable percentage of all the foreign-exchange funds allocated to the northern territories was being spent for imported iron roofs. Abrams worried about this. "How can I restore the prestige of thatch?" he kept asking himself. One suggestion he came up with was that civil servants in the northern territories might be induced by some such means as exceptionally favorable terms on their housing loans to occupy thatch-roofed dwellings as a fashion-making example. But in this effort he was unsuccessful. To the Ghanaians, thatch meant the tribal past, and the broiling-hot, rusty iron roof the bright world of the future.

The Ghana mission, in 1954, was Abrams' second for the U.N. (an assignment in Turkey earlier that year having been his first). It was in Ghana that he first encountered many of the problems he was to find characteristic of underdeveloped areas and formulated some of his basic principles. In Ghana he realized that not only may Western techniques and materials be inapplicable in other parts of the world but some of the most widely accepted Western concepts may be also. For instance, the Ministry of Housing in Accra, influenced by British modes of thought, had adopted as its goal a concept that it expressed in the slogan "One family—one house." This concept seemed impeccable, on the face of it—except that, as Abrams discovered, in a country like Ghana it was not really so easy to identify just what one family was or to explain why its members should be expected to practice a Western variety of togetherness. Among the Gha, the women have traditionally lived apart from the men, sharing a communal kitchen. When Abrams asked one of the women if she would not prefer to live in a house with her husband, she replied, "What—with him? All the time? What an idea! He's got five other wives and he pays me only a pound a week. I'm perfectly happy to spend just part of the time with him." Abrams sees no reason such a woman should be required to conform to some alien pattern. For that matter, he has often declared that housing practices here in the United States have frequently been based on rigid preconceptions of what a standard

"We'll have a Hennessy Very Superior Old Pale Reserve Cognac, thank you."

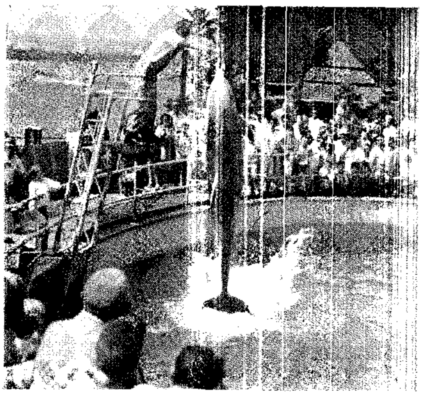
V.S.O.P. RESERVE
HENNESSY
V.S.O.P. RESERVE COGNAC
Grande fine champagne

Hennessy V.S.O.P. Reserve—Grande Fine Champagne Cognac... selected from the largest stocks of aged cognac brandies in the world. Compelling reasons why true cognac connoisseurs look down their noses at anything but Hennessy.

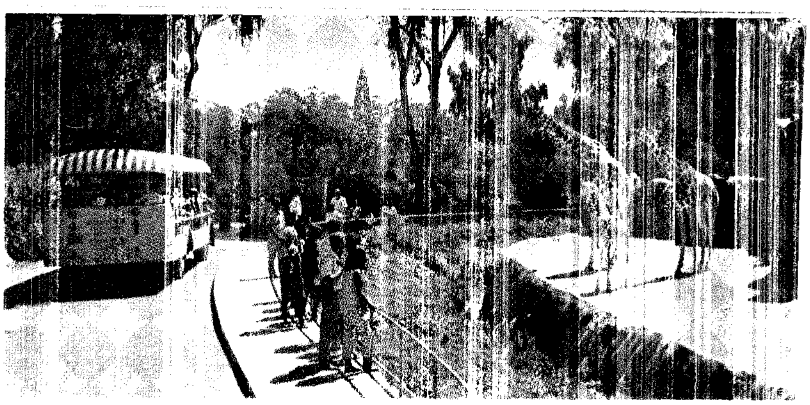
Hennessy V. S. O. P. Grande Fine Champagne Cognac • 80 Proof • Schieffelin & Co., N.Y.

PRESIDENTE

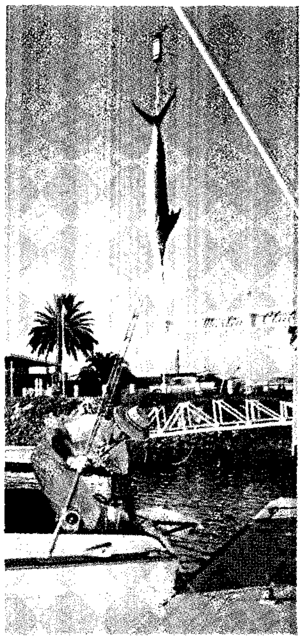
EXCITEMENT *is the pageantry of Mexico's corrida, top matadors!*



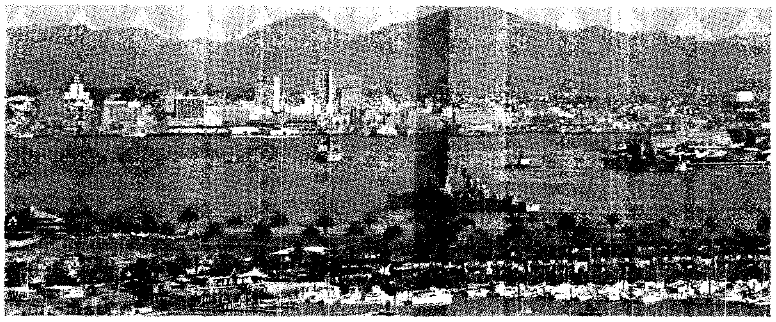
EXCITEMENT *is seeing Sea World, nation's largest oceanarium—its performing dolphins, whales, Sea Maids.*



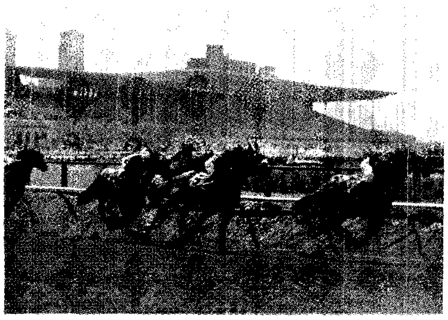
EXCITEMENT *is exploring San Diego's world-famous Zoo, with the world's largest wild animal collection, in a lush tropical setting—Children's Zoo, where youngsters mingle with baby wild animals.*



EXCITEMENT *is sport-fishing for game fish—marlin, yellowtail!*

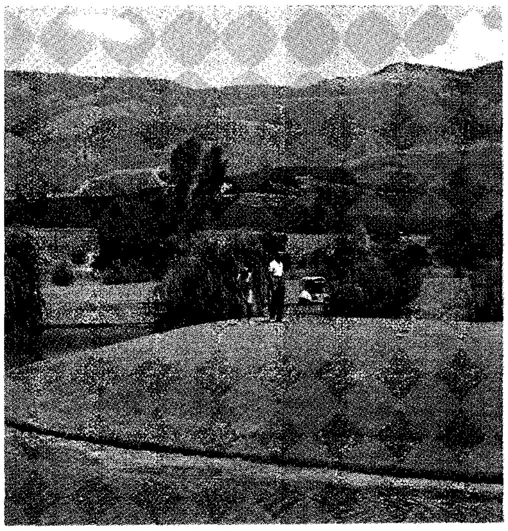


EXCITEMENT *is seeing the spectacular sights of the West's third-largest city. One of the world's great harbors . . . 4600-acre Mission Bay Park . . . lush valleys, mountains, desert all within easy reach.*



EXCITEMENT *is seeing thoroughbred races — year-round at Caliente, and summers at Del Mar.*

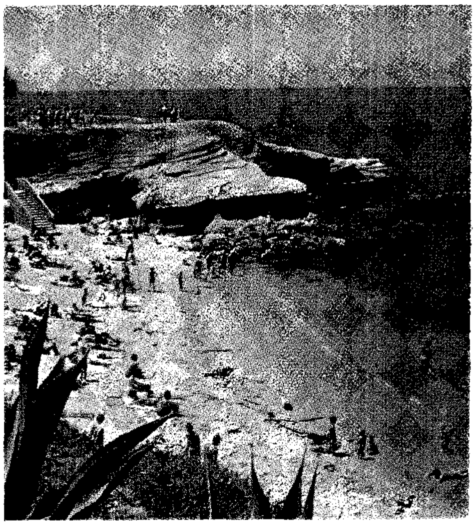
excitement!



EXCITEMENT *is playing golf on your choice of 64 fine courses, with perfect greens, fairways and weather every day of the year.*

Excitement is San Diego . . . the best of California, where there's more to *see* and *do!* The finest year-round weather in the U.S. lets you enjoy the endless variety of attractions any time of the year. Water sports, golf, tennis, sailing, fishing . . . the international color of nearby Mexico . . . with spectacular mountains, desert and seashore all just minutes away. Exciting San Diego has it all! Come for a visit now!

For free Vacation Kit–things to do, places to stay, events, golf–write: Convention and Visitors Bureau, Dept. NY-24, 330 A Street, San Diego, California 92101.

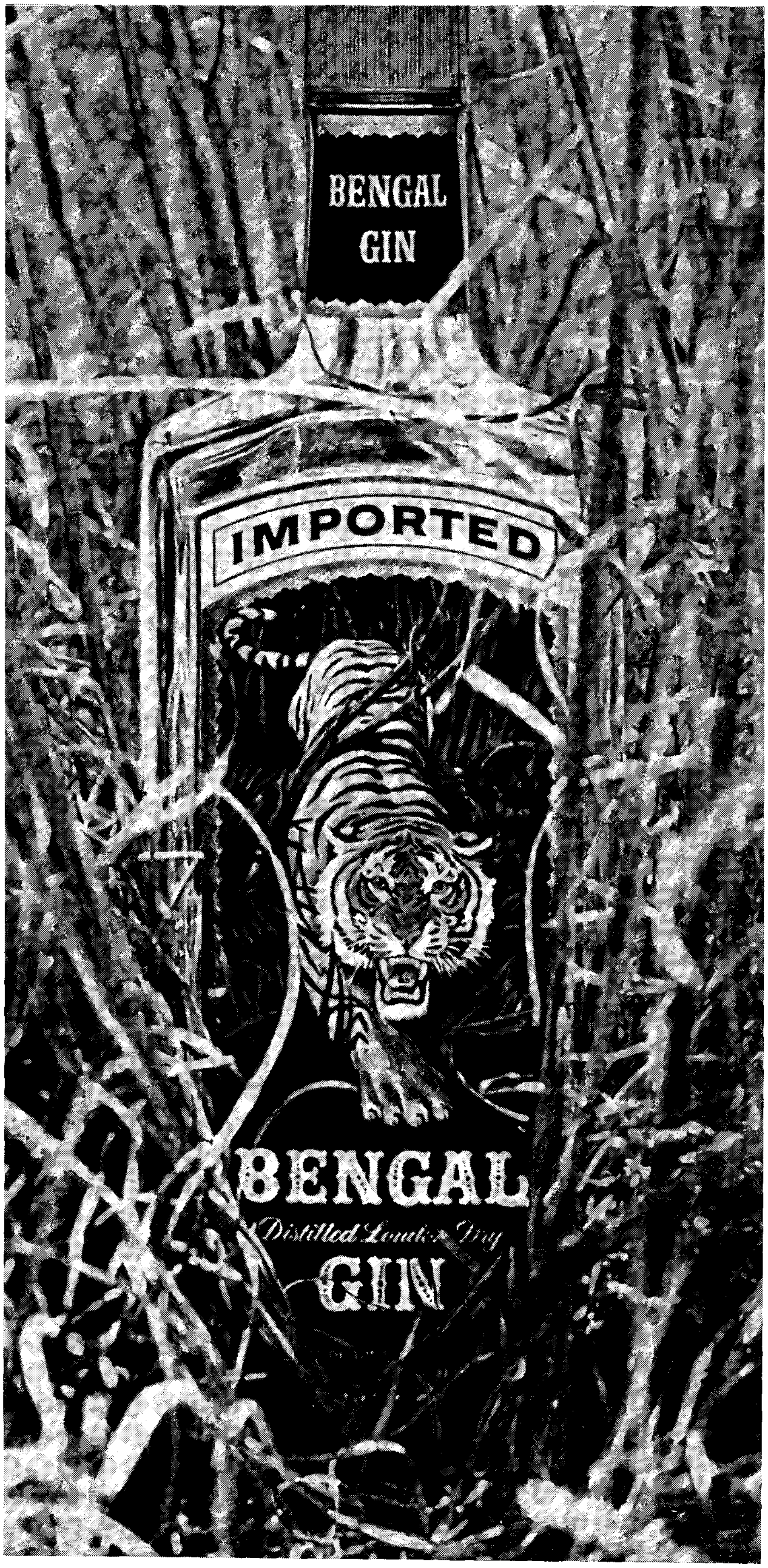


EXCITEMENT *is swimming, sunning, surfing along 70 miles of beautiful white sand beaches, open to public.*

san diego

family is. Far too much of our planning presupposes a family of husband, wife, and two children—neat, white, and middle class, just like a group in a detergent commercial. The average has been made the norm. But this leaves out the millions who are not average and who do not fit the norm. Nowhere near enough consideration, Abrams thinks, has been given to all the variations involved in the fascinating, messy business of living. "The chief thing is to give people as many options as possible," he says. "That should be the main aim of city planners—to provide a multiplicity of choices, a variety of patterns, not just the one pattern of living that the planner himself might prefer."

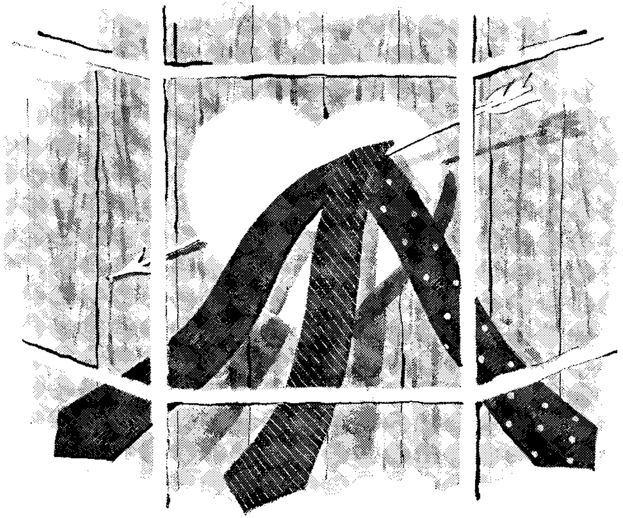
IN some respects, Abrams has found, the most insidious ideas to combat in the developing countries are those that have been popularized by liberal Western reformers like him. Former colonial peoples tend to have a low resistance to liberal clichés. One such cliché—which, Abrams contends, has often had a pernicious effect on the newly urbanizing countries—is that slum clearance is always a noble cause. In the past, Abrams himself crusaded ardently for the tearing down of slums in the United States as fast as it could be done, but now, even here, he approaches the subject more warily, weighing the benefits against a whole complex of other factors to make sure that the operation will not do more harm than good in a given situation. In times of acute housing shortage, with a growing population and a desperate need for shelter, to demolish the buildings in which people live, no matter how poorly, only aggravates the situation. "In a housing famine, there is nothing that slum clearance can accomplish that cannot be done more efficiently by an earthquake," he has written. "The worst aspects of slum life are overcrowding and excessive shelter cost. Demolition without replacement intensifies overcrowding and increases shelter cost." Demolition should be initiated only *after* ample new housing has been built, never before, he argues—a point that should be obvious. Yet "slum clearance" as an idea seems to have taken on such an aura of virtue that reformers push righteously on with it, blind to the havoc they are creating in the lives of the people they think they are helping. On more than one of his missions, Abrams has found such a misguided slum-clearance operation under way and has made it his first task to persuade the government concerned to



Cat Nip.
Bengal Gin. Imported (and undomesticated). Keep it behind bars. Yours. Grrrr! 94 Proof.
IMPORTED FROM THE UNITED KINGDOM, IN THE BOTTLE, BY GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS COMPANY, N.Y.
DISTILLED FROM 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS.

desist. He has been heard to declare, "The only thing worse than a slum surplus is a slum shortage," meaning that in the overcrowded conditions common to many of the cities of the developing nations, any sort of home is better than no home at all.

The slum-clearance concept is an example of what Abrams sometimes calls "the tyranny of definitions." The words come to seem more real than reality itself; one can look at a human situation but have no true experience of it, seeing only the label that has been affixed to it. By and large, slums have been defined rather arbitrarily, in purely physical terms—according to such criteria as whether a building has an inside bathroom, whether there are cracks in the walls, how many windows there are in each room, and whether the structure is in a state of dilapidation or obsolescence. But there are also all sorts of intangibles—the convenience or attractiveness of the site, the web of acquaintanceship or kinship in the neighborhood, the accessibility of shops, the right to have children or pets in apartments, and so on—which, in determining the quality of the residents' life, may be even more important than any physical criteria. In Abrams' opinion, the tendency to overlook these factors has been one of the major mistakes made in the housing-reform programs of recent decades, both in the United States and abroad. In the summer of 1954, he attended a conference in England on housing programs for Africa and other underdeveloped areas, at which housing experts from all over the Commonwealth held forth, in what seemed to Abrams completely outmoded terms, about "high-priority slum-clearance programs." The conference was being held at Kings College, Cambridge, a lovely group of fifteenth-century buildings along the Cam River, with cracks in the walls, no heating in the bedrooms, remote and inadequate bathrooms, and, in general, few modern facilities. Turning to a British expert on his left, Abrams commented, "You know, by the definitions being applied here, Kings College ought to be torn down as a slum." The Britisher blinked and stiffened. Quickly the remark got around among the other delegates, some of whom did not even perceive the point Abrams was trying to make. Two months later, when he arrived at Achimota College, in Accra, the first person to whom he was introduced said, "Oh, you're the fellow who wants to tear down Kings College!" Abrams has observed ruefully of this episode, "The British were furious at me for



Catch his heart with our "Sutton East" ties

You'll have his heartfelt thanks for Valentine-giving him our exclusive "Sutton East" silk twill ties. Impeccably hand-tailored and fully lined; in three smart patterns: the subtle herringbone, fine pencil stripes or woven polka dots. Navy, red, burgundy, silver, brown, gold, light blue or green backgrounds. Each, $5

Men's Store, Street Floor. At all 4 branch stores.
Third Avenue at 59th, New York, N.Y. 10022

Bloomingdale's
Men's Store

Chenin Blanc, an emigré from Europe that feels at home in our Napa Valley.

The Chenin Blanc grape, transplanted from France's Loire River Valley, thrives in the hillside vineyards of The Christian Brothers in California's Napa Valley.

From these grapes comes a delightfully delicate white table wine called Chenin Blanc. A wine with a trace of natural sweetness. A fruity taste. A wine with an exceptionally memorable bouquet.

The Christian Brothers California Chenin Blanc. Now ready for your enjoyment. Taste it. Let this wine sing its own praises.

A message from
Brother Timothy, Cellarmaster
of The Christian Brothers Winery,
Napa, California.

SOLE DISTRIBUTOR: FROMM AND SICHEL, INC., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

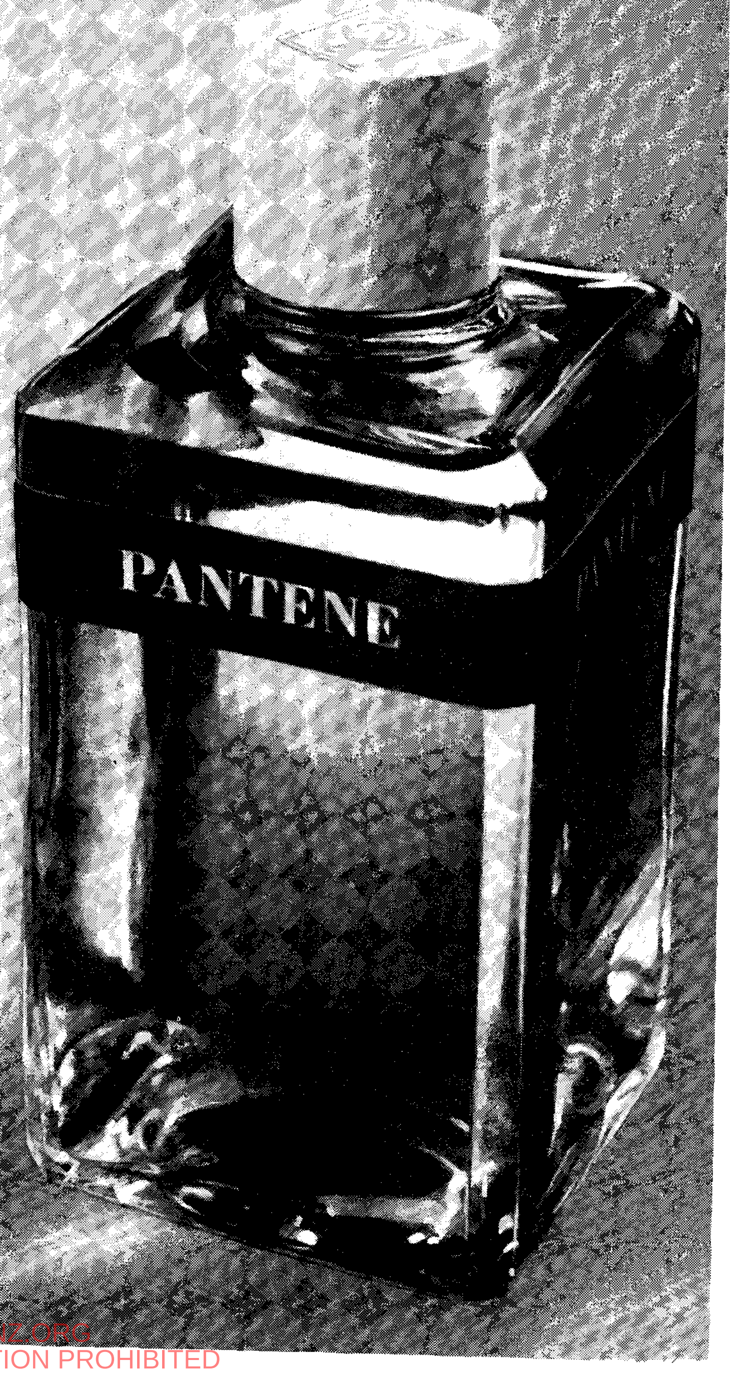
If you don't have a wife

If you don't have a wife who worries about your hair

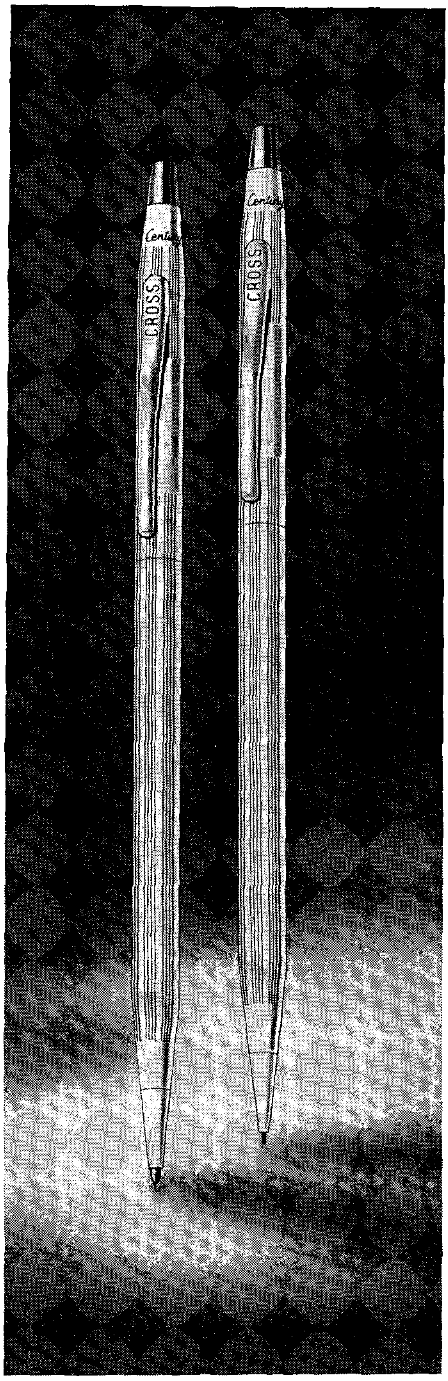
Be good to yourself with the great Swiss Conditioner Hair Lotion de Pantene®

This is the famous one from Europe that's really catching on now that it's made in the U.S.A. A deep-conditioning lotion that works at once to give hair body, vitality, brilliance. Helps thin hair look thicker and healthier. An amazing do-gooder with a pro-vitamin that penetrates and conditions the hair shaft. Really does! All this as it holds the hair in place, makes it most manageable. In several types with or without oil. In about $3.50 and $5.50 sizes. At good stores including

Bloomingdale's
Woodward & Lothrop
Jordan Marsh, Florida
Neusteters
The J. L. Hudson Co.
I. Magnin & Co.



The Pantene Company, 555 Madison Ave. New York



Pen $7.50 *Pencil $7.50* *Set $15.00*

12 Karat Gold Filled
writing instruments
Guaranteed
for a lifetime of
writing pleasure

CROSS®
SINCE 1846

©1966 A. T. CROSS COMPANY, LINCOLN, R. I. 02865

years. They have no sense of humor about Kings College."

In general, Abrams urges developing countries not to try to solve their problems by building large, solid, Western-style rental housing projects. His basic recommendation in many countries is that the government put up, in large numbers and as quickly as possible, some form of minimum unit—a "core house," he calls it—which the inhabitants can improve in time, as they will. The nature of the core house will vary from country to country, depending on the climate and on the skills and materials available. He favors home ownership, rather than rental housing, for the underdeveloped countries. He has come around rather late in life to recognizing the desirability of home ownership. During the thirties and forties, he was skeptical about the wave of home buying that swept the United States with the aid of Federal Housing Administration financing—the small-down-payment, long-term loans that created most of the new suburbs. "The F.H.A. is a device for transforming a psychic equity into a vested illusion," he used to proclaim. But now he recognizes that even illusions may have their value, if they are what the human spirit demands. He was given some idea of the potency of the urge to home ownership when, in the late forties, he wrote for one of the mass-circulation women's magazines an article called "Your Dream Home—Foreclosed." It warned in ominous terms about the perils of the kind of home ownership that the F.H.A. was fostering (perils that have not materialized, partly because the United States economy did not slump into the deflationary trough that Abrams then envisioned). The article produced a flood of letters. Abrams was very happy about the size of the response until he began to read the letters. Then he found that all but a few of the people who had written had apparently not bothered to read the article. What they wanted was information on where they could obtain the plans for the "dream home" used as a title illustration.

IN 1953, just before Abrams began going on U.N. missions, he prepared, at the U.N.'s behest, a volume called "Urban Land Problems and Policies," which was the first analysis of this complex subject on a worldwide scale. Although, in the numerous advisory missions he has undertaken to such countries as Kenya, Bolivia, the Philippines, Jamaica, and Nigeria, among others, he has been called on to

Western Europe

How about this very special trip your 2nd time to Europe—or even your 1st?

Start in Brussels
Jet relaxed from New York to Belgium's charming capital on a Sabena Boeing 707. Capture Europe's mood with an unforgettable stroll about the Grand' Place, famous square with gilt-edged guild houses. Sample the world-renowned food, which even the French praise. Then have a sparkling time in Antwerp, the world's diamond center. And don't miss enchanting medieval Bruges. (4 or 5 days)

Amsterdam
One short hop and you're in Rembrandt's beautiful city. Take in the masterworks at the Rijksmuseum. Enjoy a side trip to the village of Volendam and meet the uninhibited inhabitants, who wear the old costumes. (4 or 5 days)

Copenhagen
Turn off time in the Tivoli Gardens, a fairy-tale world that fascinates grownups and children. Mount the battlements at Elsinore Castle, where Hamlet talked things over with Dad. (5 or 6 days)

Oslo
See 9th Century sailing ships in the Viking Museum. Wander among the Vigeland sculptures in Frogner Park. And see snowy peaks rising to 8,000 feet. (5 or 6 days)

Then hop back to Brussels for last-minute bargain hunting in the tax-free Sky Shop (save up to 60%) before boarding your homeward-bound Sabena jet.

There are dozens of Sabena 2nd Time Tours of Western Europe. Ask your travel agent to book you on one, or on a Sabena 2nd Time Tour of Eastern Europe or Africa and the Middle East.

Europe's most helpful airline.

SABENA
BELGIAN *World* AIRLINES

Europe the 2nd time.

Remember the whirlwind tour? Visit Sabena's Europe now and be slow about it. Pick a "stay-awhile" city like Brussels and linger. Get to know the Grand' Place by heart. Buy flowers for your hotel room as well as presents for home. And see the wooded suburbs from a bike. It's slower that way but it's better. Because it's Europe the second time around.

How do you get to Brussels fast? You can have your travel agent send you packing on Sabena. (On a non-stop jet with non-stop service, comfort, and food.) If you happen to want to get a move on again, Sabena flies to fifty-five European cities, plus Africa and the Middle East, too. Sabena goes everywhere you want to go, the first, the tenth or the "nth" time around.

SABENA

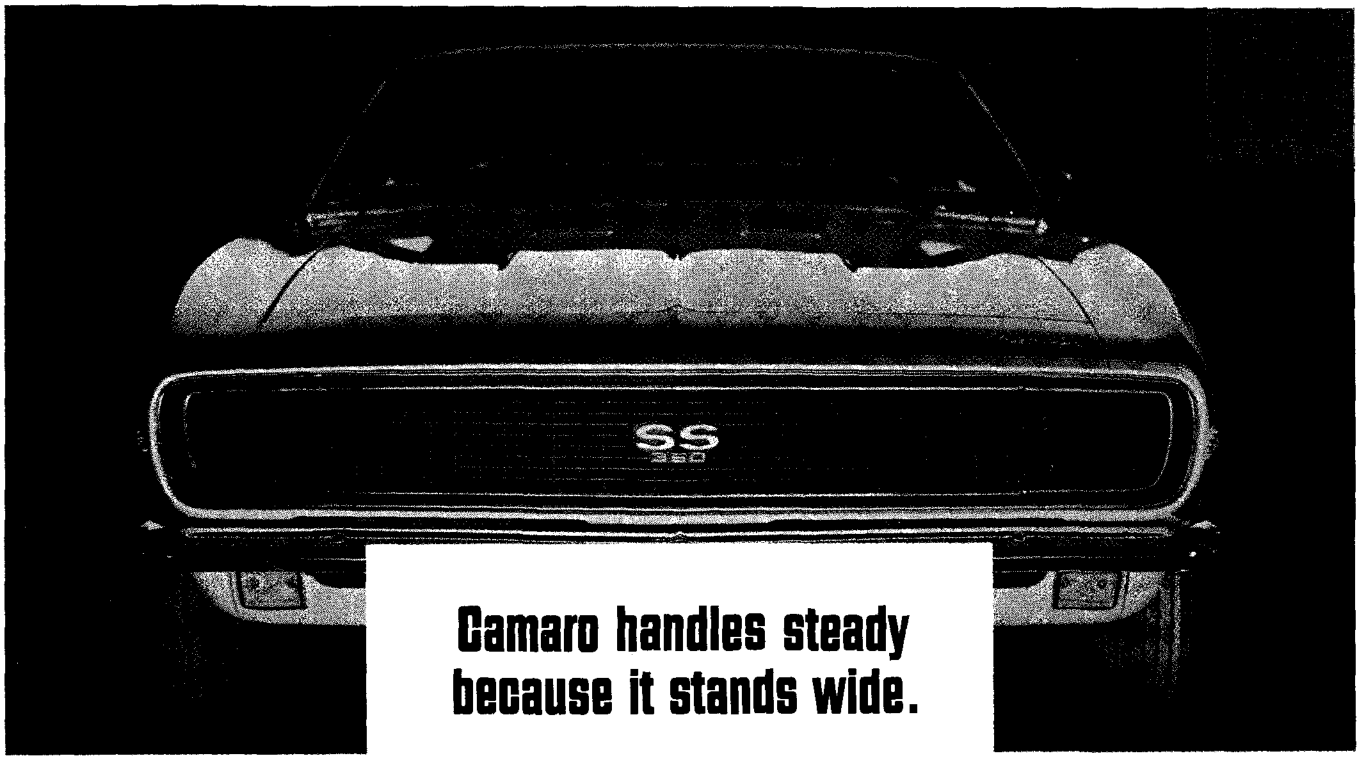
BELGIAN *World* AIRLINES

Sabena.

Europe's most helpful airline.

APHRODISIA

Perfume to dream by…
this cool, *this* sparkly,
this leafy-mossy-marvelous.
Across a crowded room
'midst the noise and smoke and clamour
Aphrodisia's a silent secret verdant glen…
just close your eyes
and you are there. Both of you.
Aphrodisia Parfum Extraordinaire,
made in France by Fabergé



Camaro handles steady because it stands wide.

Stand wide, you're poised and ready to move. A big 59-inch stance—widest at its price—gives Camaro a flat-cornering, curve-hugging way with roads. That, and its computer-tuned suspension system, is why Camaro goes so hushed and steady. We made sure Camaro rides right . . . right now.

There's big-car power for Camaro, too. In V8 models, standard engine is 327 cu. in., 210 hp. Also standard: bucket seats, carpeting, fully synchronized 3-speed. And all the 1967 safety features like GM's energy-absorbing steering column and a dual master cylinder brake system with warning light.

You take it from there. Order Rally Sport equipment including hidden headlights. Specify SS 350 with a 295-hp V8, louver-styled hood, stripe-circled grille. Add Powerglide, stereo tape, air conditioning, most anything you'd like. Camaro's *your* idea of a car. See, at your Chevrolet dealer's now!

CHEVROLET

Command Performance

Camaro

SS 350 Sport Coupe with Rally Sport equipment

deal with a wide variety of problems, he has discovered that there are some fundamental factors common to all. One such is the squatter problem, which he first gave advice on when he went on a mission to Pakistan in 1957. Squatters, he has found, are a vexatious and politically touchy matter in nearly all the cities of the developing world. Everywhere, armies of the homeless are invading vacant land, throwing up shacktowns overnight, and defying efforts to remove them. Theirs is, in Abrams’ phrase, “the trespass of desperation.” Squatters pose an especially serious problem for a developing country because their actions appear to threaten the duly constituted authority on which the state rests. Throughout the underdeveloped world, their numbers are staggering. In Karachi, at the time of Abrams’ visit, squatters made up about thirty per cent of the city’s population, most of them being Muslim refugees displaced by the partition of India. Today, in Ankara, Turkey, squatters are estimated to constitute almost fifty per cent of the population; in wealthy Caracas, Venezuela, whose streets are lined with glassy new skyscrapers, squatters number possibly as many as 400,000 out of a total population of 1,550,000, and their flimsy shacks crowd together on the city’s hillsides; in Lima, Peru, the number of squatters is estimated at nearly half a million. The Peruvians have developed squatting into something of a fine art. Squatter groups there have been known to hire a surveyor to lay out sites on the territory they intend to invade. “Some of the Peruvian settlements,” wrote Abrams in a recent study he prepared for the United States Agency for International Development, “show the hand of the skilled amateur who might have had a good future as a city planner.” The land that squatters grab is often extremely valuable. It may be in the very heart of the city, or on the grounds of the nation’s capitol, or along the landscaped edges of highways, or on property owned by the rich. Yet squatters have sometimes shown themselves to be scrupulous—at least by their own standard of social priorities—about what land they seize. They seldom, for instance, move in on tracts set aside for schools or hospitals, though they have no qualms about putting up their shacks near the flossiest hotels and mansions. In Caracas, huge modern housing projects designed in the International Style by the nation’s leading architect, Carlos Raúl Villanueva, were erected to house the hordes of rural migrants crowding into the city. Many

There’s a great deal behind Boe Jests.

In San Juan, Boe Jests look great hunting for tortoise shell combs, wandering through El Morro, sampling the plantain chips and banana daiquiris in the courtyard of El Convento or just for the every day fun of wearing Boe Jests.

Smock dress of double knit cotton. Hollyhocks printed on grounds of pink, blue or lime. Sizes 6 to 16. About $30.* At “the” stores in Puerto Rico and everywhere.

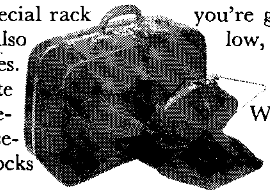
Boe Jests Inc., 550 Seventh Avenue, New York 18.

*PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST

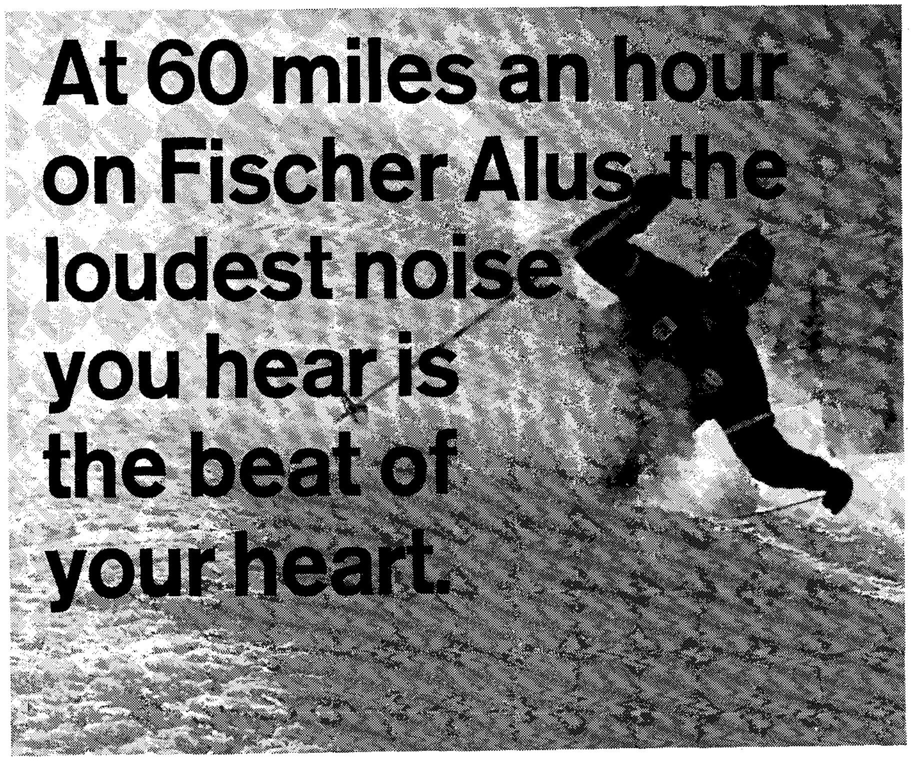
Go..with Ventura...
if you want to get anywhere!

One way to go is with our compact Airsuiter. You can carry it aboard and tuck it under your seat—no need to wait for luggage when you land. And man is it roomy! Holds a suit, with special rack that shrugs off wrinkles. Also holds a shelf full of accessories. Superbly crafted with flite-lite aluminum frame and scuff-resistant "Dura-vinyl". Extra-security, keyless combination locks and other quality features. Before you see the world, see the superb Ventura collection for men (and women). Open stock from $22.50 at better stores everywhere. Now you're getting somewhere! Shown below, Men's Two-suiter, Jumbo Garment Bag, Airsuiter.

Write for Brochure MN, "Tips on Packing". Ventura Travelware, Inc., New York 3, N. Y.



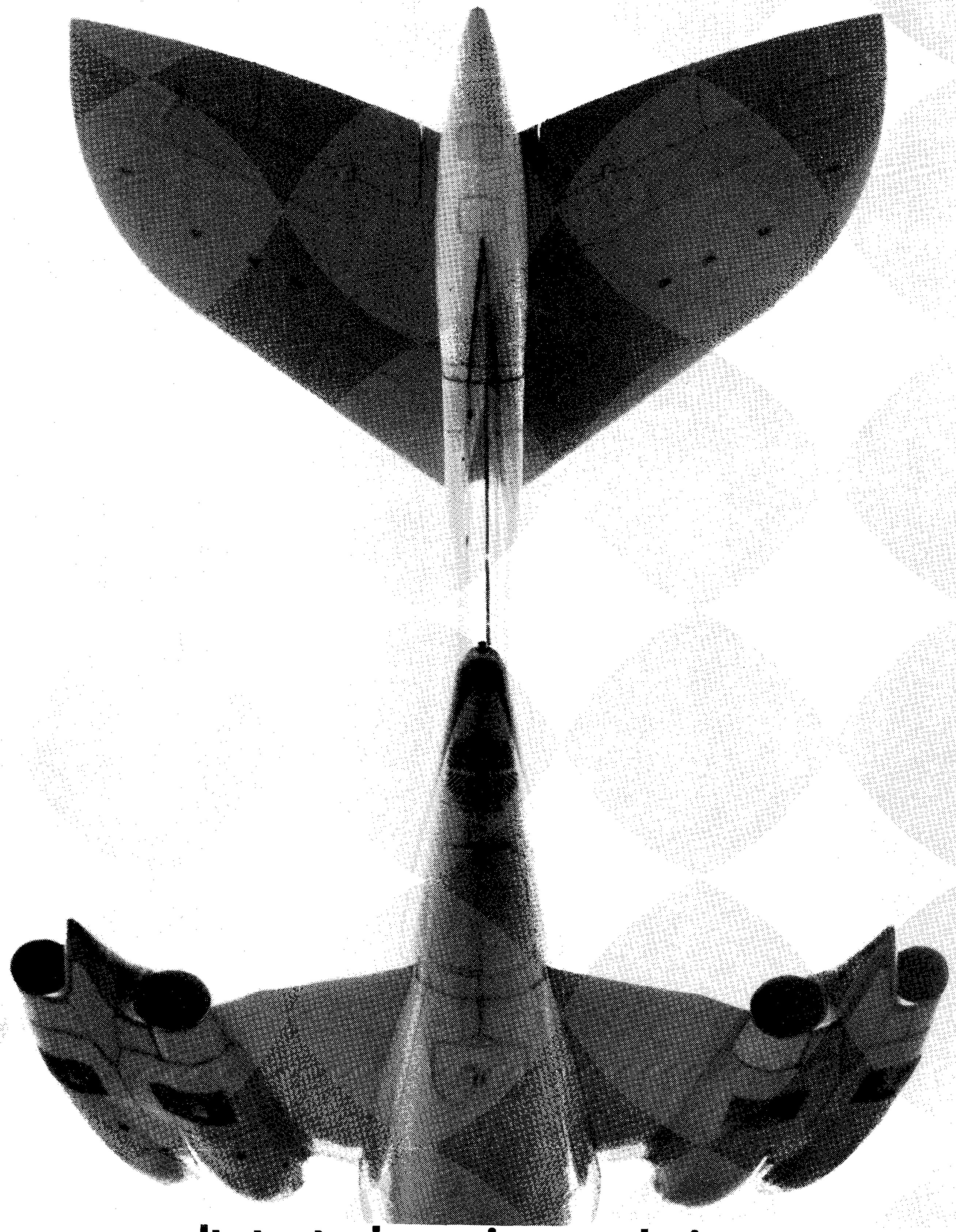
Ventura®
So high in fashion . . . so light in weight



At 60 miles an hour on Fischer Alus the loudest noise you hear is the beat of your heart.

To the serious skier the first experience on Fischer Alus is a revelation in exhilaration. Quiet as the snow itself, responsive beyond belief, magnificently maneuverable, the result of the ultimate in metal ski engineering and craftsmanship. From $145 to $185 for the superb Fischer Alu President. *Made in Austria* by FISCHER, world's largest manufacturer of skis. At the best ski shops. Exclusive U.S.A. distributor: Dartmouth Skis, Inc., Hanover, N.H.

of these countryfolk immediately sublet their new apartments and built shacks for themselves on the project grounds, because they felt more comfortable living where they could keep a goat or a few chickens. By now such shacks, jammed together, cover much of the space between the modern buildings. Because the squatters are so numerous and because their desperate need for shelter is understandable, if not acceptable, the shaky governments of the countries concerned have been generally hesitant to dislodge them by force. Yet because these governments have also not wished to appear to ratify the squatters' illicit tenancy, they have been equally reluctant, on the whole, to provide the squatters with water, electricity, and sewerage—not to mention neighborhood schools and other services. The result is that most of the squatter shacktowns are festering health menaces. Abrams' recommendations for coping with the squatter problem are detailed and complex, for there is no single solution to this problem. His Pakistan report proposed some fourteen steps that might be taken to ease the situation. His recent report for the A.I.D. contains modifications of these suggestions as a rough guide for countries afflicted with squatters. In general, his program calls for a delicate balance between firmness and sympathy, combined with an intensive effort to alleviate housing shortages and an intelligent and socially conscious program of urban land reform. He has advised the governments of some countries to set land aside for squatters and even to erect "Squatters Welcome" signs on it. An approach along the lines that he advocates is being attempted, with some degree of success, in the new Venezuelan industrial community called Ciudad Guayana, where a squatter invasion threatened all the government's careful planning. Abrams believes that if appropriate land is made available, if the site plan is properly laid out with ample space between plots, if necessary services are furnished, and if the squatters are given an opportunity to buy their own plots eventually (as most of them want to do), then in due time they will improve their dwellings, ultimately converting their colonies into decent neighborhoods. He has seen this happen to certain older colonies, including those in Ankara and Lahore. Where squatters have had reason to believe that their tenure is secure, they have sooner or later erected substantial multi-story buildings of brick or masonry. One day in 1958, Abrams took a walk through a squatter colony in



It started a quiet revolution.

Once upon a time, flying a big transatlantic jet was a rather noisy experience.

Then, about three years ago, BOAC introduced a transatlantic jet with Rolls-Royce engines back by the tail instead of on the wings.

It left all the usual cabin noises behind. So the people inside could hear themselves think.

The name of this jet is the VC 10, and it has quietly become the most in demand airplane from here to London.

Peace and quiet aren't the only things it has to offer.

Its rear-mounted engines also leave the wings clean and uncluttered for greater lift. So the VC 10 gets off the ground and up into the blue 25% quicker than an ordinary jet. And lands 20 mph slower.

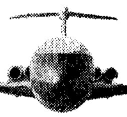
It is outfitted with the roomiest, most comfortable Economy Class seat ever designed.

It has a new kind of air conditioning system that keeps you from ever feeling stuffy, on the ground or in the air.

In short, it's the most advanced commercial jet in the sky. And it doesn't cost a penny more to fly than an ordinary jet.

If you're headed for Britain, have your Travel Agent book you on a BOAC VC 10 in New York or Boston or Detroit or Chicago.

And join the quiet revolution.



The VC10

BOAC TAKES GOOD CARE OF YOU

BOAC

The VC10 also flies from New York to Manchester, Glasgow, Bermuda, Nassau, Freeport, Jamaica and Lima; from Chicago to Montreal; from London to Europe, Africa, the Middle East and the Orient.
For more details, contact British Overseas Airways Corporation, which has offices in principal cities.

Going to Europe? Buy a Volvo there and save enough to go to Africa.

Order it here and pick it up in Europe. Your Volvo dealer will take care of all details including insurance and registration. Your car will be waiting, ready to drive. And you'll save hundreds.

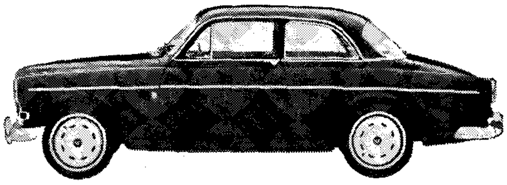
Bring it home and your Volvo will save you hundreds more. In Sweden, where there are no speed limits on the highways, and driving is virtually a national pastime, Volvos are driven for an average of 11 years.

Keep your Volvo a long time and get out from under car payments. With the money you save, maybe you could even take your wife to Africa with you on the next trip.

For information on our European Delivery Plan, drop a card to Volvo, Inc., Dept. NY 3, Rockleigh, N.J. 07647.

VOLVO

©Volvo, Inc.



The Sincere Suit

The cotton hopsacking is printed with an embroidery effect, more touchingly sincere than coolly expert. Three buttons; military pockets. Navy, Burgundy, Nasty Green. Sizes 6 to 16. The shirt is polyester and cotton, pleated down the front. Sizes 8 to 16.

Suit about thirty dollars, shirt about seven dollars at good stores and college shops

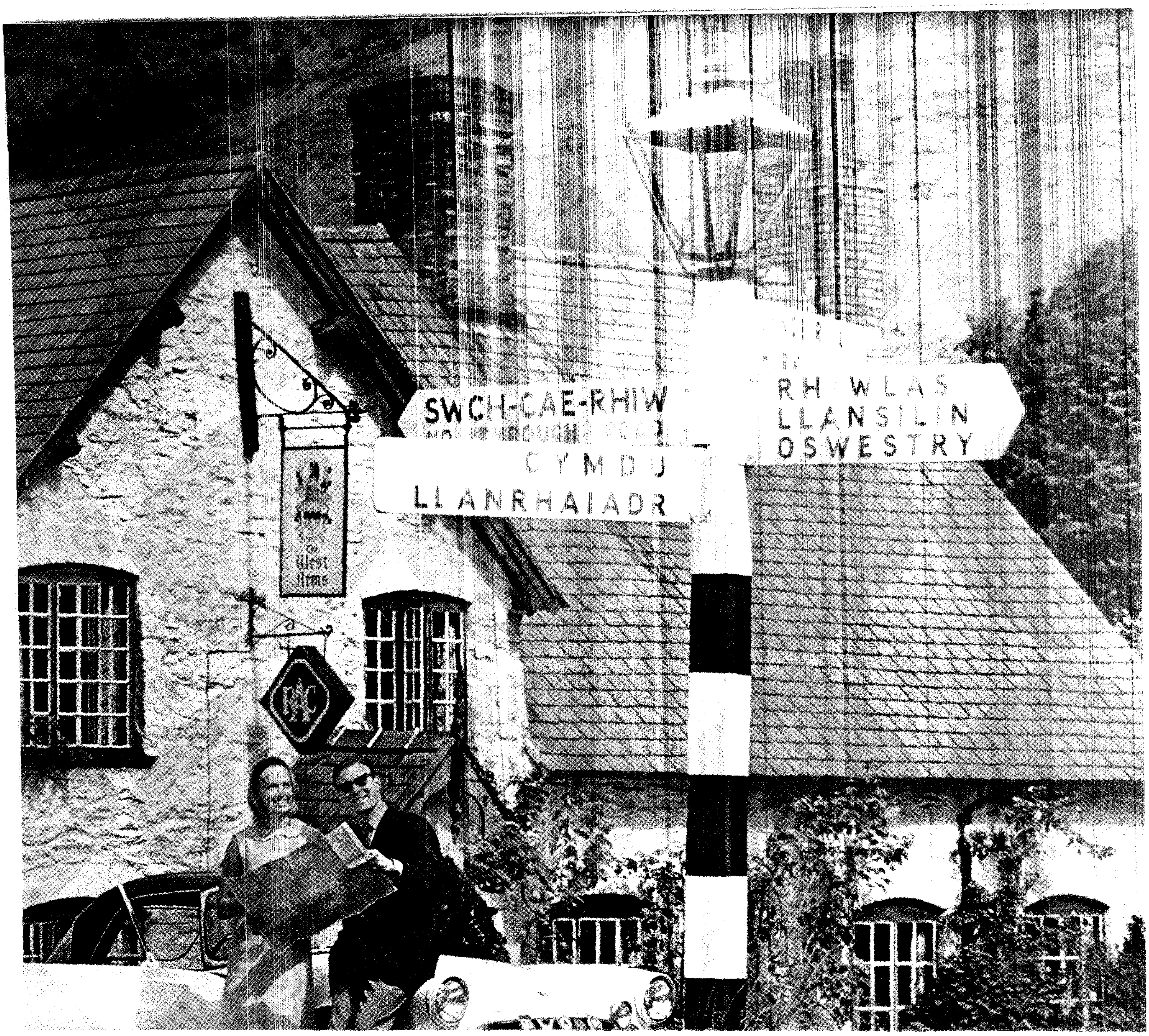
The Villager®

© VILLAGER, INC., 1967 MANNEQUIN DES. REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST

Davao, in the course of which he noticed doctors' and lawyers' shingles on some of the houses, and one "Maid Wanted" sign as well. Though the Davao squatters had not hesitated to break the law when it came to seizing land, they seemed to be law-abiding otherwise; for one thing, they had scrupulously observed a local ordinance requiring the numbering of all houses. Squatting, then, is not to be understood as a totally lamentable phenomenon, Abrams says. In some respects, he believes, the squatter enterprise is probably the most significant form of home-building taking place in the world today.

In Puerto Rico, to which one of Abrams' missions took him in 1959, his chief concern was the working out of a relatively inexpensive form of financing for the government housing program. In Singapore, in 1963, he told the government how to revise its tax policy so as to stimulate, rather than discourage, private building. In Nigeria, to which he went in 1962, and which was then one of the countries engaged in a well-intentioned but misguided slum-clearance scheme, he recommended a program to conserve and improve the existing properties, with the government providing loans to help the owners get them in shape. In Ireland, in 1960, he drew up a planning-and-development program and suggested various measures, which are now being put into effect, to revitalize various urban areas, including Dublin's declining downtown section. In Jamaica, in 1956, the government asked Abrams what it should do about tenants in public-housing projects who en masse had defaulted on their rent for many months. Abrams' advice was breathtakingly simple. "Evict them," he said. Somehow, it had not occurred to the politicians that tenants could be evicted by a government that wanted their votes. So they evicted ten of the worst delinquents—including among the scapegoats, in accordance with a shrewd suggestion from Abrams, a couple of minor civil servants. Rent collections immediately picked up, at least for a while.

Abrams has, of course, known failures and frustrations in his missions, as well as success. One of his saddest experiences was in Bolivia in 1959. Housing was desperately needed for the impoverished masses (Bolivia's per-capita income is a hundred to a hundred and twenty-five dollars a year—the lowest in the hemisphere), but neither the government nor private industry could make even a start at providing it. In the preceding decade, the government



Luckily, the Welsh are bilingual.

You may never hear Welsh when you go to Wales.

But only because the Welsh are basically polite.

When you appear on the scene, they'll stop speaking Welsh. They want you to understand them—even if you're only eavesdropping.

But in either English or Welsh, Welshmen enjoy a good chin-wag. You may find out that America was discovered by a Welshman—Madoc ap Owain Gwynedd—centuries before Columbus. Or that their Isle of Bardsey is the resting place of no fewer than 20 thousand saints.

And then there's an Eisteddfod—a sort of Welsh Olympic Games for dancers, poets, and singers.

The most famous is the Royal National. White-robed druids crown the poet of the year. Tenors, baritones, and basso profundos put on festive choruses.

Wales is easily reached from London. It is only three or four hours by train or car. To know more about it, clip the coupon. We'll send you a free 52-page booklet, "Vacations in Britain." Or, as it might be called in Welsh, "Gwylian ym Mmrydain."

This is a mailing label. Please type or use block letters.

British Travel, Box 4100, New York, N.Y. 10017

TO:

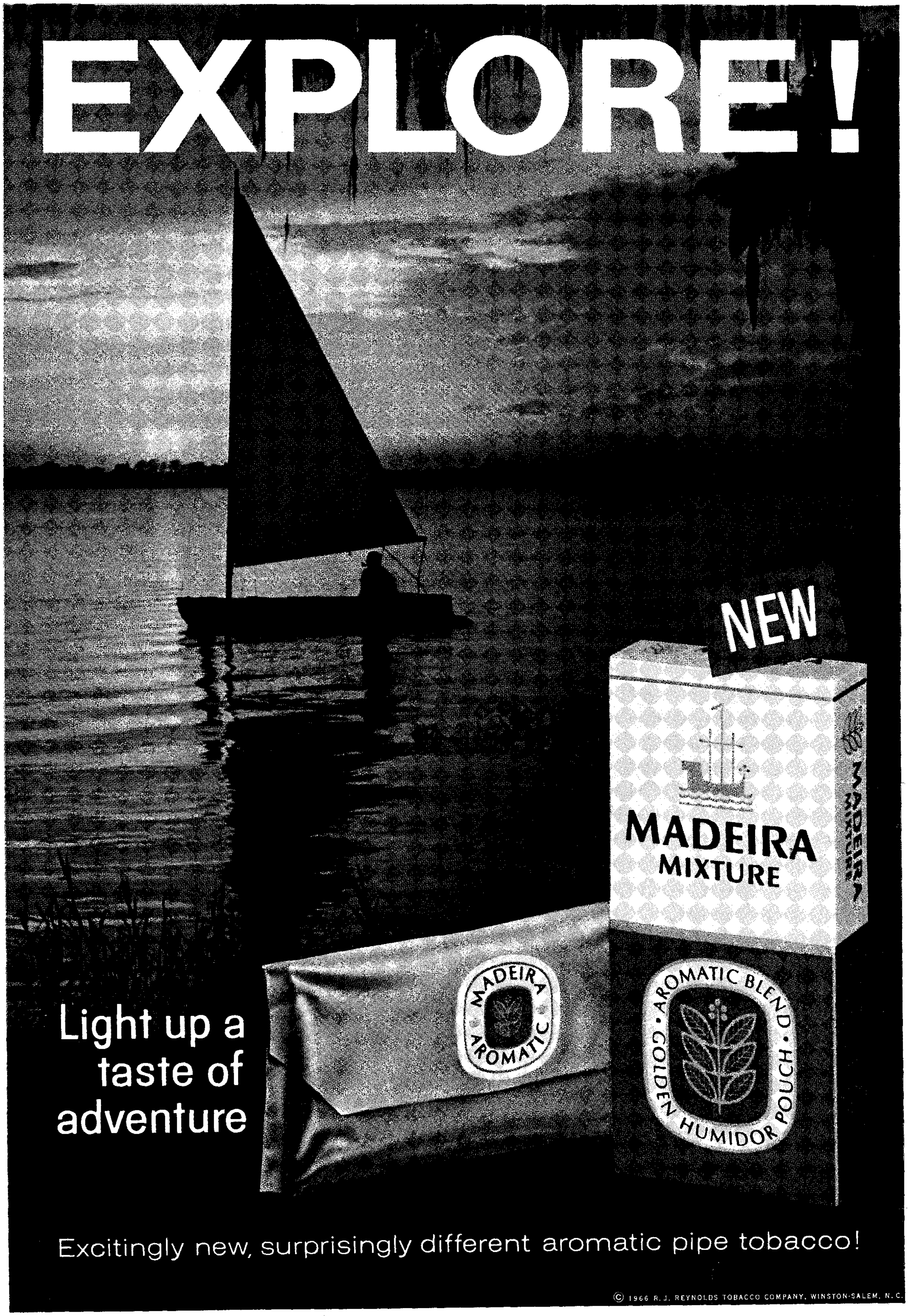
NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

701

British Travel: New York—680 Fifth Avenue; Chicago—39 South LaSalle Street; Los Angeles—612 South Flower Street; also offices in Canada.


EXPLORE!
NEW
MADEIRA
MIXTURE
MADEIRA
MIXTURE
MADEIRA
AROMATIC
AROMATIC BLEND • GOLDEN HUMIDOR POUCH •
Light up a taste of adventure
Excitingly new, surprisingly different aromatic pipe tobacco!

© 1966 R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

had managed to build only a few hundred houses. Abrams worked out a modification of his roof-loan plan which theoretically would enable three thousand houses to be built right away. All that would be needed to get things started, he estimated, was a fund of a million dollars, which would be repaid as the loans matured. When Abrams presented his plan to the Bolivian Cabinet, the President, Dr. Hernán Siles Zuazo, said, "We are deeply impressed, but we fear it will not be possible to carry out your proposal." "Why not?" Abrams asked. "I'm afraid that we don't have a million dollars," Dr. Siles said. "All we have available in the national treasury is two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and we have no idea where to raise more." The situation depressed Abrams, who said later, "Here was a country condemned to wretched housing conditions by its inability to raise a sum that almost any petty real-estate man back in the United States could put his hands on in no time."

The United Nations has a long list of countries to which it wants to send Abrams when he has the time. As a U.N. adviser, he is considered *sui generis*. "The impact that Abrams' missions make has amazed us," Weissmann has said. "He sees housing as part of the whole social, political, and economic picture. This alone makes him more valuable than any other specialist I know. But, leaving aside the technical schemes he offers, his very personality has a powerful effect. Twenty-four hours after he arrives in a country, housing suddenly becomes a front-page topic. Somehow he makes the leaders aware of the importance of problems they had been taking for granted or else had considered hopeless. He shows them possible solutions that are right under their noses, and he convinces them that they have to drop everything else and get going on the solution right then and there. Wherever he goes, he foments reform." Among the criticisms of Abrams that may be heard, the most salient stem from these very traits of commitment and eagerness to achieve results. Some of his academic confreres deplore his willingness to get into the thick of a fight and become a troublemaker; they think he should retain the role of the disinterested scholar. Others have been heard to say that he can be too hasty and slapdash in his conclusions. "Abrams never censors himself," one of his critics was heard to say. "When he gets an idea, he's willing to try it out in public even at the risk of making an ass of himself. To my mind, a lot of the proposals he has made are not

The Rooster People

Romance rates high with Rooster People. They quote poetry a lot. Which thrills Rooster People's women. Inspires them to give Roosters for Valentine's Day. These enlightened ladies choose carefully...matching man to Rooster. The most imaginative givers get the most poetic praise. These R.P. received richly hand screened cotton prints with expressive designs, unexpected colors........ At very good stores, 2.50.

rooster

ROOSTER, INC. 17 EAST 37 STREET, NEW YORK

Aruba?

Eureka!

You've found it. That special island. Aruba, in the Dutch West Indies. Charming. Different. Easy to reach (via PAA, TCA and KLM), yet far from the madding throngs. Where pastel-painted villages are set in an exotic landscape you'll never tire of exploring. (For instance, the Divi-Divi trees grow sideways in the Trade Winds.) Where talcum-white beaches fringe the clearest, bluest sea in the world. And where there's a trove of freeport treasure to shop. Where to stay? The Aruba Caribbean Hotel-Casino. Giant size air-conditioned rooms, with private balcony. Superb continental cuisine, delightful entertainment. And in the Hotel Casino, Lady Luck awaits you. It all adds up to eureka! For information and reservations, call your Travel Agent. Or use this coupon.

Aruba Caribbean Hotel/Casino

Another fine *Executive House*© Hotel

Executive House, Inc. Suite 1959
630 Fifth Avenue, New York,
N.Y. 10020 (212 CO 5-1737)

Eureka! Tell me more about Aruba

Name____________________

Address____________________

City________State______Zip#______

sound. But I do have to admit that even if you throw out about half of them, you are still left with a sizable body of ingenious and valuable contributions." It has also been pointed out by Weissmann that Abrams' reputation as a fighter against racial discrimination means that in countries apt to be sensitive about the question of color he is accorded a kind of trust and confidence that the usual visiting technical expert seldom gets.

"ALL reformers, however strict their conscience, live in houses just as big as they can afford," Logan Pearsall Smith has written. Abrams is no exception. His house on West Tenth Street is an imposing five-story brownstone, the former residence of Thomas Fortune Ryan. Abrams and his wife, Ruth, occupy the two lower floors of the premises. Their two grown daughters, Judith and Abby, live nearby. The Abrams' quarters are spacious, with sixteen-foot-high ceilings. The walls are almost entirely covered with large canvases, most of them works by Ruth Abrams, an artist of repute, and the rest by other moderns. The art is all of Mrs. Abrams' selection; her husband has no strong preferences in this sphere.

Once in a rare while, the normally buoyant Abrams is saddened by the thought of all the ideas he has put forth that have not yet found acceptance. On such occasions his amiable countenance takes on the droopy expression of a bloodhound's. He categorizes himself, at those times, as a Voice Crying in the Wilderness. Incongruously, this lament is apt to be delivered to a roomful of friends and associates, for Abrams is about as gregarious a Voice in the Wilderness as it is possible to imagine, and he is generally to be found amid a wash of people. His wife has several times fixed up one out-of-the-way room or another as a quiet sanctuary for him to work in, and he has obediently retreated there, but invariably he has wilted in the solitude and silence, and, tucking his papers and books under his arm, has stolen back to a table in a corner of the living room, where, soothed by all the distractions he seems to need around him in order to concentrate, he settles down to the task at hand—perhaps the writing of some article or pamphlet deploring the terrible effects on the poor of a lack of privacy at home. A very old friend says he can remember only one occasion on which Abrams expressed a wish to be left alone. This was in 1947. Abrams and his wife were on a visit to Switzerland, and the friend, who was also in

the best

ladies shoes are completely handmade and handsewn of the finest leathers available

BROCHURES ON REQUEST

De Busschere

Belgian Shoes

MR. HENRI BENDEL
Owner President

60 East 56 St., New York 10022
(212) PLaza 5-7372
In California: I. Magnin & Co.

Going to Los Angeles?

Discover

The Sheraton West

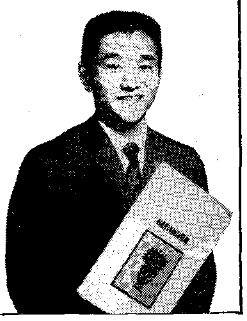
Located in mid-town...on Wilshire Boulevard...the Sheraton-West is ideal for business calls and meetings. Yet it is also much more...a truly fine luxury hotel offering perceptive service, superb dining, outstanding accommodations. Make your next trip a success at the Sheraton-West.

Your Townhouse in Los Angeles
2961 Wilshire Blvd.

ever heard of a fine restaurant without a kitchen?

more chefs than waitresses?

and a Japanese maitre d' named Rocky?



BENIHANA of TOKYO

EAST
120 E. 56th St.
WEST
61 W. 56th St.
in New York City
Reservations: LT 1-0930

You can do the mussiest things in tattersall, if there's Fortrel in it.

Seaton Hall does a classic look with new flair: a carved, curved jacket plus matching culottes. Fortrel keeps it crisply unwrinkled, makes it washable. In Galey & Lord's tattersall of Fortrel polyester and cotton. Cream checked with red or navy. Jacket, about $20; culottes, about $12. Sizes 6 to 18; 5 to 15. At B. Altman & Co., New York; Casual Corner—All Stores, Massachusetts; Filene's, Boston; Hochschild Kohn, Baltimore; Sanger-Harris, Dallas.

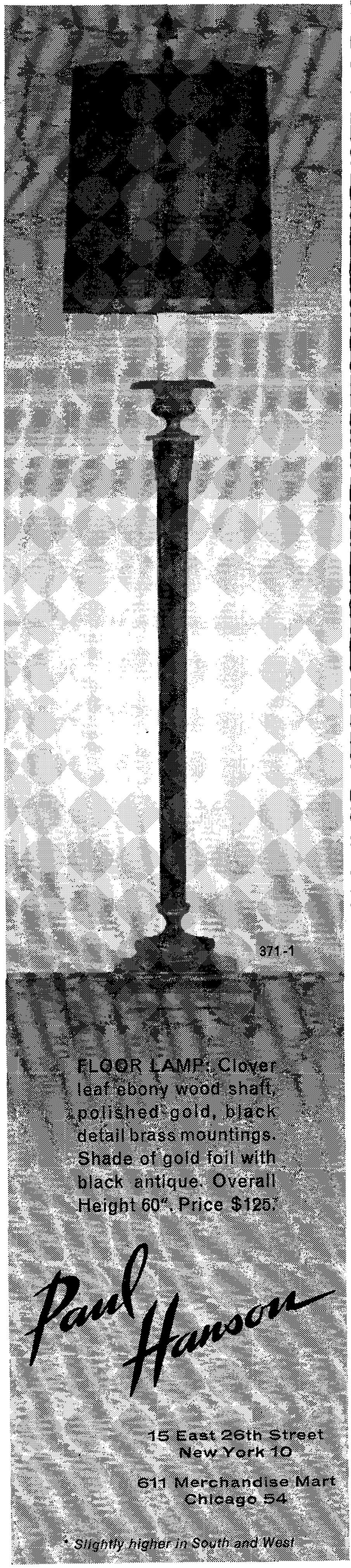
Celanese® Fortrel® is a trademark of Fiber Industries, Inc.

CELANESE FORTREL
THE FRESHENING FIBER
Add a fiber from Celanese and good things get better

Europe at the time, called on them at their hotel in Zurich one morning. Abrams was working away furiously in their room on an article that had to be in the mail that day. The friend and Mrs. Abrams sat out on the veranda overlooking the lake and sipped coffee. It was a lovely day, and they could see all sorts of interesting things. A duck and her brood of ducklings glided through the water just below them; swimming races were being held in the lake not far away; on a street across the water a parade was forming. Abrams was repeatedly called out to the veranda to see the sights. After his fourth appearance, he summoned up his resolve and said sternly, "I've simply got to get this article done. Don't disturb me for anything except ducks."

The Abramses entertain frequently. They like to throw large, informal parties on the spur of the moment—parties at which, sooner or later, Abrams may be found at the piano improvising mischievous songs about the guests or singing Gilbert and Sullivan's "Tit Willow" in his own Yiddish translation. (He is proud of having preserved the triple-rhyme scheme intact.) The bucolic life tends to depress him. He and his wife bought a farm near the New Jersey shore as a summer place about twenty years ago; they spent a few wretched summers there, and then sold it. Subsequently, they built a house on Fire Island, where Abrams feels much more at home, Fire Island being essentially Greenwich Village with sand and surf. Actually, he is quite fond of trees (even if they don't teach him anything), but only in their proper place—lining city sidewalks. He once attempted to get the New York City Council to pass an ordinance he had drawn up with the aim of encouraging much more extensive urban tree planting, but when he proposed the measure to the Council, one councilman contended that trees caused crimes because criminals hid behind them, and another councilman said that trees were dirty and their branches broke windows.

Greenwich Village, in which Abrams owns, among other properties, the Village Barn and the Eighth Street Playhouse, inspires strong loyalties in him. His neighbors there turn to him for advice or help on all sorts of local problems. Once, he was asked to adjudicate a dispute between the owners of two historic houses in the neighborhood over which one could rightfully put up a plaque proclaiming it the Mark Twain house. They bickered so long


371-1

FLOOR LAMP: Clover leaf ebony wood shaft, polished gold, black detail brass mountings. Shade of gold foil with black antique. Overall Height 60". Price $125.*

Paul Hanson

15 East 26th Street
New York 10

611 Merchandise Mart
Chicago 54

* Slightly higher in South and West

Get to know John Widdicomb furniture

See it at any
John Widdicomb showroom
through your dealer
or decorator

John Widdicomb

MAKERS OF FINE FURNITURE FOR MORE THAN A CENTURY

New York, 205 East 58th St.
Philadelphia, 2301 Chestnut St.
Grand Rapids, Exhibitors Bldg.

Chicago • Cincinnati • Cleveland • Dallas • Denver • Houston
Indianapolis • Pittsburgh • St. Louis • Los Angeles • San Francisco

DINE IN LEISURE AT THE

Casino ON THE Park

LUNCHEON • PRE-THEATRE DINNER
DINNER • SUPPER • SUNDAY BRUNCH
STEVEN WELTNER AT THE PIANO
Home of the Bombay Bicycle Club

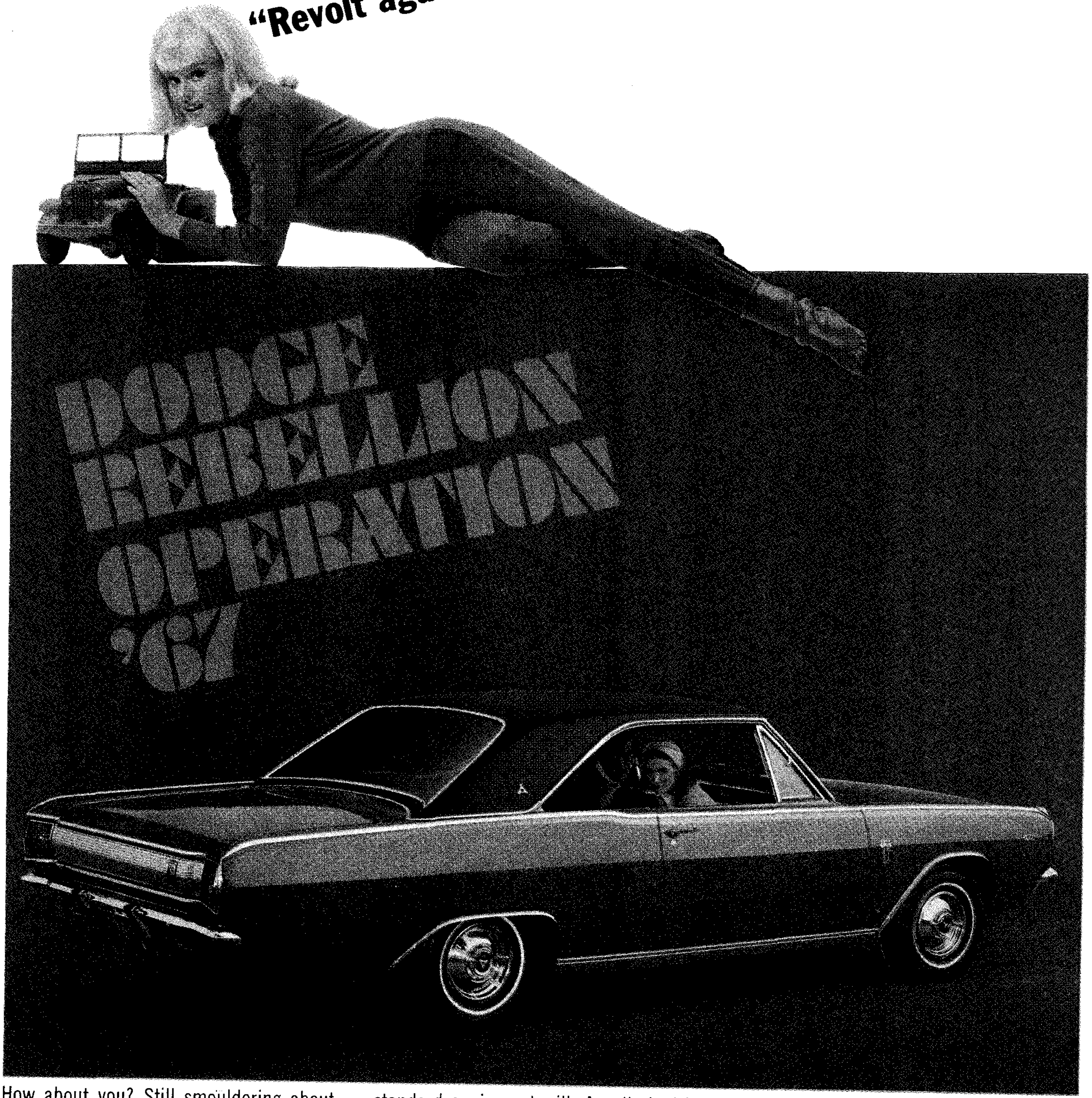
ESSEX HOUSE

VINCENT J. COYLE, V. P. AND MNG. DIR.
TEL. CIRCLE 7-0300
160 CENTRAL PARK SOUTH

Your choice of today's foremost portrait painters and sculptors

PORTRAITS, INC.
136 EAST 57th STREET NEW YORK

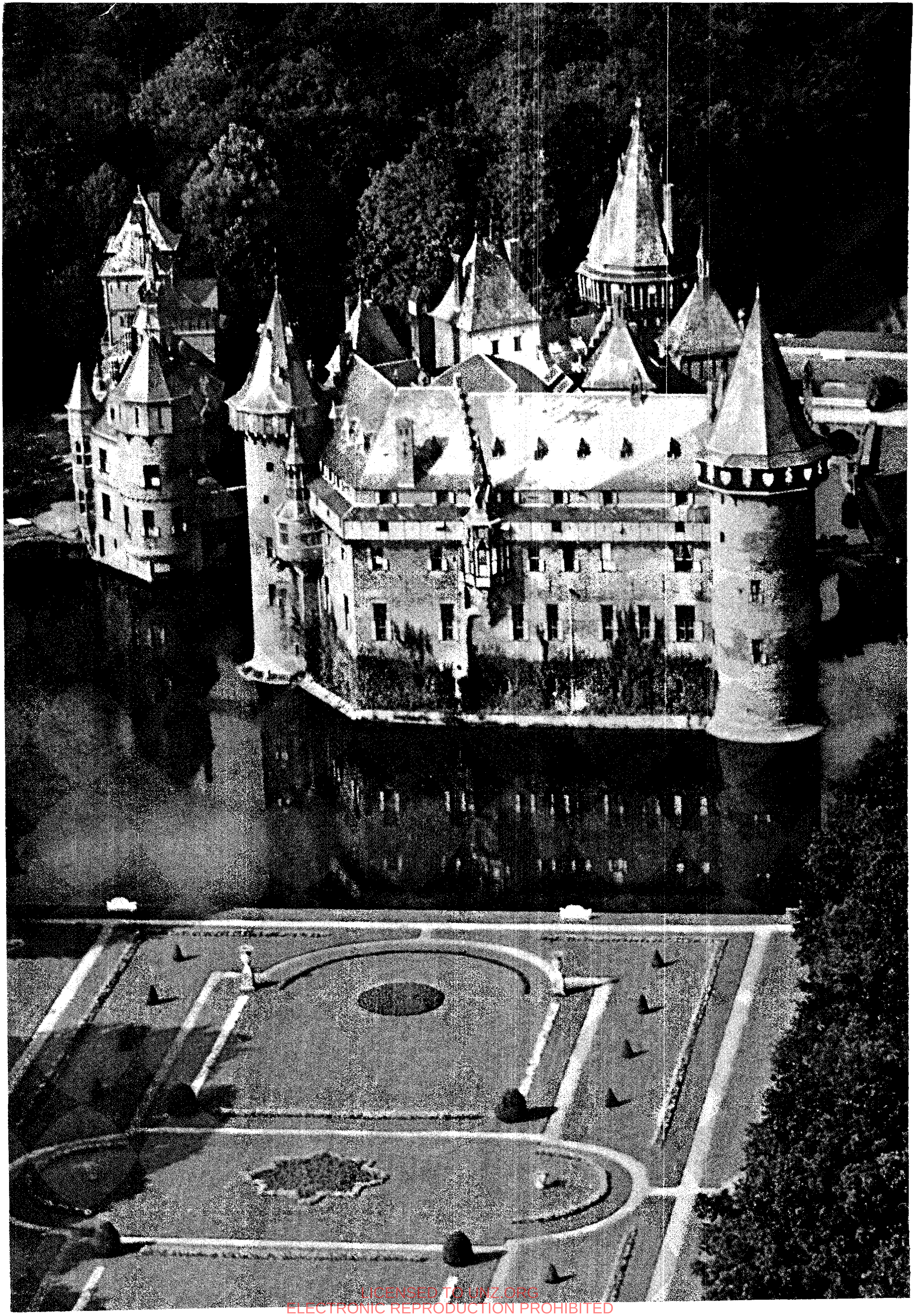
"Revolt against kiddy car compacts. Go '67 Dart!"

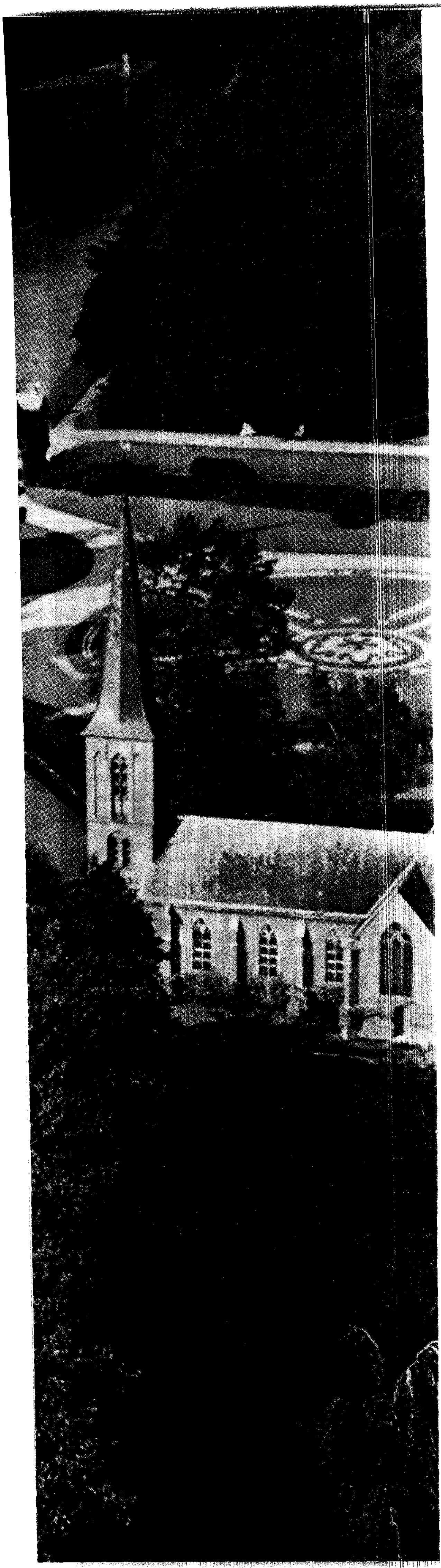


How about you? Still smouldering about the size and shape of today's compact cars? You know the kind. Alarmingly small on the inside . . . amazingly dull on the outside. Cool it. There's a new way to go. Big-new, all-new Dodge Dart GT for 1967. And if its obvious beauty and fresh styling don't turn you on, maybe this list of standard equipment will. An all-vinyl interior. Bucket seats. Carpeting, front and rear. Retractable front lap belts. Redesigned, recessed instrument panel. Curved side glass. Unique, concave rear window. And more . . . much more luxury than you'd expect from a car carrying a compact price. Add to this a choice of Six or V8 power and a dozen or more safety features, and you've got quite a car. So, stop toying with the notion that a compact has to be dull, boxy and uninspired. See your neighborhood Dodge Dealer soon. Sign up for a bold, new '67 Dart GT. Pleasant duty, we assure you. The Dodge Rebellion Operation '67 wants you.

'67 Dodge Dart

DODGE DIVISION CHRYSLER MOTORS CORPORATION





It's *yours* for 36¢— only a few kilometers from Surprising Amsterdam

That's the pittance you pay to storm the largest fully restored medieval castle in the world.

Just drive south from KLM's hometown for half an hour, and follow the signs: KASTEEL DE HAAR. You can stroll across the drawbridge. Climb the tower. Roam rooms filled with Gobelin tapestries. Even poke around the dungeon.

You'll learn all about the castle's ups and downs over the past 805 years. It was destroyed and rebuilt *twice.* The last time, the Dutch spent 20 years putting everything back together again. They had to move a *town* to make room for those spectacular gardens.

Since the owner of KASTEEL DE HAAR likes to use it as his summer place (wouldn't *you?*) visit it before August 15.

If you can't, don't worry. There are 300 other Dutch castles and châteaux to explore! Incidentally, clip the coupon for KLM's folder on castle *hotels.* You can spend a night in a knight's bedroom—*for as little as $4.*

Take a fling at other surprises while you're outside Amsterdam, too. There's a five-acre *miniature* Holland. A speedway you can zoom around *in your own car.* A spot where you can catch 17 windmills in *one* snapshot.

For details of all the surprises in and beyond Surprising Amsterdam, get KLM's full-length books (below). Then ask your travel agent about the advantages of *starting* Europe in Amsterdam with reliable KLM.

P.S. You can also visit 39 other European cities without parting from KLM and the careful, punctual Dutch.

HAPPY HOLLAND

KLM Royal Dutch Airlines
P.O. Box 1869, New York, N.Y. 10001

☐ Please send KLM's *free* folder on Dutch castles.
☐ I'd also like KLM's new guidebook (left), and/or
☐ KLM's 208-pg. "Surprising Amsterdam," and/or
☐ KLM's new Amsterdam "Walking Tour." I enclose 25¢ *per book* for mailing. (They're *free* from your travel agent.)

Name____
(PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY)

Street____________________City________________

State______________Zip__________

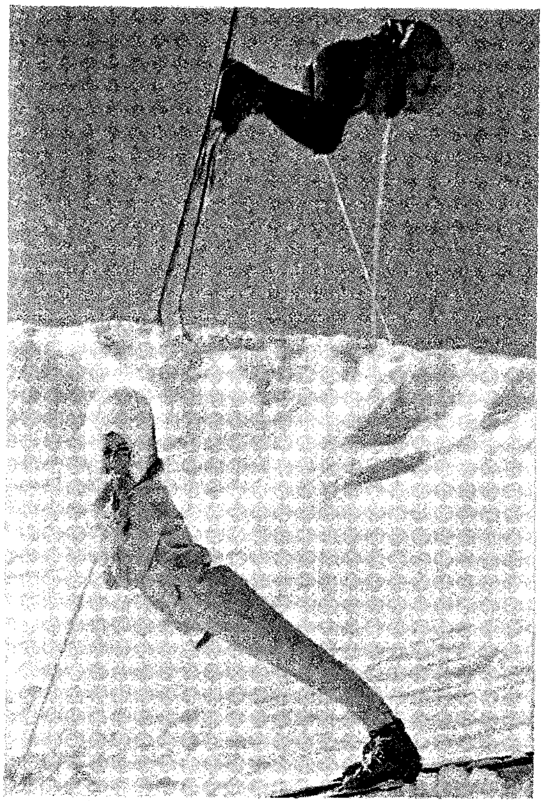
____
(My travel agent)

KLM

B-2 ROYAL DUTCH AIRLINES

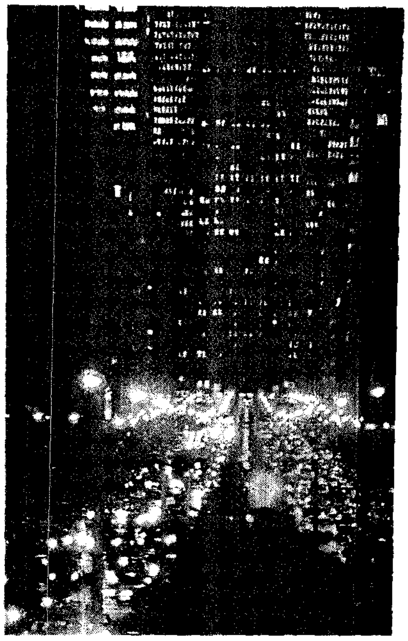
Castles? In Holland? Forsooth! There are a dozen on the very outskirts of KLM's hometown. This beauty started life during the *Crusades.*
Photo by KLM Aerocarto.

...at posh parties in Morocco



...with skies-the-limit skiers

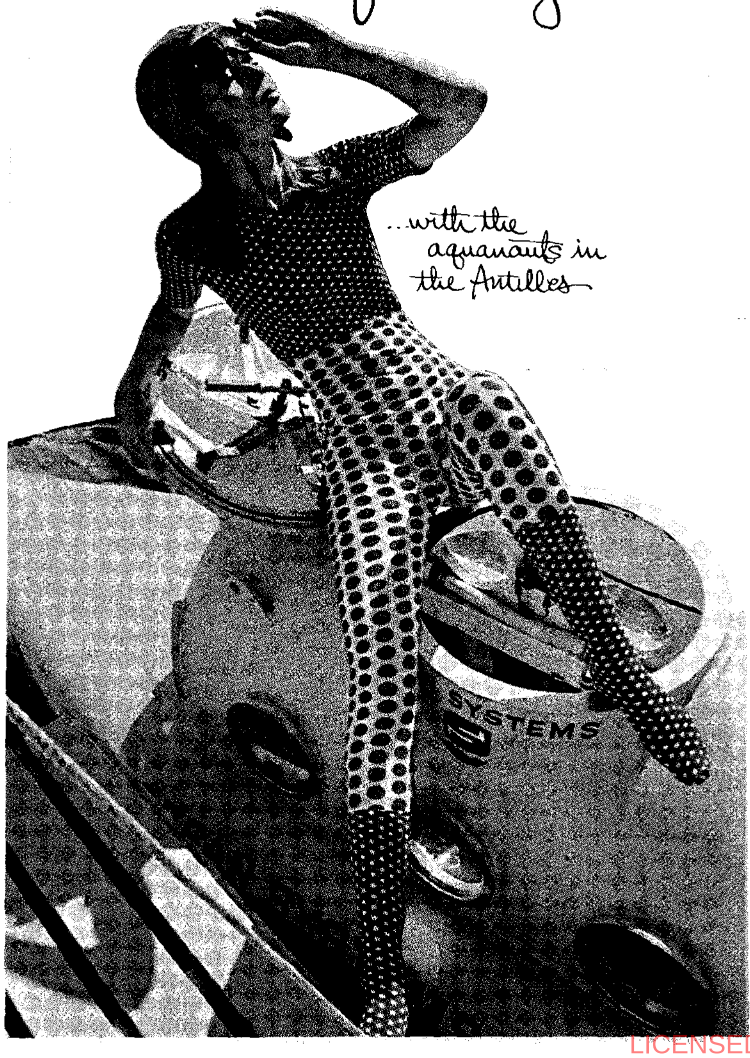
...in London's switched-on night scene



...with the movers in Manhattan

Today's Haig

—for today's taste



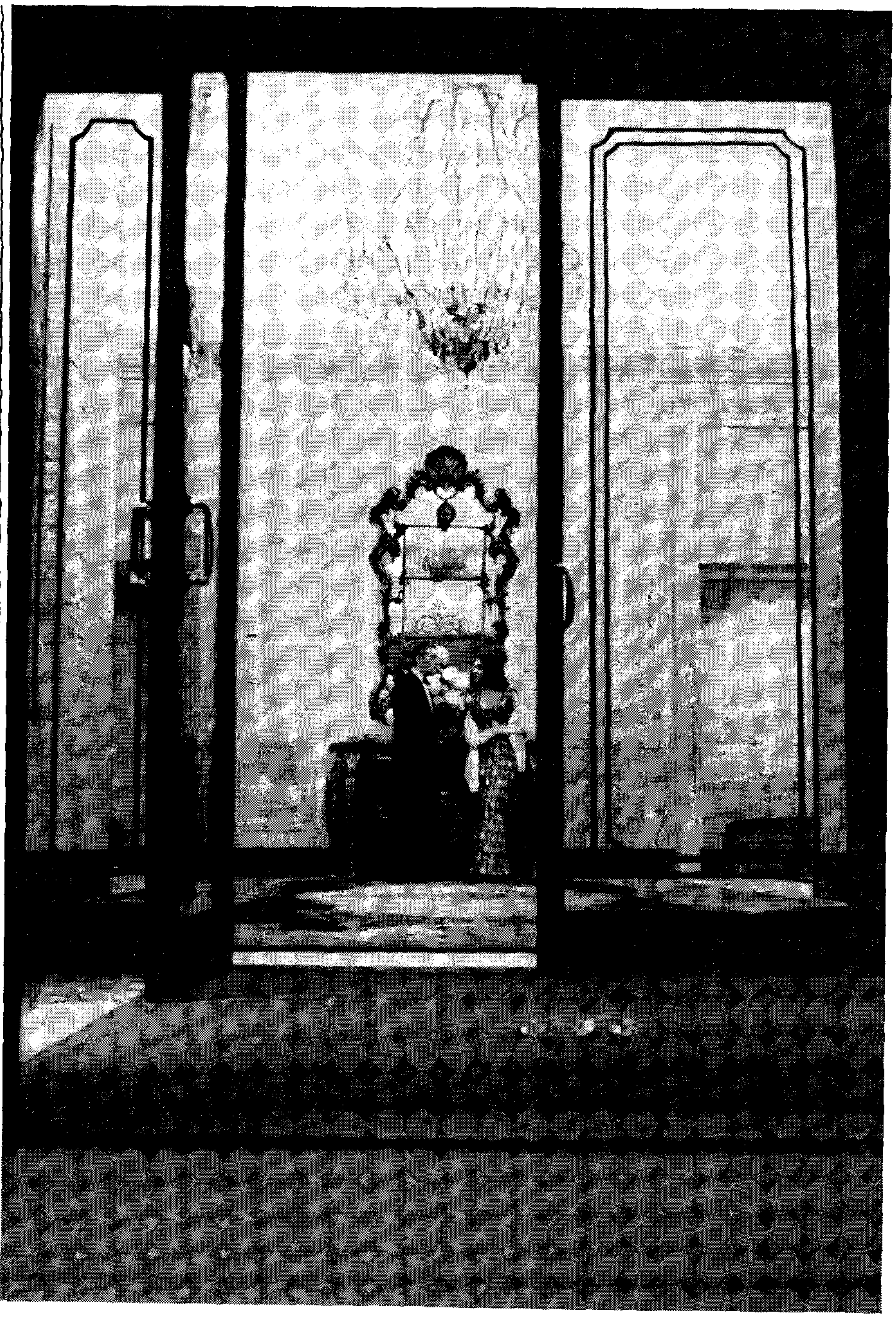
...with the aquanauts in the Antilles

HAIG
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES BLENDED & BOTTLED
JOHN HAIG & Co. LTD.
Owning Haig & Haig
MARKINCH SCOTLAND
4/5 QUART
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND UNDER BRITISH GOVERNMENT SUPERVISION

RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y.

...with smooth swingers

and loudly that Abrams became fed up. "A plaque on both your houses!" he exclaimed. He was among those who led the fight a few years ago to keep Robert Moses from pushing Fifth Avenue through Washington Square, and he has been in the forefront of many another sanguinary engagement to preserve the Village from the menace of "progress." Often in these battles he finds himself opposing eminent colleagues in the housing and planning world. Despite his role as a planner, he appears to have ambivalent feelings about the virtues of planning. He has been heard to declare that he has never seen the planned city he would want to live in. Most planned cities, he says, are dull, antiseptic, and joyless. Abrams has a high regard for variety; racial segregation in neighborhoods, even if he did not think it immoral, would provoke his disapproval as a bore. Primarily, however, he puts the blame for the unsatisfactory results of planning on the single-mindedness of those who have been entrusted with it. Planning need not result in dullness or sterility, he believes, but to avoid these faults planners are going to have to allow for much more diversity—for what he calls a "diversity of diversities"—and to leave much more room for surprises and for the kind of unguided local creativity that often arises in unplanned neighborhoods but is usually squelched or wiped out by bureaucrats. One of the main troubles with our cities, he says, is that they fail to recognize the need for escape hatches. As the cities destroy those escape hatches that do exist, the pressure on the few left, like Greenwich Village, becomes greater and greater. He explores this idea with some passion in his most recent book, "The City Is the Frontier," which deals with the condition of our cities today. In it he recalls the variety of interesting and exciting places that New York could boast in the nineteen-twenties—"most of them created and sustained by the interaction of people and enterprise." There was Luna Park, which was torn down for a housing project; Harlem, which was once a tourist, jazz, and dance center but is now largely off limits to people from southern Manhattan; the old Aquarium, at the Battery, with its view of water, boats, the Statue of Liberty, and the Wall Street skyscrapers; the Washington Market, where one could buy bear steaks, venison, partridge, rattlesnake meat, and other epicurean delights; Central Park, which until recently people were increasingly fearful of using. Times Square remains, he



This is one of the most elegant European hotels. It has the ultimate in French cuisine. Luxurious Louis XVI rooms and suites. Magnificent Italian marble floors. Tapestries woven in 18th century France. And the most understanding Belgian concierge. It's at 61st and Park.

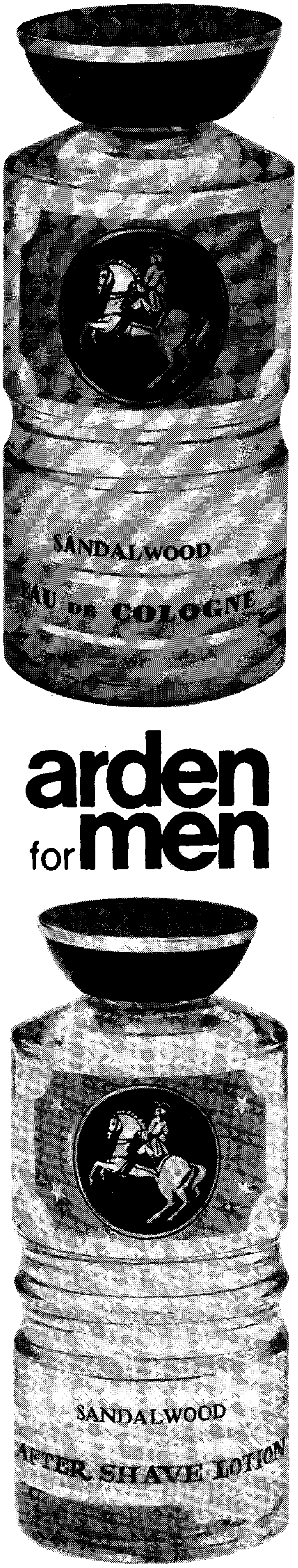
The Regency Hotel

61ST STREET AND PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK 21. PLAZA 9-4100. A LOEW'S HOTEL.

concedes, but it has become progressively more and more honky-tonk, because, he says, there is nothing else in the city for the honky-tonkers. Our waterfront, which might have accommodated imaginative recreational facilities, has been walled off with housing projects and decaying commercial piers. Most of the recent urban-renewal projects are formidable enclaves. "Lincoln Center is for the music lovers but not the lovers," he writes, adding, "Something has gone out of New York that has not been replaced." Elsewhere in the book he notes, "Urban-renewal and city-planning officials would better earn their keep if they were trained in something more than demolition, zoning, density control, and their other stock in trade. They require a keen knowledge of the secrets of human interest, activity, and recreation, of the needs and troubles of the human spirit, of the forces that make one city beat and another languish. These are the real frontiers of planning and renewal, but few officials have as yet embraced the heresies."

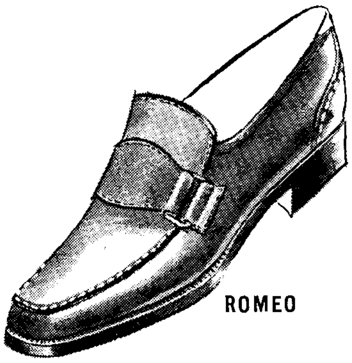
Abrams is not interested in trying to improve people—just their circumstances. He accepts all kinds of people as friends and is rarely critical of them, even when they impose on him. All over the world, there are people who simply take it for granted that when they are in New York Abrams will put them up. Some of his house guests have been known to have house guests of their own. One friend, down on his luck after running through a small fortune, used to come into Abrams' office every week for money to keep him alive. The stipend always included an extra twenty dollars to bet on the races. Abrams never lectured his irresponsible friend or sought to reform him, believing that to this man being alive meant being able to gamble—that was the way he was. Unlike a great many self-made men, Abrams is not moralistic about money, nor in his personal affairs does he seem particularly concerned over the value of a dollar. He can be impulsively generous, he likes to eat at expensive restaurants, and he enjoys playing the horses himself or taking a flyer from time to time on a Broadway show—though seldom in a big way. "A reckless gambler for small stakes" was a description he once gave of himself.

Despite all his activities, Abrams maintains the casual air of someone who is improvising his life as he goes along. In his house, mail piles up on a tray on the dining-room sideboard. Of a morning, on his way to Columbia, Abrams peers at the mound, stirs it around



shoes create international trends

BALLY



BALLY

NEW YORK:
Madison at 43rd & at 61st
PHILADELPHIA:
1733 Walnut
CHICAGO:
909 No. Michigan
SAN FRANCISCO:
255 Geary & 242 Montgomery

BALLY

shoes create international trends

A DINING PLACE OF
Distinction
Serving Palate Tempting Dishes
CLAMS ASPIC
VICHYSSOISE
LUNCHEON -- DINNER
Banquet Facilities
GIOVANNI
RESTAURANT
66 EAST 55th ST. — PLaza 3-1230
Closed Sunday

Why would anyone in his right mind travel 3,000 miles to La Costa?

Because he's in his right mind.

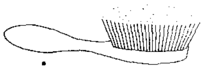
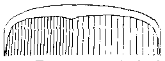
La Costa: So. California's posh resort-spa-golf club. With tennis, swimming, riding, entertainment. Ask about our Golfer's Plan, Spa Plan, Family Plan. If you have a mind to.

LA COSTA
Resort·Club·Spa
Carlsbad, California 92008 • Suite 501

“Ecco della pubblicità per Berlitz.”

See? You already know some Italian. And in a matter of weeks you could be speaking it fluently.

Just as we did here, you start right in speaking. Your instructor won’t speak a word of English to you.

He starts right in with “Buon giorno” and, through a process as natural as an infant learning to speak, you’ll soon know the difference between la spazzola  and il pettine  . In fact, within five minutes you’ll be saying a sentence as complicated as, “Alla mattina uso la spazzola ed il pettine.”

With the aid of objects, pictures, and a lot of body English, your instructor will have you speaking fluent Italian before you can say Giacomo Robinson.

Per esempio, nella foto you see un famoso actor italiano. He likes to parlare with amici and drink vino. But he doesn’t like le macchine fotografiche. And if you read this once again, you’ll probably understand every word.

We can have you speaking fluently in five weeks if you can spare your full time, or in three or four months if you can spare only lunch hours. (Or in ten to fifteen days if you have the stamina.*)

We guarantee our method if you guarantee your diligence.

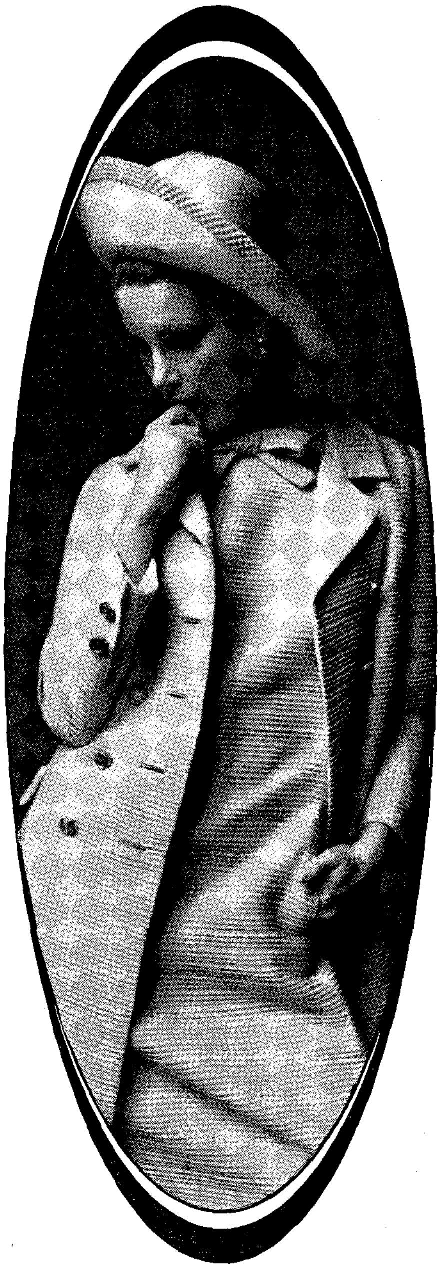
Now all you need do is telefonare alla scuola Berlitz della vostra città and make un appuntamento.

You’ve already started your first lesson.

*The 10-15 day program is called Total Immersion and it really works.

Akron, Baltimore, Beverly Hills, Boston, Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Dallas, Denver, Detroit, East Orange, Forest Hills, Guadalajara, Houston, Los Angeles, Manhasset, Mexico City, Miami, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, Montreal, New York (midtown and downtown), Ottawa, Pasadena, Philadelphia, Phoenix, Pittsburgh, Quebec, Ridgewood, N. J., St. Louis, San Diego, San Francisco, San Juan, Seattle, Stamford, Toronto, Vancouver, B.C., Washington, D.C., White Plains. For other areas write, call, or cable Berlitz Field Director, 630 Fifth Avenue, New York 10020 (212) LT 1-2680.

Dacron® today—the kinetic costume



ANDREW ARKIN's rich-rib reefer costume in terraced ottoman. A short-sleeved skimmer and a brass-buttoned coat. The costume that's all the more marvelous to go in—look great in. Because it's 70% Dacron* polyester blended with 30% Avron®. Sizes 8-18, in navy, beige, light blue, shocking pink. About $90. At De Pinna, New York; Marshall Field & Company, Chicago; Bullock's Wilshire, Los Angeles; Julius Garfinckel & Co., Washington, D.C.

*Du Pont's registered trademark. Du Pont makes fibers, not fabric or fashion shown. Hat by Betmar.

DU PONT
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Better Things for Better Living . . . *through Chemistry*

a bit, and picks out four or five of the most promising-looking envelopes, which he opens as he goes. An hour or so later, his wife, on her way to her studio, will dip into the mound and carry off whatever strikes her fancy. Most of the tradesmen the Abramses deal with have learned to send household bills to Abrams' business secretary, who takes care of them efficiently. Occasionally, one who has made the mistake of sending his bill to the house will meet Abrams and say, "I've been wondering why I haven't heard from you on that bill I sent," and Abrams, amazed, will reply, "That's funny. I never got it. You just can't trust the mails these days." And then, like as not, he will offer his thoughts on how the whole United States Post Office service could be revised and refinanced and put on a self-sustaining basis. He puts on no airs with anybody. A former employee has recalled, "He always treated me as though I were someone who was helping him rather than someone who was working for him." Nearly everyone who knows him calls him Charlie.

Abrams has no hobby and does not go in for organized sports. He particularly dislikes the more mechanical sports, such as golf or bowling. He played golf only once in his life, in response to a challenge from a friend. The friend bet him twenty dollars that he could not break 160, whereupon he blundered through the first seventeen holes in 155, then shot a par 4 on the last one. "Anybody who shoots 155 for seventeen holes has no business making a par on the eighteenth," his friend said in disgust, yet he considered it a typical Abrams feat, for Abrams has a kind of serendipity that usually extricates him triumphantly from the complex situations he is always getting himself into. His favorite way of getting exercise and recreation is to walk around the city. He browses through a neighborhood as others browse through a book. He is a great browser in other respects, too. He likes to dip into the Telephone Company's Yellow Pages, and ponder the odd trades and services offered. "That's contemporary culture, that book," he says. He has read possibly three novels in the past twenty years; problems of personality just don't interest him, nor does gossip. His favorite authors are John Stuart Mill and Macaulay. His liberalism is closer in many ways to that of a nineteenth-century philosopher like Mill than to that of the New Deal, for it contains a conservative element. Though he has fostered many measures extending the power of governments so

The Valentine Castle in 18kt gold has one diamond and many hearts of red enamel, $150.

The Valentine Turtle in 18kt gold with ruby eyes wears a diamond on his brown enamelled shell, $135.

Shown actual size.
Mail or phone orders invited.
Add sales tax where required.

Boutique Cartier

Fifth Avenue and Fifty Second Street,
New York, N.Y., Plaza 3-0111
Cartier, Inc., Palm Beach
Cartier, S. A. Paris/Cartier, Ltd., London

Bachrach

First Family of Photographers

Bradford Bachrach, photographer of women
Fabian Bachrach, photographer of men
48 East 50th Street, New York • PL 5-6233
Also The Mall at Short Hills, New Jersey

NEW YORK'S BELOVED
Algonquin

Superb pre-theatre dining . . . and just a stroll to your theatre.
After-theatre drinks and Supper Buffet with "the talk of the town"

HOTEL **Algonquin**
59 WEST 44th ST., NEW YORK • MU 7-4400

Indoor parking (no charge) for dinner guests and weekend visitors.

sleep in India.

So you see, India is more than just a feast for the eye. It is a place to stop, stretch your legs, and be comfortable in. In every major tourist area—from Kashmir to Kerala—there are first-rate, reasonably-priced hotels offering good food and friendly service.

If you have any other questions concerning travel in our country, the Government of India Tourist Office will be happy to answer them. There is an office in New York City, 19 E. 49th Street; Chicago, 201 North Michigan Avenue; San Francisco, 685 Market Street. Also in Canada.

India

Pontiacs also have a way of driving several years ahead of their time. Especially Pontiac Grand Prixs.

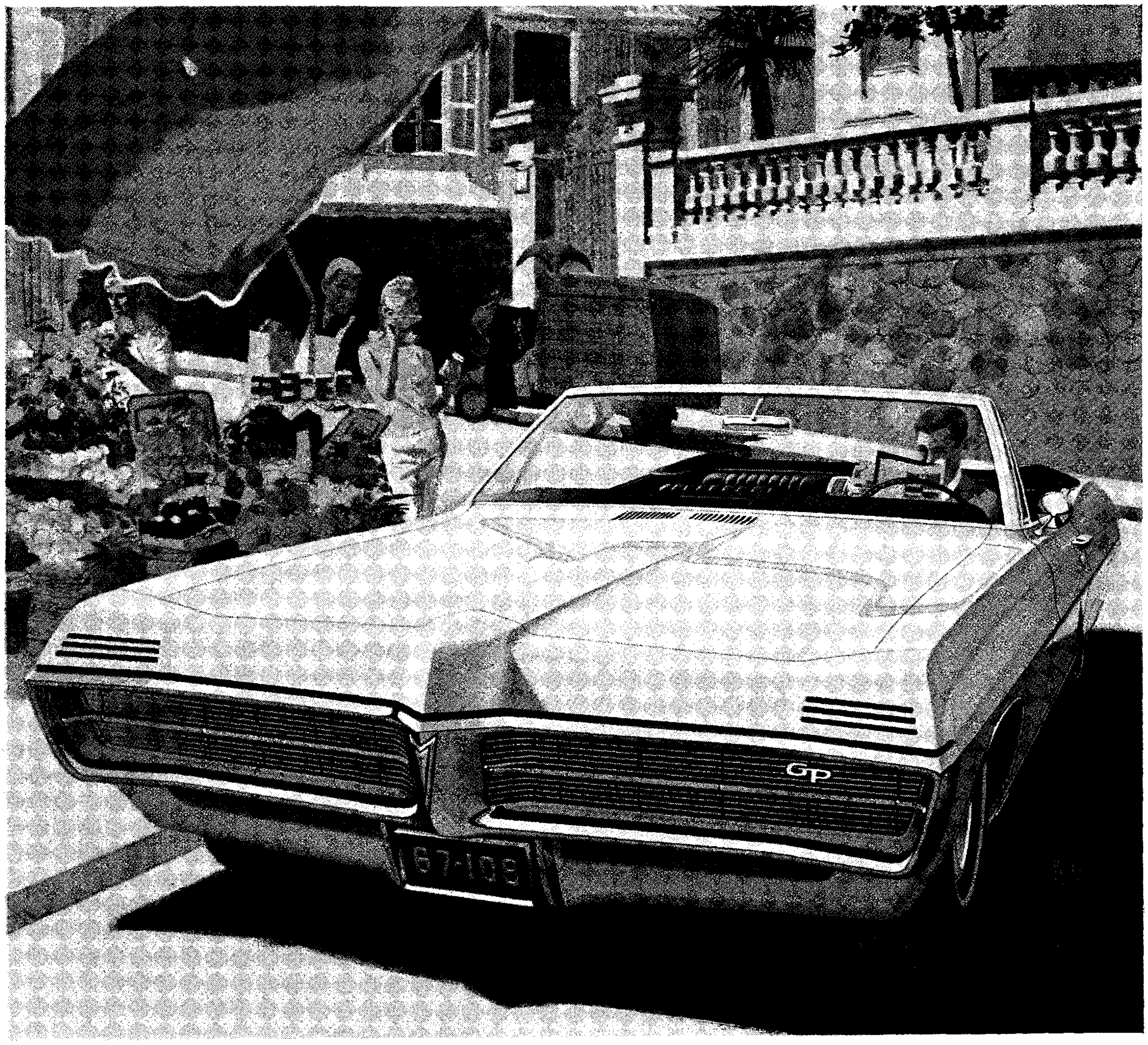
Want to know why? Pontiacs have the top engineers in the business.

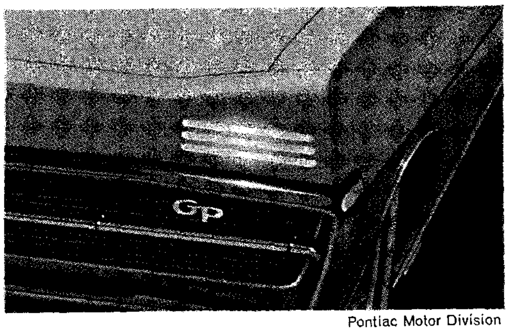
Besides advanced styling, hideaway headlights and disappearing windshield wipers (less subject to icing and freezing), this sleek Grand Prix boasts 350 hp and the extra security of Pontiac's exclusive Wide-Track.

You can even order up to 376 hp, special road-hugging suspension and a four-speed stick shift.

Kind of makes you want to attach yourself to a Pontiac, doesn't it? Especially a Pontiac Grand Prix.

Pontiacs have a way of looking several years ahead of their time. Especially Pontiac Grand Prixs.





Pontiac Motor Division

GM
MARK OF EXCELLENCE

Standard safety features include folding front seat back latches, safety door latches and hinges, and GM's new energy absorbing steering column.

Wide-Track Pontiac

that they may remedy social evils, he is not at ease about the continuing increase of such power. He fears that government will ultimately dominate the individual, and whenever he gets into a philosophical debate with Communists or Socialists, one of his arguments on behalf of private property is that it serves the individual as some sort of buffer against the state.

In the housing programs he devises, he feels he is doing considerably more than helping to provide shelter for those in need of it, important though this may be. In his view, the institutions he thus has a part in establishing may profoundly affect the entire character of a country. "I think of housing as a package of rights, human values, and government formulae that, in interaction, ultimately influence the relationship of the government to the individual," he has said. The right kind of housing and land program, he believes, can reinforce democracy, mutual trust and responsibility, and respect for law, and because of this belief he now feels more deeply about his U.N. missions than about the various United States housing problems he deals with. He points out that housing is a much more crucial matter in countries that are still in the formative stage. "The American economy and social character are pretty well set now, and our housing policies, though of intrinsic importance, are not going to have a radical effect on our very nature," he says. "But in the countries that are just beginning to industrialize and urbanize, and whose political institutions are still insecure, the wrong housing program at this stage could be ruinous."

Among Abrams' accomplishments in the course of his missions for the United Nations, probably his most unusual one was in Turkey, where he was sent in the fall of 1954 on a six-week assignment for the purpose of revising that country's antiquated building code. At that particular time, the U.N. Technical Assistance Administration, to which Abrams was attached, happened to be, for various obscure political reasons, very much out of favor with the Turks. For months, U.N. technical experts had found it all but impossible even to get an appointment to talk with Turkish officials about their projects. By the time Abrams arrived at the Technical Assistance Administration's headquarters in Ankara, the outfit was thoroughly stymied. All unconscious of this stalemate, Abrams came breezing into Ankara. To the skeptical eyes of the U.N. people stationed there, the first impression he made was, in the

The Case of Peter Dawson

Good to your taste
Good to your purse

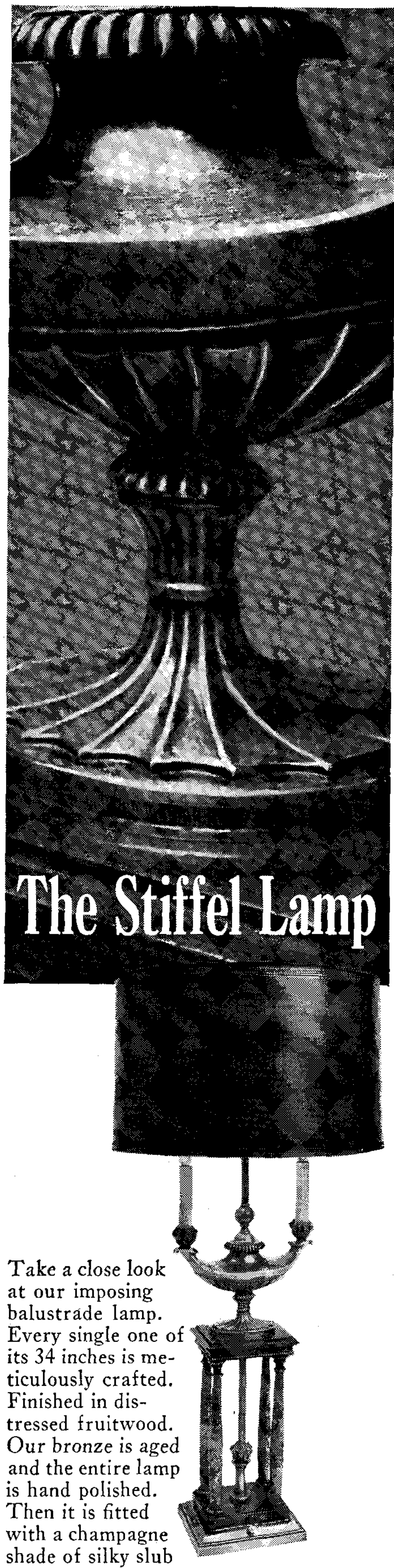
PETER DAWSON SCOTCH
Good to your taste
Good to your purse
WILE
3C 4491
PETER DAWSON SPECIAL Blended Scotch Whisky
Peter Dawson

PETER
DAWSON
SCOTCH

5.48
Fifth
86.8 Proof

Julius WILE NEW YORK
Let this seal be your guide to quality.

New York State price. May vary in other States depending on local taxes.



The Stiffel Lamp

Take a close look at our imposing balustrade lamp. Every single one of its 34 inches is meticulously crafted. Finished in distressed fruitwood. Our bronze is aged and the entire lamp is hand polished. Then it is fitted with a champagne shade of silky slub texture over vinyl or an opaque black parchment. These days, it's almost impossible to find such quality at any price. We give it to you for about $150. For a handsome illustrated folio of our lamps, send 25¢ to The Stiffel Company, Chicago 60610.

words of one of them, "one of misguided enthusiasm and intense misplaced activity." On Abrams' first day in Ankara, he discovered that the building code he was supposed to revise was available only in a Turkish text and that, within the mere six weeks allotted to him, he was not going to be able to find anyone in Turkey to put it into English for him. That was the way things were, his U.N. colleagues told him, and there was nothing to be done about it, so he might as well relax and enjoy himself. Being constitutionally unable to relax, even if he had been willing to, Abrams fired a copy of the building code off to Harvard for translation by a Turkish architectural student he had heard of who was enrolled there, and while waiting for it to come back he set off in a station wagon with a driver and an interpreter for a four-thousand-mile inspection tour of Turkish housing conditions. Somewhere along the way, there developed in Abrams' mind the notion that what Turkey needed was a brand-new technical university for the training of architects and city planners. Out of this, as Abrams conceived it, would arise an indigenous national style of architecture, in harmony with Turkey's lovely countryside and reflecting the spirit of its glorious past. By the time Abrams got back to Ankara, he had prepared a memorandum on what the university should do, how it should be established, what its budget ought to be, and how the funds could be obtained. To the astonishment of the other U.N. officials, Abrams, ignoring the elaborate protocol by which the Turks were known to set great store, went right to the office of the Acting Prime Minister, Fatin Zorlu, and managed to get in to see him. To their still greater astonishment, the Acting Prime Minister responded with enthusiasm to Abrams' proposal for a university. A few days later, the newspapers carried front-page reports of a press conference on the subject, featuring Abrams and the Minister of Education. The next week, the Cabinet approved the proposal, and the week after that the legislature voted in favor of it. By the time Abrams left Turkey, the project was firmly accepted in principle. It has since gone ahead at a rapid rate. Named the Middle East Technical University, it was officially opened in 1956, on a huge campus of eleven thousand acres about five miles from Ankara. It now has an enrollment of almost five thousand students and a faculty of five hundred and fifty. Its scope is broader than Abrams' original

QUEEN ANNE

from our unusual collection of seating pieces

Favored Queen Anne . . . a graceful and elegant . . . a beautiful settee, crafted in rich, warm, tawny mahogany with the texture and feeling of the distinguished original. Use it almost anywhere with ease. Overall length 52", height 42", overall depth 19". Shown in Scalamandré oyster damask.

$295

Mail orders shipped F.O.B. New York City. Add $18 crating charge beyond normal delivery area.

Lloyds has earned the reputation of being unique . . . one of the best value spots in town . . . the kind of a shop that makes browsing a pleasure. You'll understand why when you visit and see our vast and ever-changing stock of fine antique and reproduction furniture, decorative accessories and unusual estate pieces. Stop in soon . . . stay as long as you wish and enjoy yourself.

NEW 64 PAGE CATALOGUE $1.00
LLOYDS
116 EAST 60th ST., N. Y. 22, N. Y., PL 9-7313

London mixed grill, Dover sole, and Yorkshire pop-overs are all as near as a taxi ride to
Keen's
English Chop House.
72W.36,N.Y.—WI 7-3636
Now open Sundays, 4-11 P.M.

One of the 7 Wonderful Inns of the world!
Luxurious accommodations for 600
Year 'round resort activities
Write for Color Brochure & Weekend Plans
Cherry Hill Inn
Route 38 at Haddonfield Rd.
15 min. from downtown Phila.
N.J. Turnpike Exit 4 • Cherry Hill, N.J.
Reservations: (609) NO 2-7200

conception, for its major departments include engineering, the arts and sciences, and administrative sciences as well as architecture. Eventually, its student body is expected to total twelve thousand, and it appears well on its way toward becoming the most important institution for technical education in the entire Middle East.

It was a triumphant accomplishment—no doubt about that—but rather a curious one for Abrams to have inspired, since, despite his manifold talents and his varied knowledge, he had never been particularly strong on architecture or design, and probably would have been hard pressed at the time to say just *what* indigenous Turkish style he was hoping to foster, whether Byzantine or Seljuk or something else. A British economist attached to another U.N. mission in Turkey has written, "Abrams' enterprise in starting a school of architecture was in a way a huge joke. It was not what he had been asked to come to do; it was not at all certain that this was what was really needed. On the other hand, there were lots of things which were more obviously needed and which the United Nations had provided experts to help get started, but which for one reason or another were just not making progress. Still, it was quite a joy to all of us to see *something actually happening*."

Some weeks after Abrams left Turkey, the English translation of the building code arrived at the U.N. headquarters in Ankara, where nobody had the slightest idea what to do with it, and where, as far as is known, it remains, unrevised, to this day.

—BERNARD TAPER

(*This is the first of two articles on Mr. Abrams.*)

•

CINCINNATI (AP)—Right-handed pitcher Dave Grawe of Cincinnati has signed a contract for an undisclosed bonus with the Cincinnati Reds, the club said Friday. He was the Reds' No. 7 draft choice.

Others entered were Peter Piper, Gary G., Gunflint, Deck Hand, King's Jest, Flame Tree, Sense of Rhythm and Odd Dancer.—*Chicago Sun-Times.*

All good, but lacking Dave's real class.

•

DEPT. OF UNDERSTATEMENT

[*From the New London (Conn.) Day*]

Traffic problems on the Gold Star Memorial Bridge over the Thames River may be somewhat more complicated than usual tonight and tomorrow night, when the State Highway Dept. closes off one lane each night to repave the other.

"That's new since last time, David, look!"

Now, Hong Kong's Statue Square has a brand-new look.... It's a wide, tree-lined piazza, carpeted with thick green grass, and decorated with ornamental fountains, shimmering in the sun.

And yet, only a few steps away are the same magnificent views over land and sea that Hong Kong has long been famous for.

Two new skyscrapers tower over the waterfront. But the same cafes and restaurants are still there, the same winding, shop-filled streets, the same fabulous "free-port" bargains.

New plazas, new roads, new facades. Even new paint. But here, there, everywhere - you'll find the same exotic beauty, the same oriental splendour. Come back to Hong Kong soon. It never really changes-it just improves!

For detailed information about Hong Kong, see your travel agent or write for colour brochures to the Hong Kong Tourist Association, 291 Geary Street, Suite 402, San Francisco, California 94102.

1967 is International Tourist Year

THE ORIENT IS HONG KONG

©1966 Chanel, Inc., 1 West 57th St., N.Y., N.Y.

surround yourself with…

Refillable Spray Perfume and Cologne, each 6.00. Perfume in the Classic Bottle from 8.50. Eau de Cologne from 3.50.

CHANEL No 22

THE PERFUME OF ROMANCE

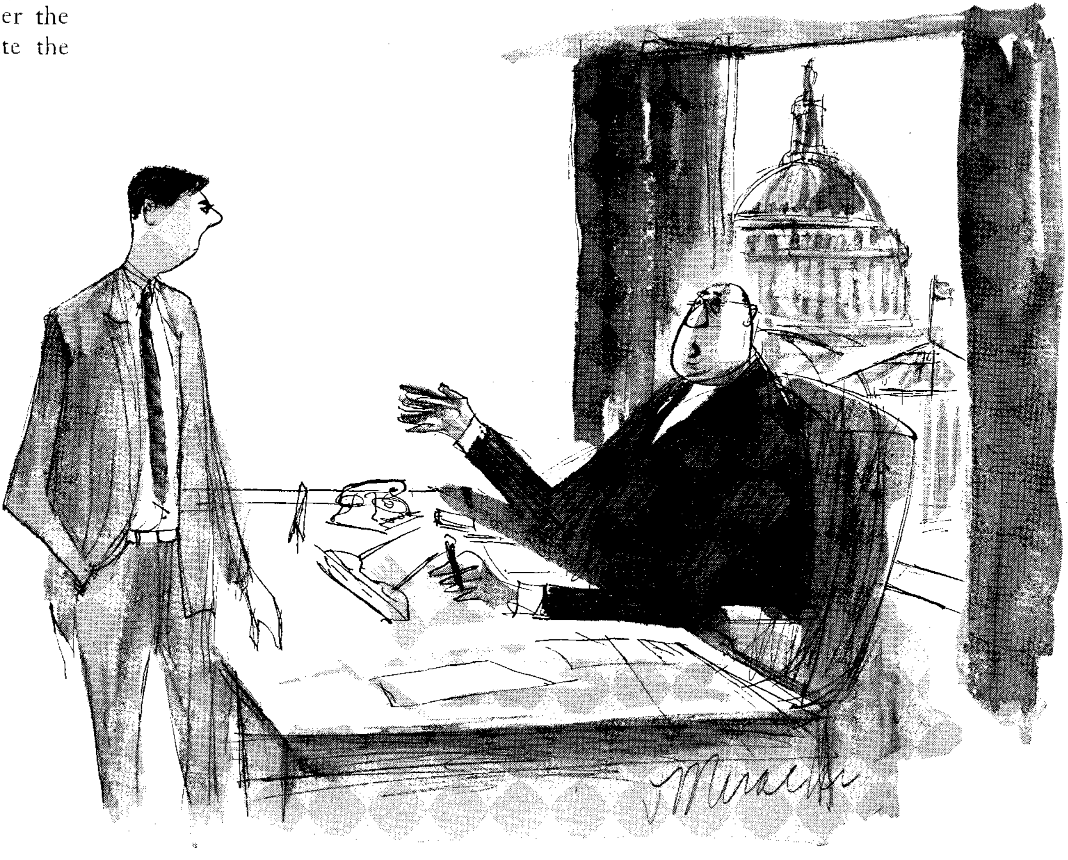
THE THEATRE

BRAVO POUR LE CLOWN!

YOUR feeling about "Come Live with Me," which opened and closed last week at the Billy Rose, would have depended to a large extent on your tolerance for really low comedy. My own, as perhaps I've made a trifle overclear in the past, is unlimited. It must be said, however, that the show had some dull patches, and when it was not funny it was nothing. An unpretentious, breakneck farce by Lee Minoff and Stanley Price, it was compounded of such traditional and invaluable elements as deception, misunderstanding, hasty improvisation, frustration, a sprinkling of ethnic types, running gags and sight gags, and the dawn of love. It starred Soupy Sales, a television star with a large following but just a name to me up to last Thursday night. He is an odd one, all right. At first exposure, he seemed an agreeable, somewhat dim fellow who could do funny things with considerable dexterity but was not awfully funny in himself. Eventually, however, I was rather won over by his mild, deadpan delivery and the way he crept out from under the rest of the company to dominate the proceedings. He was supported by a number of expert comedians, who included: (1) Yvonne Constant, a French girl with a stunningly forthright and truculent manner who played, in a brief trenchcoat over an even briefer miniskirt, an *au-pair* girl in London, and who was called upon to deliver, somewhere in Act II, a raging, boiling soliloquy in French straight out front; (2) Hanne Bork, a pretty Danish ingénue who played a girl similarly employed and not nearly as ingenuous as she appeared to be; (3) Michael Allinson, who played an affable, neighborly English antique dealer and who can give the words "I say!" a most nostalgic Woosterian ring; and (4 but the very opposite of least), Sorrell Booke, a stumpy fellow who played a bustling, self-important, volatile, and outrageously lecherous Hollywood producer named Milton Rademacher who was in London to pick up a script (and anything else that looked tempting) for his new picture. Mr. Sales played the writer of the script, but the question of characterization never really came up. What mattered with Mr. Sales was his stunts and nimble clowning (clowns are in short supply these days) and, to get on another plane for a minute, his generosity onstage to his fellow-players—a trait so uncommon among television stars that it has to be mentioned.

I WISH I could be really enlightening about Günter Grass's "The Wicked Cooks," at the Orpheum, but I found much of it very puzzling indeed. The disagreeable, enclosed world of German self-mockery and self-scourging is almost impenetrable to the Sassenach. The tone of the play is gleefully malevolent, the style is Expressionist (which I don't take to much anyway), and the scheme is metaphoric. We are awash in symbols—nothing seems to *be* anything; everything seems to signify something else—and it is often impossible to figure out what Herr Grass has in mind, except, of course, to expose the German character in its most frightful aspects: the cruelty and piety and sentimentality and furtive obsequiousness and all-round thuggery. The production has been directed to within an inch of its life. Nevertheless, there *is* life, or certainly liveliness, in the show, and there is some evidence of every kind of theatrical talent. "The Wicked Cooks" takes place on three levels—physically, that is; heaven knows how many levels there are philosophically. A platform supported by wooden poles runs along the three walls high above the stage, there is a small playing area right below the stage apron, and there is the stage itself, which is set, for the most part, with movable wooden boxes and crates that are rearranged to represent a restaurant kitchen, the bedroom of a dying woman, a laundry, the streets of a town, and a garden in the country. The actors spend so much time climbing up and down or tumbling or being pushed and tortured and generally mauled it is a wonder they have any whole bones left. Things get awfully noisy and distracting down at the Orpheum.

The cruelty and thuggery, in this instance, are represented by a gang of



"But, Johnny, if I give you a raise, the whole family will want a raise."

Pedestrians love New York's Drake Hotel. Almost everything is five minutes away.

But that's not the only reason. They love it for its charm, its grace, its very definite personality. They love its big, high ceilinged rooms, its spacious bathrooms with their king size towels and big cakes of soap; its telephone ladies who worry about their messages and its elevator men who wear white gloves and big smiles.

They love it because it's been newly refurbished, centrally air conditioned, and completely modernized without losing any of its fascination and élan.

If it's elegance, warmth and personal attention you're after, come to the Drake. You're certain to love it, too!

Meanwhile, if you'd like to know what's really five minutes away, send us your name and address and we'll mail you a personal pocket baedeker of everything that's within walking distance of the Drake, along with an indispensable guide that shows you how to locate every address in this whole wonderful town!

THE DRAKE
Park Avenue
at 56th Street
New York
(212) HA 1-0900

A Loew's Hotel · Preston Robert Tisch, President

shrewd, subhuman chefs, assisted by (or perhaps competing with) a gang of soldiers in red armbands. What the play is about is more than I can tell, but there is a thin thread of plot that has to do with their attempts by cajolery or bullying to get a recipe for "gray soup" from a man who is known as the Count but turns out to be a rich Jew using an alias. There is also a strain of mocking religiosity that runs throughout—kneeling and crucifixes and liturgical chanting—and that makes the show especially remote. But the plot is the least of it—the evening is more a matter of scenes that erupt all over the place. At the opening, we see the chief cook, alone on the stage, blowing into a large model of a tuba, from which slowly emerges another chef, and soon there are cooks everywhere, marching up and down in military formation and carrying a flag as they chant "The night is full of cooks." That is the way it goes, mostly. There is one love scene near the end, but it doesn't amount to much; Herr Grass does not have a very steady hand when dealing with private emotions. The acting seemed quite good to me, and not just for Off Broadway, either. I especially admired Martin Sheen as a young, nail-biting thug who is more knocked about than knocking; John Coe as the chief cook; and Sy Travers and Jara Kohout as two of his assistants.—EDITH OLIVER

•

Effective January 1, 1967, the State will pay the $3.00 monthly Federal Supplemental Medical Insurance Premium for all those who receive Social Security or Railroad Retirement benefits.

Therefore, beginning January 1, 1967, your public assistance grant will be $3.00 less. However, the Social Security or Railroad Retirement payment you receive this month will be $3.00 more *so your total income will remain the same.*

You may ignore this notice if you do not receive Social Security or Railroad Retirement benefits as the State is already paying your Federal Supplemental Medical Insurance Premium.—*Notice received by a man in California from the Contra Costa County Social Service, Martinez, Calif.*

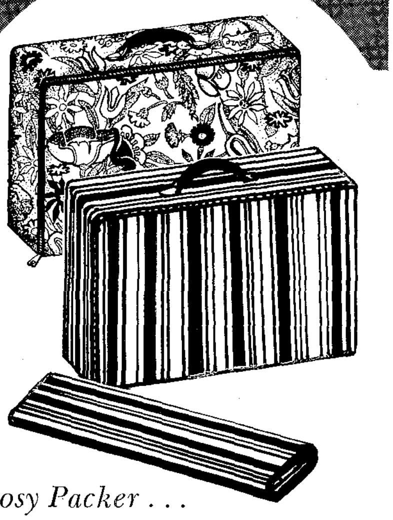
We're ignoring it anyway.

•

Football produces, he feels, an allegiance and a loyalty of alumni and students, it is a living banner around which people can rally. "It is alive," he said, "and good for the spirit and image of the college. It is very difficult to rally around something as dead as a fine library or a good English department."—*Alva Kelley, coach at Hobart, quoted in the Geneva (N.Y.) Times.*

Have you ever tried girl cheerleaders in miniskirts?

the village store



Posy Packer . . .

A gay way to sashay for a stay. Very light, madly bright, shiny slick vinyl 18" suitcase. Zips all around and can collapse completely. In a gay array of vivid florals or stripes. 8.00. Please mail orders to 217 Pierce St., Birmingham, Mich. Add 75¢ for handling. Catalog on request.

NEW YORK CITY, Lexington at 63rd St., PL 2-6895
Birmingham, Grosse Pointe, Saginaw, Ann Arbor, Mich.

JULES PODELL
PRESENTS

TONY BENNETT
GENE BAYLOS
COPACABANA
FULL COURSE DINNERS
SERVED 6:30 P.M.-9:30 P.M.
2 SHOWS NIGHTLY 8 & 12
3 SHOWS SATS. 8, 11 & 2
10 E. 60 · PL 8-0900

5 MINUTES TO
18 HOLE LONGBOAT
KEY GOLF COURSE

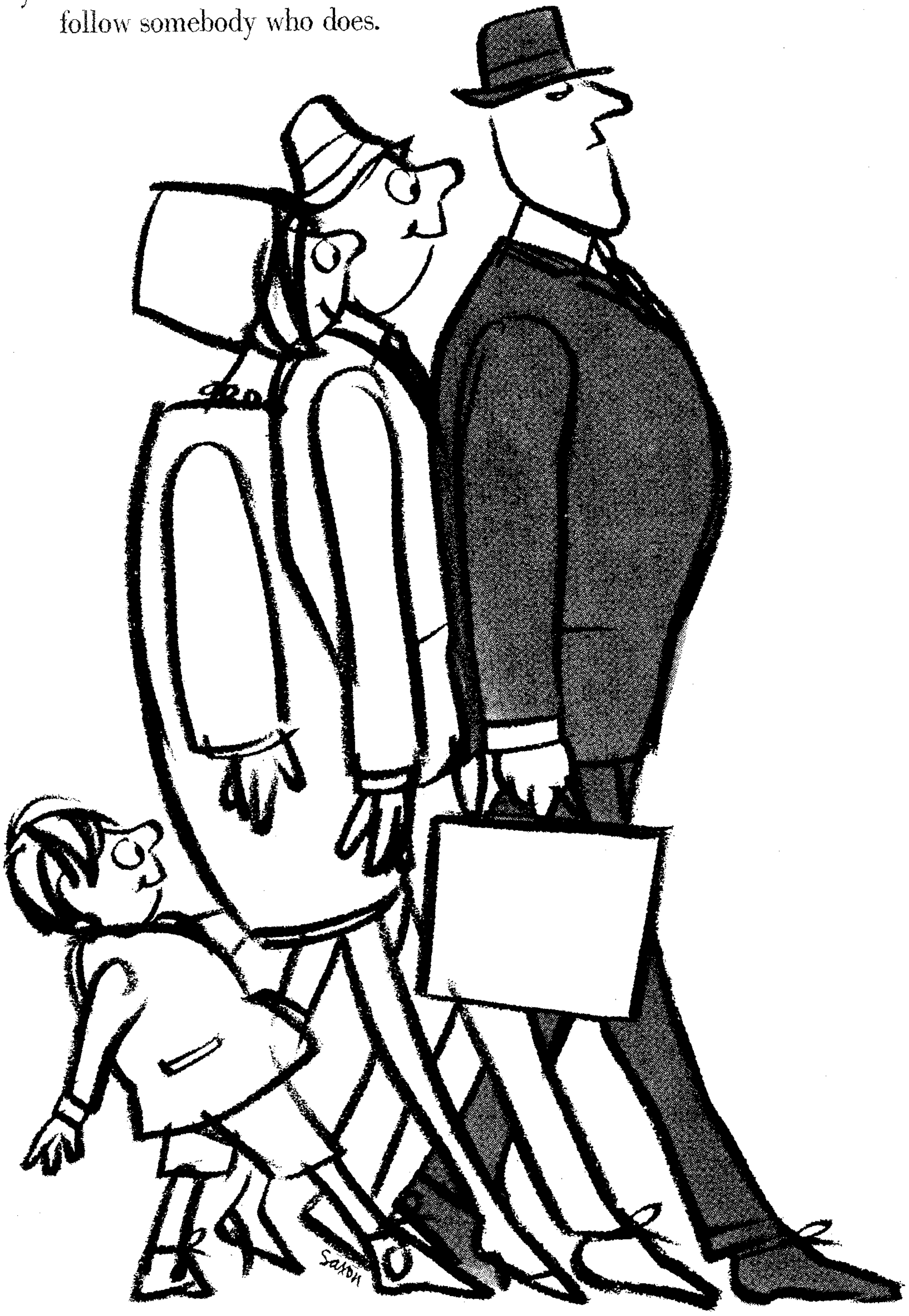
Club-like setting. Safe private beach or new swimming pool. Tennis. Superb food.

For rates, reservations and color folder, see your travel agent or N.Y. Reservation Office, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, Tel. LT 1-3462

Lido Biltmore
CLUB HOTEL
FLOYD ALFORD, JR., PRES. & GEN. MGR.
LIDO BEACH · SARASOTA · FLORIDA

ASTROJET IS A SERVICE MARK OF AMERICAN AIRLINES, INC.

If you don't know much about airlines
follow somebody who does.



You might be surprised at the difference it makes in your trip.

The man who travels a lot has had on-the-job training in how to take an airplane.

You won't find him standing in line to check in. Or dealing with an airline that loses its head if he loses his tickets.

And certainly not the airline that loses his reservations.

He wants no part of airlines that assume 100 people want the same thing to eat. Or pilots who keep your whereabouts a secret. Or stewardesses who aren't interested in your whereabouts at all.

And he can't see why it should take his suitcase 40 minutes longer to get off the plane than it takes him.

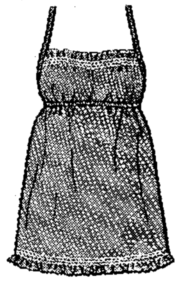
He isn't exactly an understanding customer, but he buys up to 50 tickets a year and you don't sneeze at business like this.

In fact, we built American with this kind of traveller in mind. So when you're in one of our Astrojet seats, we give you the full treatment. You're either a professional traveller yourself or you happened to know the right Travel Agent.

American built an airline for professional travellers.

(And you'll love it.)

American Airlines


PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST

swim

LADYBUG® does not go in for frills and furbelows. LADYBUG creates classics, simple and striking. But on the other hand, a bit of humor never hurt anyone. A barely preceptible tongue-in-cheek touch . . . something too innocent, too angel-child to be true. 5 to 13.

About $23.

Ladybug®

1407 Broadway, New York 10018

© 1967, LADYBUG

dress

The swim dress, in dotted polyester and cotton. A smocked ruffle edges the bra-top and runs around the hem and up the back of the tie-back apron skirt. The bikini pants are attached. Baby Blue, Candy Pink, Buttercup, White. 5 to 13. At nicer stores.

About $23.

Ladybug®

1407 Broadway, New York 10018

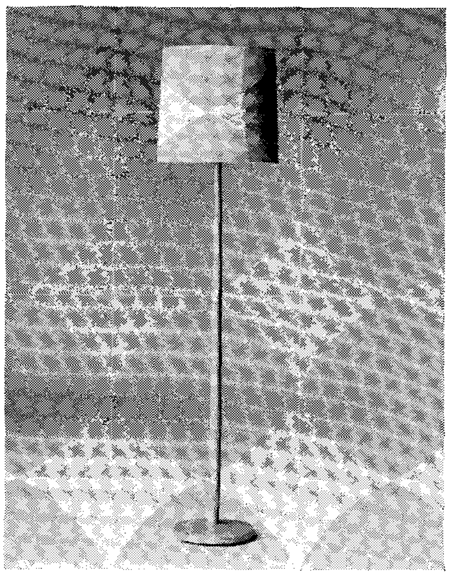
THE RACE TRACK

Buckpasser Passes the Buck

IT was inevitable that the little green troll who snags our better *horses with a crooked stick* should catch up with Buckpasser. Thus he didn't run for the Charles H. Strub Stakes at Santa Anita last Saturday. Actually, what stopped him was the reappearance of the quarter crack in his right forefoot that kept him out of the Kentucky Derby, the Preakness, and the Belmont Stakes last spring—races he undoubtedly would have won. This ailment, as you'd guess from its name, is a fissure in the wall of the hoof, and it may cause lameness, which, of course, is about the worst thing that can happen to a racer. There are a number of treatments for it, but the best one is to allow plenty of time for the hoof to grow together again. Apparently, this crack wasn't anything to worry about, for Buckpasser wasn't stopped in his work; in fact, Ogden Phipps, his owner, and Eddie Neloy, his trainer, fully intended to start him in the Strub until a slight infection showed up on the morning of the race. I expect that he's at Hialeah by this time, but I hardly think he'll go in the Widener Handicap on the eighteenth. Although he didn't hit the $84,800 jackpot in the Strub at Santa Anita, he picked up $52,800 in other races there, which at least paid for his trip.

With Buckpasser scratched, the Strub was a merry scramble for the dozen runners in it, from all accounts. The winner was Drin, who was second to Buckpasser in the Malibu Stakes and won the Del Mar Derby last August; Quicken Tree was second and Kings Favor third. I was mildly interested in the race run by Fleet Discovery, unbeaten in his three starts at the meeting, even though he runs with a pin in one of his knees, because of an injury he suffered at Santa Anita last year. He set a fast pace for half the mile and a quarter, tired, and finished last. There were two other Fleet horses in the race—Fleet Host and Fleet Shoe. Californians must like the name.

A CURIOUS thing about the Palm Beach Handicap at Hialeah: When it was at seven furlongs on the main track, it never had large fields, but when it was transferred to the turf


Tall, light and handsome.

Our new arrival from Sweden. A floor lamp of natural oak, done (for a change) as oak deserves to be done. With pure and simple line. It stands 56" tall on a 9" base. Has an off-white linen shade, 14" in diameter. With 3-way lighting, up to 250 watts. Altogether, a lamp that makes you feel you've arrived. Yet it's a mere $35

SEND 25c FOR 64 PG. 1967 CATALOG
Mail orders and browsers are invited

GEORGE KOVACS
Dept. N-70, 831 Madison Ave. — 69th St.,
N. Y. 10021, UN 1-8955. Open Thurs. till 8

Furniture for Gracious Living

Permanent displays may be seen through your dealer or decorator at Decorator's Mart, 425 E. 53rd St., N.Y.C. Also at leading stores everywhere. For brochure, send 50¢ Dept. N.

UNION-NATIONAL INC. JAMESTOWN, N.Y.

CHANDLER'S
49E49STNYC

NEW YORK'S PRIME STEAK HOUSE . . . SUPERLATIVE STEAKS, CHOPS, ROAST BEEF, LUSCIOUS LIVE TROUT AND LOBSTER . . . ALL SERVED SEVEN DAYS A WEEK AT THE CONVENTIONAL HOURS AND AFTER-THEATRE, TOO. FOR RESERVATIONS, PHONE PL 1-1960.

course last season, and increased to a mile and a sixteenth, it had so many entries that it had to be run in two sections. The same thing happened last weekend. And while we're on the subject of repeaters, Point du Jour, winner of one of the divisions a year ago, did it again on Saturday, and both times was ridden by Turcotte. Point du Jour ran over the leaders on the turn for home, passing the post almost four lengths ahead of Tatao, Toulore, and the eight others. Third Martini had a much harder time in the second division. He was all out to beat Northern Deamon by a neck; Exhibitionist was third. For one reason or another that would be tiresome to go into here, the attendance and, especially, the betting have fallen off at Hialeah. The management is looking for a device to jazz things up.

THIS time last year, a lot of racetrackers were driving around Miami with signs on the bumpers of their cars reading "I like Graustark." Indeed, some enthusiasts declared that he was the best colt they had seen since Man o' War, but we'll never know how close this extraordinary estimate was, for the pride of Darby Dan Farm broke down in the Bluegrass Stakes and was retired. Well, the most talked-about three-year-old at Hialeah these days is Cup Race, a half brother to Graustark. On the second day of the meeting, this long-striding chestnut by Sailor out of Flower Bowl won his first start under colors by seven lengths, galloping. A week later, he won again, this time in better company and by not so wide a margin; nevertheless, observers were quite as much impressed by his performance. His progress toward the Flamingo Stakes next month will be followed with interest.

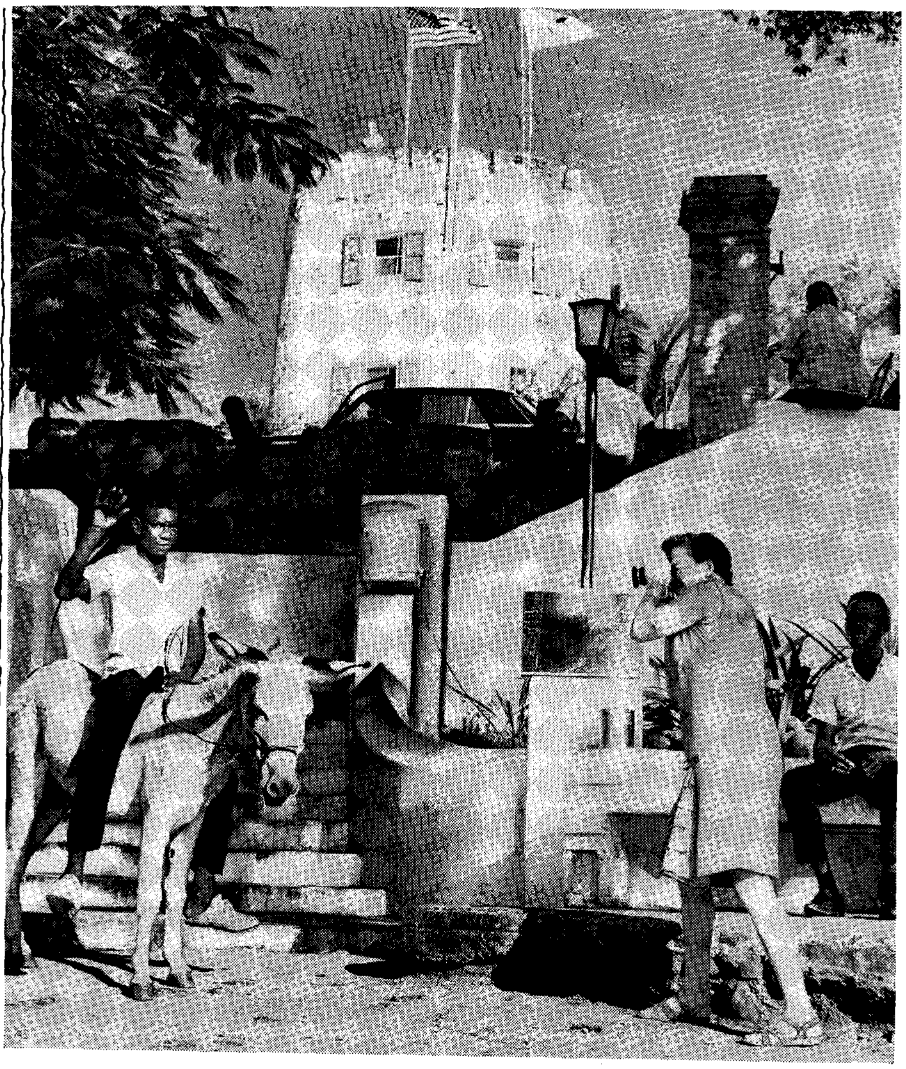
THE Bowie meeting and a three-year-old filly named Recall continue to roll along merrily. The latter won her third start in a row at the Maryland track last Saturday. . . . And the snowbirds, as they call themselves, were out in force for the opening of the New England season at Lincoln Downs, one of the few tracks that cherish an Inaugural Handicap.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

President Johnson arrived late about an hour and 20 minutes after the festivities began, chatted with guests for almost an hour and danced with Lynda Johnson, his wife, and Harriman.—*Buffalo Courier-Express.*

Democrats get so cozy!



The Bremen and the Europa call at the Virgin Islands on every cruise

Bargain-hunting and the double, $200.00 duty-free allowance at these ports give you more fun and bigger savings on NGL cruises which cover 18 other exciting ports.

Not interested in bargains? Well, there are many more reasons why you should cruise the West Indies and South America aboard an NGL floating resort. The ships themselves are the best reason. Their size and speed are just right. They are completely and scientifically air-conditioned. Their deck space, public rooms and cabins are designed for perfect indoor-outdoor living. The number of passengers is limited to permit a single leisurely sitting at meals. No rushing through cocktails to make the gong, no racing through meals to make room for the next shift. The gourmet food prepared by famed NGL chefs is unsurpassed afloat or ashore. Service is in the grand manner. Both the Bremen and the Europa have two swimming pools and several orchestras. Both feature gay, imaginative entertainment and carry experienced, sophisticated cruise staffs.

Your travel agent will be delighted to give you further details on NGL's Caribbean Cruises. He knows the Bremen and the Europa and has probably travelled on both.

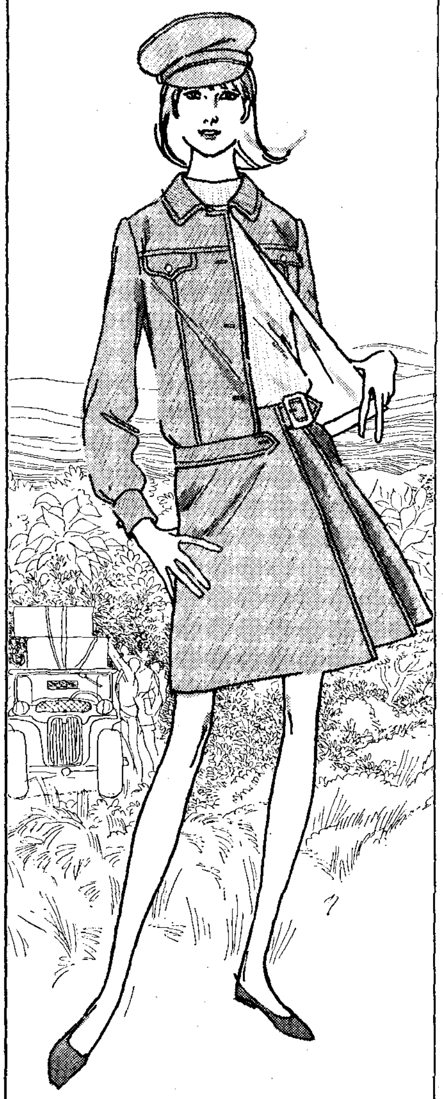
PORTS OF CALL: Nassau, Bermuda, San Juan, St. Croix, St. Thomas, St. Maarten, St. Lucia, St. Vincent, Martinique, Guadeloupe, Antigua, Barbados, Grenada, Trinidad, Kingston, Montego Bay, Haiti, Curacao, Cristobal, Venezuela.

Sailing from New York
Feb. 7, 22, 27; Mar. 10, 14, 29; Apr. 13; Oct. 24; Nov. 8, 21; Dec. 2, 18.
10 to 15 Days—3 to 8 Ports—From $295.00
Ask for illustrated brochure—Book through your Travel Agent

NORTH GERMAN LLOYD
666 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10019
CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES • TORONTO

NGL ships are of West Germany registry and since 1857 have carried thirteen million passengers across the seven seas.

JUNIOR HOUSE®
does the freshest things



Like suggesting you stalk some very big game in a smashing, dashing Safari Suit (The *real* wildlife isn't in Africa, pussycat.) The trophies bagged here are from our Safari Collection, in Butterscotch colored, 100% cotton. Shirt jacket, $22. Kilt skirt, $10. Sizes 5-15. Sleeveless shell, S. M. L., $7. Head gear, $7.

PLYMOUTH SHOPS, New York
THE DENVER, Denver
FILENE'S, Boston
JULIUS GARFINCKEL, Washington, D.C.
GIMBELS, Milwaukee
HALLE BROS., Cleveland
HAROLD'S, Minneapolis
or for the fine stores and their branches
or college shop in your city, write to
JUNIOR HOUSE, INC.
1407 Broadway, New York, 10018.

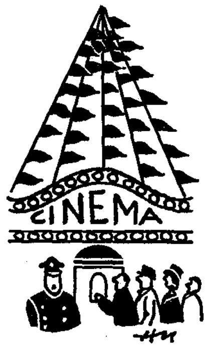
PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER WEST OF THE ROCKIES

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Chasing the Villains

WE are lucky to have on hand this week a couple of good, solid thrillers, intended in a welcomely old-fashioned way to be taken at their face value. One is "The Deadly Affair" and the other is "The Night of the Generals," and they are both accounts of manhunts in which an unidentified murderous villain must be tracked down, exposed, and made to suffer a dreadful fate—the skeleton of a plot as old and as satisfactory as storytelling itself. (One thinks of our famous family homicide, and of some ancient spinner of tales working up the earliest version of the obligatory scene in which, years after the crime, the guilty party is approached and greeted with "Howdy, stranger, what's your name?," to which he answers, "They call me . . . Cain.") "The Deadly Affair" is taken from a novel by John le Carré entitled "Call for the Dead," and its hero is the George Smiley who played a small but crucial role in "The Spy Who Came In from the Cold." In the screenplay, written with intelligence and considerable wit by Paul Dehn, Smiley is known as Charles Dobbs, and it is upon his tired, rounded shoulders that the burden of pursuit, discovery, and punishment lies. In respect to the story, I had better let no bigger cats out of the bag than that the setting is dear, rainy England and that the troubles with which it concerns itself include spying, counterspying, and the plausible, compulsive adulteries of an exceptionally pretty housewife.

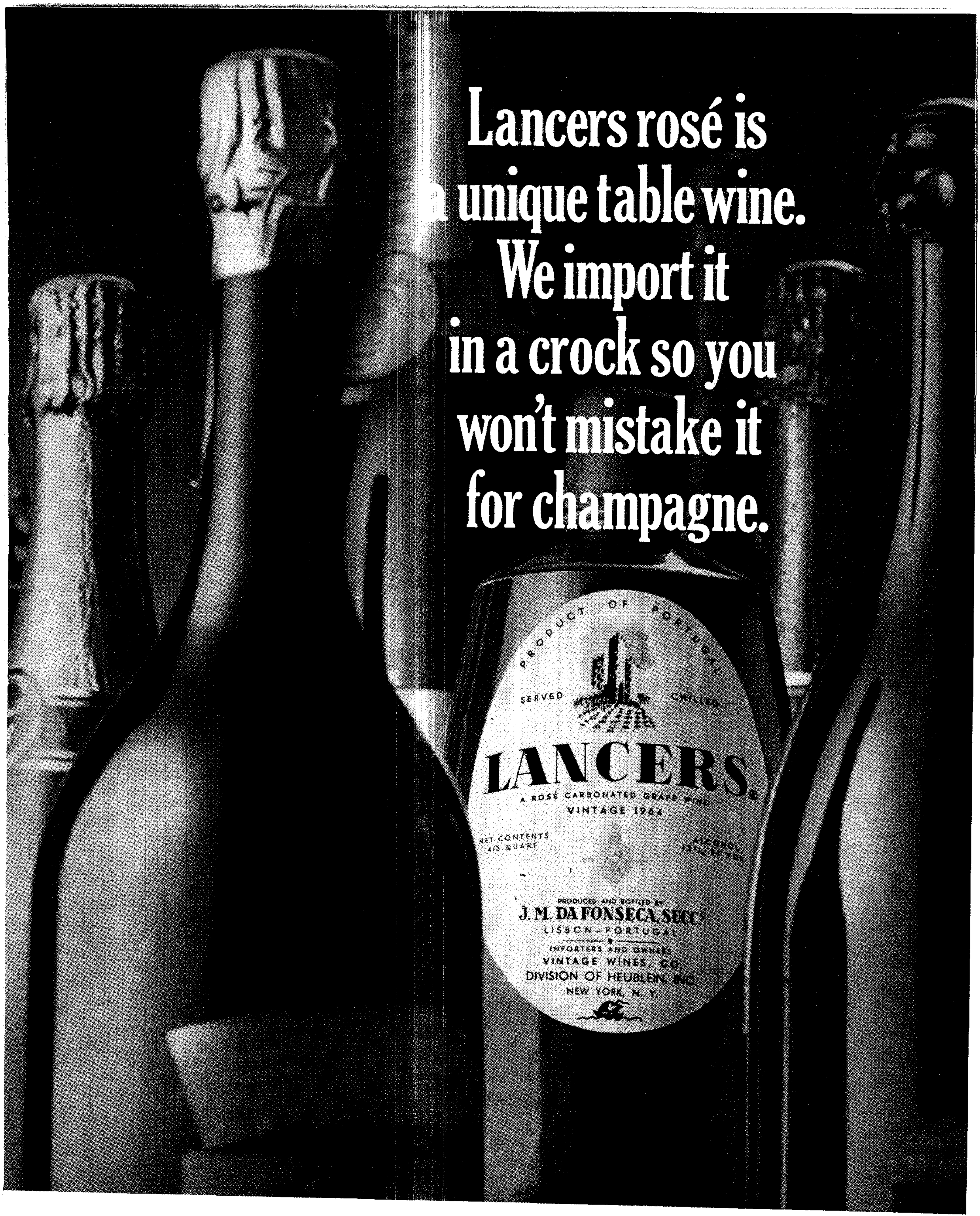
Sidney Lumet has served not only as the director of "The Deadly Affair" but as its producer as well, and in the latter role he has taken a parent's pride in giving the picture the best of everything, which is to say Fred Young as its director of photography, John Howell as its art director, and a cast of which every single member is first-rate. If I list them all, it is as much for the pleasure it gives me to recall them as because they deserve it: James Mason (playing poor Dobbs), Simone Signoret, Maximilian Schell, Harriet Andersson, Harry Andrews, Kenneth Haigh, Lynn Redgrave, Roy Kinnear, Max Adrian, Robert Flemyng, Corin Redgrave, and the Royal Shakespeare Company performing a scene from Marlowe's "Edward II" with David Warner and Michael Bryant. Mr. Lumet's direction is worthy of his cast—brisk and unselfconscious, with an occasional inoffensive sentimental flourish.



"THE NIGHT OF THE GENERALS" was produced by Sam Spiegel and directed by Anatole Litvak, so it isn't surprising that it shines with the lustre of something not merely costly but intended to be fine. Like Mr. Lumet, Mr. Spiegel and Mr. Litvak have as much respect for the thriller as for any other genre and have therefore chosen impeccable associates: the authors of the screenplay, which is taken from the popular novel by Hans Helmut Kirst, are Joseph Kessel and Paul Dehn (busy Mr. Dehn); the director of photography is the eminent Henri Decae; the composer of the score is Maurice Jarre, who must sometimes wake up in the morning wondering which of half a dozen movies is to engage his attention that day; and the cast includes Peter O'Toole, Omar Sharif, Tom Courtenay, Donald Pleasence, Joanna Pettet, and Philippe Noiret.

Because it is a tale of detection, I must tiptoe carefully around the borders of the intricate plot of "The Night of the Generals," saying only that it begins at the time of the Second World War and has to do with a Nazi general who, in his spare time, is a homicidal rapist. Over a period of years, he commits three horrible murders and in each case manages to escape arrest. Two virtuous men—one of them a major in the Wehrmacht, the other a member of the Paris Sûreté—are determined to uncover his identity and bring him to justice, and I can go as far as to hint that they *almost* succeed in doing both. Movies are better than ever, as the old advertising slogan has it, and they are also more international than ever; much of "The Night of the Generals," an American picture, was shot on location in Paris and Warsaw, where Polish camera crews pitched in alongside their American, English, and French colleagues. Mr. Litvak, who is said to be able to speak five languages, should be in great demand these days.

"ERIC SOYA'S '17' " is an irritating little Danish picture, execrably acted. The time is fifty-odd years ago,


Lancers rosé is
a unique table wine.
We import it
in a crock so you
won't mistake it
for champagne.
PRODUCT OF PORTUGAL
SERVED CHILLED
LANCERS®
A ROSÉ CARBONATED GRAPE WINE
VINTAGE 1964
NET CONTENTS 4/5 QUART
ALCOHOL
PRODUCED AND BOTTLED BY
J. M. DA FONSECA, SUCC.ᴿ
LISBON - PORTUGAL
IMPORTERS AND OWNERS
VINTAGE WINES, CO.
DIVISION OF HEUBLEIN, INC.
NEW YORK, N. Y.

Some people think Lancers® tastes a bit like champagne. Some have even called it champagne. It isn't. You can tell by the distinctive crock. And the blushing color. Serve it chilled. With anything. Any time. You'll never mistake it for anything else.

VINTAGE WINES CO., DIVISION OF HEUBLEIN, INC., N.Y., N.Y.

Would YOU like to try our
Old-Fashioned
VERMONT
Smoked Ham & Bacon?

Our business was started 93 years ago by a man with a great gift for smoking meats. We still use his original formula, not ever having found a way to improve it.

We cure for weeks in Maple Sugar Pickle. Then Harrington's Hams and Bacon smoke leisurely over *corn cobs* and *maple wood.* We don't use hickory. Never have. Our way tastes so much better!

EACH YEAR THOUSANDS VISIT OUR STORES AT RICHMOND AND STOWE. We do hope you will come see us. We'll be delighted to show you how we cure and smoke.

In the meantime, *if you'll let us,* we'd like to send you two things. Our FREE CATALOG which tells you all about our wonderful old-fashioned Smoked Hams, Bacon, Pheasant, Sausage, Maple Syrup & Candy, Cheeses and many other delicious treasures. It's *almost* as good as a visit.

Secondly, if you'll let us, we'd like to send you ON APPROVAL our Harrington's SAMPLES BOX. Here's what's in it. A real Vermont Cob-Smoked Ham, weighing at least 6 lbs.; one lb. of our delicious Cob-Smoked Bacon. *We can't wait for you to try them!*

WE DON'T WANT YOU TO PAY UNTIL *AFTER* YOU TRY. We have to charge $10.95 plus postage (a special one-to-a-customer introductory price) for this SAMPLES BOX, but you don't have to send any money now. We aren't a bit worried about your paying or coming back for more. We ship by return mail. So please mail us the coupon below.

HARRINGTON'S
CUSTOM CURED FOODS
Since 1873

With Shops in Richmond & Stowe,
VERMONT

HARRINGTON'S
5002-7 MAIN STREET
RICHMOND, VERMONT, 05477

Please send
☐ The Harrington Samples Box of Ham and Bacon as described above. If it's all you say it is, we'll send the $10.95 plus $1.00 postage, and probably order more of your products. *(If you prefer to enclose $10.95 now, we'll pay postage,* your complete satisfaction guaranteed, of course.)
☐ Please send your FREE CATALOG which is almost as good as a visit!

Your Name ______________________
Address ______________________
____

☐ Send information about your Sales Incentive or Business Gift Plan.

the setting is the Danish seashore, and the story concerns a virginal young man whose perturbation over girls leaves him literally popeyed, tongue-tied, and on the brink of a total mental and physical collapse. The picture appears to have been bought for distribution here on the assumption that its sexual candor would guarantee it an audience as large as that won by "Dear John." I hope this assumption proves false. —BRENDAN GILL

•

SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Lynchburg* (*Va.*) *News*]

BALTIMORE, Md. (AP)—Two members of the Ku Klux Klan who met at a rally in Maryland less than a year ago were married Saturday in a Klan ceremony in an abandoned bowling alley.

Claud Whelchel, 42, a self-employed window glazer and Maxine Fawcett, both of Philadelphia, repeated their vows before a metal, lighted cross.

The Rev. Charles Bradford, of God's Gospel Lighthouse here, conducted the ceremony in the second-floor hall. It was decorated with American and Confederate flags and blue and white paper bunting.

The bride wore a white robe and hood. A red tassel topped the hood and there were red stripes near the end of the sleeves and the bottom of the robe.

The groom wore a black, hooded robe, which he said symbolized the night riders of the old Klan.

The faces of the hoods were open.

Great Titan Vernon Naimaster of Maryland, who rented the former bowling alley in south Baltimore and set up the ceremony, was best man. A robed woman who Naimaster said didn't want to be identified was matron of honor.

Asked why he wanted a Klan ceremony, Whelchel replied: "It's more sacred than an ordinary wedding would be. We (the Klan) don't believe in divorces—once married always married."

"It's considered final," said Fawcett.

Participating in the ceremony were more than 10 robed men and women and six uniformed Klan security guards.

The wedding was held here because there isn't a klavern in Philadelphia, said Whelchel.

•

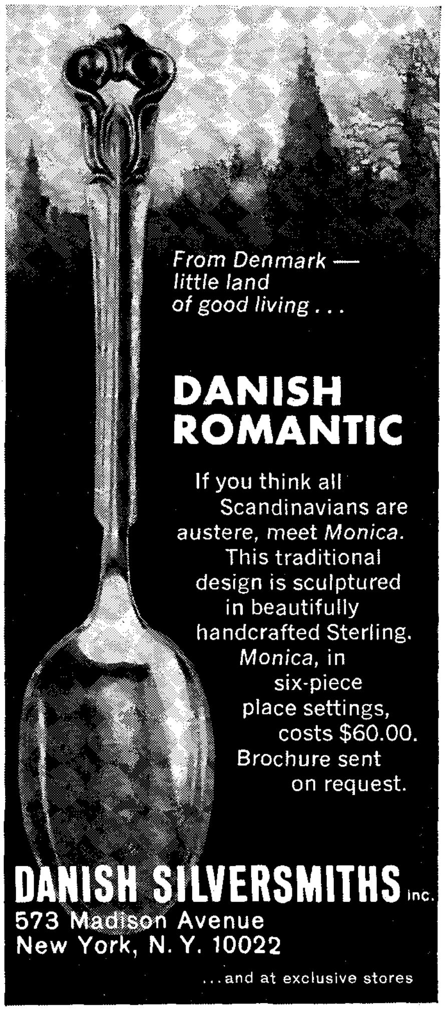
The Fonetic English group (in which the only name mentioned is that of Traugott Rohner) gives an example of the folk poem:

"Mary had a little lamb, Its fleece was white as snow, And everywhere that Mary went, Her lamb was sure to go."

The Fonetic English people want this to spell: "Mary had a litul lamb, Its fles wuz whit as sno, And everwher that Mary went, Hir lam wuz shoor rons, because our machines are tu go."

—*Colorado Springs Gazette Telegraph.*

We liked it better the other way.


From Denmark — little land of good living . . .

DANISH ROMANTIC

If you think all Scandinavians are austere, meet *Monica.* This traditional design is sculptured in beautifully handcrafted Sterling. *Monica,* in six-piece place settings, costs $60.00. Brochure sent on request.

DANISH SILVERSMITHS INC.
573 Madison Avenue
New York, N. Y. 10022
. . . and at exclusive stores

Classic French Cuisine
for luncheon and dinner

Chateaubriand

131 East 54th St.
Call . . . 755-5260

Bean's Free Spring Catalog

Ready February 15
Fully illustrated 100 pages of camping specialties, fishing tackle, clothing and footwear for men and women. Featuring practical outdoor items, many of our own manufacture.

L. L. Bean, Inc.
251 Main St., Freeport, Maine 04032
Fishing, Camping and Hunting Specialties

What would John Jacob Astor say to Ernest Henderson?

The good colonel built The St. Regis Hotel, with great pride and affection. Were he around today to see the care being lavished on it by Sheraton, he would probably sit down with the Sheraton Corporation's Chairman of the Board over a glass of 1947 El Abuelo and, with eminent satisfaction, propose a toast. A toast to the finer things in life, of which the hotel is one of the last spirited symbols. The colonel would endorse the total renewal of elegance that Sheraton has showered on the hotel. He might be a little surprised at the resourcefulness of today's concierge. He would certainly nod approval at the maintenance of punctilious service and general propriety. The hotel's renowned restaurants look somewhat different today, but they still live up to the colonel's standards of *grande cuisine* and light-hearted sophistication. You owe it to yourself to see what John Jacob Astor and Ernest Henderson have wrought.

The Roof . Maisonette . La Boite . King Cole Bar . Oak Room

St-Regis-Sheraton

Fifth Avenue at Fifty-fifth Street, New York 10022 · (212) PLaza 3-4500

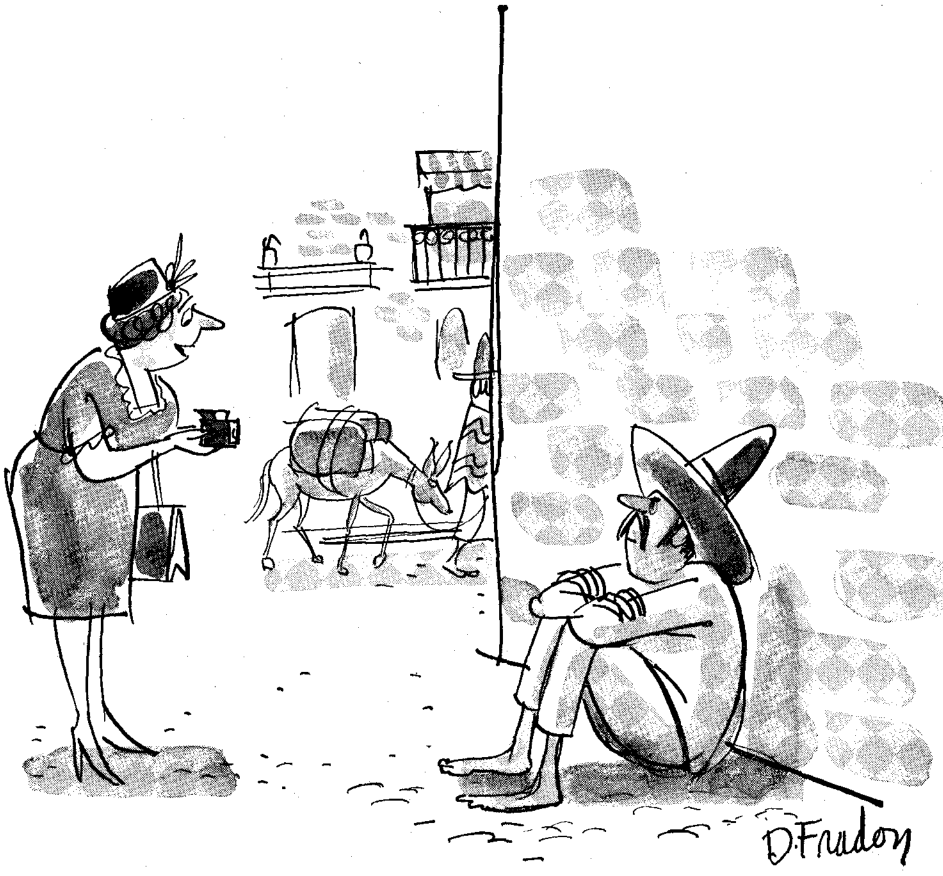
HOTEL RESERVATIONS DIRECT, OR THROUGH 135 SHERATON HOTELS AND MOTOR INNS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD, OR YOUR FAVORITE TRAVEL AGENT.

THE SPORTING SCENE

SUPER SUNDAY

THIS past autumn, when the once lordly New York Giants were tottering from defeat to defeat, some friends of mine who follow the team reached the conclusion that the combined efforts of its coach and its general manager over the last three years added up to "the worst rebuilding job since Carthage." As their dressy reference may indicate, the members of this group pride themselves on being modern Renaissance men, pursuing a wide range of interests with a worldliness that permits them to be detached and amused at moments when ordinary people are swept up in emotion. Beneath it all, however, they are no different from the rest of us. Whenever I bumped into any of them, singly or collectively, in the days preceding the Super Bowl game in mid-January, their old sang-froid was missing; all they could talk about, as endlessly as you and I, was that long-awaited clash—the first ever—between the champions of the National Football League and the champions of the American Football League. Well, the Super Bowl is behind us now. The decisive 35–10 victory of the Green Bay Packers, of the N.F.L., has consolidated the prestige of their league, and, all things considered, "the game of the century" came reasonably close to fulfilling the grandiose expectations it had raised—at least during the first half. It drew some sixty thousand fans to the Memorial Coliseum in Los Angeles and was watched on television by an estimated sixty-five million—an all-time record audience for a sports event. (It was carried by both the Columbia Broadcasting System and the National Broadcasting Company, each of which paid a million dollars for the privilege and started making it right back by selling the time for the game-interrupting commercials at seventy thousand dollars and up per minute.) In retrospect, I suppose it was a fortunate thing that the game turned out to be a relatively good one, for while I wouldn't go as far as to say that the advance promotion amounted to the greatest build-up since the Spanish Armada—since "Gone with the Wind," yes.

In a way, the drumbeating for the Super Bowl may be said to have begun as long ago as 1960, since it was in that year that the A.F.L. came into existence as a rival league to the N.F.L., which was founded back in 1921, when professional football connoted grassless gridirons on the wrong side of town. By 1933, the N.F.L. had attained sufficient stature to ordain an annual playoff for its championship between the winners of its Eastern and Western divisions. That was the big game. Immediately after the Second World War, the N.F.L.'s position as the only nationwide professional football league was challenged by the All America Football Conference, which was made up of eight teams. A costly struggle for both players and customers resulted. It was resolved in 1949, when the new league was disbanded and three of its teams—the Cleveland Browns, the San Francisco 49ers, and the Baltimore Colts—were subsequently taken into the N.F.L. Peace then reigned until the formation of the A.F.L. seven years ago. In one respect, the new challenger faced an easier situation than the All America Conference had: in 1960 there was simply a greater demand for pro football than there had been in 1946. Watching a televised pro game on Sunday afternoon had become a coast-to-coast habit. In another respect, however, the A.F.L. faced a much tougher task than the old Conference had: the burgeoning enthusiasm for pro football was just about one and the same thing as enthusiasm for the product the N.F.L. had developed. In the championship playoff game at the end of the 1958 season, that memorable sudden-death battle between the Colts and the Giants, the N.F.L. had achieved a new plateau of importance: pro football, it was recognized, had not only caught up with baseball as the national pastime but, in fact, had probably surpassed it. Moreover, by 1960 the one wobbly franchise in the N.F.L.—Green Bay—had been shored up firmly. At the close of the 1958 season, following a decade of mediocre teams and financial stresses, Green Bay had hired Vince Lombardi as head coach and general manager, and almost overnight Lombardi, who had made his mark as the Giants' offensive coach, rebuilt the Packers into a rhinoceros of a team and a tremendous box-office attraction.



"Could you try to look a little more anti-American, please?"

The A.F.L. made several intelligent moves. It awarded most of its original eight franchises to reliable millionaires, such as Lamar Hunt, a young Texas oilman, who became the owner of the Dallas Texans (later the Kansas City Chiefs), and Barron Hilton, the heir to the hotel empire, who became the owner of the Los Angeles Chargers (later the San Diego Chargers). It made an almost fatal blunder, though, in failing

Why is BMW a man's car?

Because it was designed to suit a man's taste. Fast, lean, tough. No frills, no nonsense. Just a handsome, totally dependable car that gets you there with a minimum of fuss and a maximum of driving pleasure.

Look. A BMW will do 100 m.p.h. with ease, and do it for hours on end, if you want it to.

It holds the road as if it were on rails, thanks to the most effective four-wheel independent suspension system there is.

It gives you a choice of a butter-smooth, 4-speed gearbox or the famed ZF Automatic Transmission.

It rarely needs attention, let alone repairs, and it gets better than 25 miles to a gallon of gas.

It has clean, spare lines and a style that doesn't change every year, just to make your old one look obsolete.

It's built at the Bavarian Motor Works in Germany, where for 50 years we've been turning out automobiles with just one objective in mind: to build the best car there is anywhere.

So it's no surprise to us when people call BMW a man's car.

Funny thing, though. The one complaint we get from BMW owners is that their wives like it too. The only solution we can think of is two BMW's. His and Hers.

Prices start at **$2,477** P.O.E. New York.
Sole U. S. Importer:
Hoffman Motors Corporation,
375 Park Avenue,
New York, N. Y.,
1862 S. La Cienega Blvd.,
Los Angeles, Calif.
Dealers coast to coast.
Advantageous European
Delivery Program.
Write for free brochure.

REMY MARTIN
V.S.O.P.

Take the guesswork out of choosing Cognac

REMY MARTIN
V.S.O.P.

Rely on French law: only the finest Cognac…

REMY MARTIN
V.S.O.P.

May be labeled Fine Champagne V.S.O.P.

REMY MARTIN
V.S.O.P.

Only Remy Martin produces Cognac of no lesser quality

REMY MARTIN
V.S.O.P.

Remy Martin…one quality, one bottle, world-wide

REMY MARTIN
V.S.O.P.

Take the guesswork out of choosing Cognac. Insist on…

REMY MARTIN
V.S.O.P.

CHAMPAGNE COGNAC
Remy Martin
COGNAC
REMY MARTIN

80 PROOF • RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y.

to provide itself with a really strong color-bearer in New York—something that is essential, apparently, to the success of any national sports enterprise. This was not rectified until 1963, when the New York franchise was purchased by David A. (Sonny) Werblin, a former head of the Music Corporation of America. Werblin changed the name of the local team from the Titans to the Jets, and in 1965, with the flair of a man who knows the entertainment business inside out, he signed the most highly publicized college quarterback of the year, Joe Namath, of Alabama, for the unprecedented sum of four hundred thousand dollars. At about the same time, N.B.C. provided the shaky league with a badly needed shot in the arm by paying thirty-six million dollars for the television rights to its games over the next five seasons. This made it possible for the A.F.L. to compete with the N.F.L. in an increasingly attritive war, provoked by the Namath coup, to capture, at almost any price, the most luminous college stars. (It was reported, for example, that Donny Anderson, of Texas Tech, received six hundred thousand dollars to sign with Green Bay.) The logical way to halt this bidding contest was for the two leagues to agree to a common draft, and, if that could be accomplished, perhaps even to a merger. Last April, unpublicized exploratory discussions of a merger were undertaken by Tex Schramm, the president of the N.F.L.'s Dallas Cowboys, and his friend and neighbor Lamar Hunt, representing the A.F.L. These negotiations were given a certain unintentional impetus by Al Davis, the combative new commissioner of the A.F.L., who had privately decided that the quickest way to solve his league's problems was to raid the N.F.L. teams of their outstanding quarterbacks—tactics that would have undoubtedly tumbled all professional football into chaos. In any event, the Schramm-Hunt talks, carefully bypassing Davis, expanded into meetings between committees of club owners from both leagues, with Pete Rozelle, the commissioner of the N.F.L., as the guiding force, and in early June the two leagues announced that they had agreed on a merger. While it would take time to work out all the details—regular interleague play, for instance, would not begin until 1970—a common draft would be initiated after the close of the 1966 season. Moreover, early in 1967 there would be a game between the champions of the two leagues. From its beginnings, the A.F.L. had been clamoring for such

Danes abroad are asked about "polar bears in the streets of Copenhagen." They're only seen in the famous Zoo Garden. But there are eye-catching furs wandering about. And they can be captured at 38 Ostergade.

BIRGER CHRISTENSEN
38 Ostergade-Copenhagen-Denmark

By Appointment to the
Royal Danish Court

How does a student see more Europe for less money?

There's a way. Through the National Student Association. You can choose one of 41 flexible trips of 21 to 66 days with other students. You won't skimp, but you'll save on travel in Europe, accommodations, admissions, etc., at special rates **available only through** NSA. We take care of all the details. What's more, you won't feel tied down and afterwards you can wander around with a friend still taking advantage of the same low rates.

Study programs for credit in several subjects in 9 countries are also sponsored by NSA.

Wherever you want to go next summer in Europe, Israel or the Far East—you'll enjoy it more and see more with NSA. Fill in the coupon below for complete details.

U.S. National Student Association—Dept. PD2
265 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. 10016 or
1355 Westwood Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal. 90024

Please send me your free book on trips to Europe and throughout the world ☐. Study information ☐.

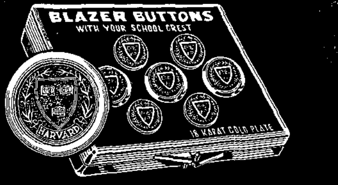
Name____________________

Address____________________

City____________State____________

Plan your summer in Europe with USNSA, a non-profit organization for students.

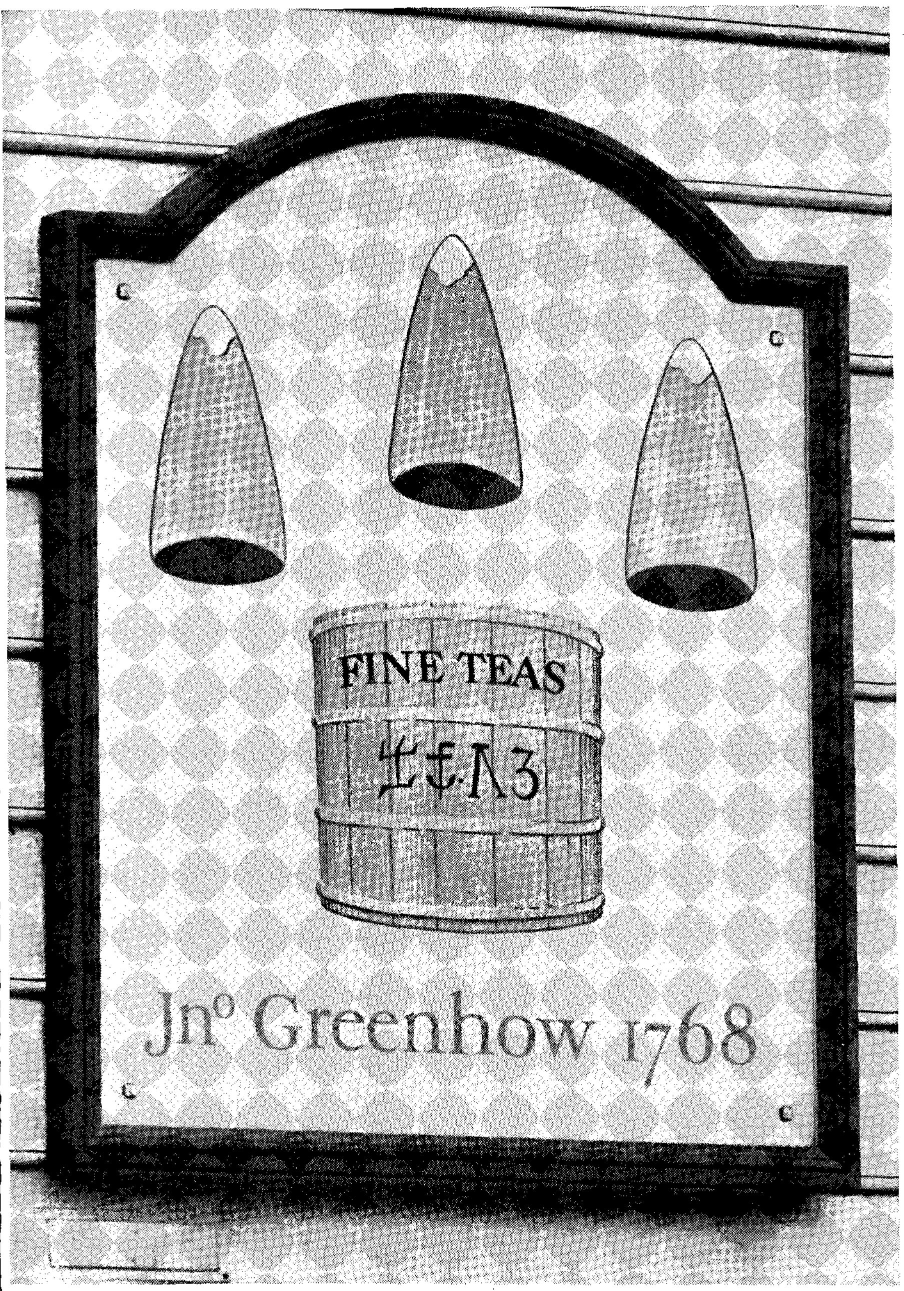
PROUD OF HIS SCHOOL? THEN GIVE HIM



The gift for the college man or woman and yourself. *Blazer buttons with your college crest. Authentic in* design and color. 18 Kt. gold plate. Over 400 schools available. $7.50 at fine men's & dept. stores, or write:

BEN SILVER INC., 175 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.

a showdown, since it had everything to gain, and the N.F.L. had refused even to countenance the thought, since it had everything to lose. In the early nineteen-sixties, nearly all the experts believed that if such a game ever did take place, the N.F.L. champion would win hands down, the standard of play in the older league being much more advanced and its supply of talent far deeper. In the last few years, however, this view was modified, and the experts were now of the opinion that either the San Diego Chargers or the Buffalo Bills, the two best-balanced teams in the A.F.L., might give the N.F.L. champion a fairly good battle. And then, last summer, after the merger was announced, the interleague championship game was no longer a matter of speculation, it was promised. (One legal hurdle remained—congressional approval of the merger as far as the antitrust laws were concerned—and Commissioner Rozelle cleared that in October.) On New Year's Day, the Kansas City Chiefs won the A.F.L. title by overwhelming the Buffalo Bills, 31–7, and a few hours later, in the N.F.L. title game, the Green Bay Packers outlasted the Dallas Cowboys, 34–27. So that was who it would be in the Super Bowl on January 15th—the Chiefs, who had long been thought to have the best personnel in the A.F.L., and the Packers, who, as charter members of the N.F.L. and its most epitomic team, were their league's ideal representative. Everybody became terribly aware that each man on the winning team would receive fifteen thousand dollars and each man on the losing team seven thousand five hundred dollars, since these figures were reiterated constantly. For instance, Curt Gowdy and Paul Christman, who handled the announcing of the A.F.L. playoff game, spoke of little else once the Chiefs had obviously taken charge of things. "Curt, that pass was right on the money," Christman would say. "Right you are, Paul," Gowdy would answer. "And the two teams that lock horns in the Super Bowl will be right *in* the money. Someone has worked it out, Paul, that each man on the winning team will be making something like two hundred and fifty dollars a minute. That's not bad take-home pay. . . . By the way, folks, on that last play Garrett picked up a couple of yards off right tackle." The pro-football entrepreneurs soon realized, however, that too much stress was being placed on the monetary aspects of the big game, and in the days that followed we were told time and again that the Chiefs burned to win



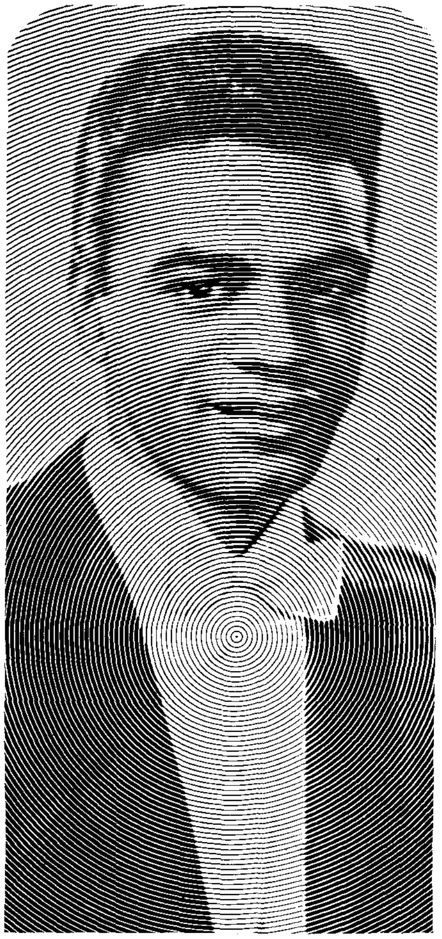
Over a barrel.

That's where John Greenhow's sign showed the sugar loaves that signified a grocer. Today, his sign hangs again before his shop, one of many little things that add up to history that's real and meaningful. In this haven of the eighteenth century, each small detail speaks eloquently of a fascinating past. When you come, enjoy a gracious stay at Williamsburg Inn, The Lodge, or The Motor House. And look for little things like the tea and sugar loaf sign along the lovely streets of yesterday.

Where to stay: Williamsburg Inn, from $22 double. The Lodge, from $14 double. Colonial Houses, from $16 double. The Motor House, $16 double. For information, color folder or reservations, write Box CN, Williamsburg, Va. 23185. Or dial Reservation Offices: New York, CIrcle 6-6800; Washington, FEderal 8-8828; ask operator in Westchester County for Enterprise 7301; Essex County, WX 6805; Philadelphia, Enterprise 6805; Baltimore, Enterprise 9-8855.

COLONIAL
Williamsburg
VIRGINIA

the action's at the americana OF SAN JUAN



johnny mathis

WEEK IN, WEEK OUT, FABULOUS NAMES ENTERTAIN YOU IN THE GLAMOROUS

la copa supper club

allen & rossi	DECEMBER
caterina valente	JANUARY
vic damone	JANUARY
jack carter	FEBRUARY
jimmy durante	FEBRUARY
the supremes	MARCH
buddy hackett	MARCH
wayne newton	MARCH
johnny mathis	MARCH

ON THE BEACH THAT MADE PUERTO RICO FAMOUS

americana OF SAN JUAN

A LOEW'S HOTEL • PRESTON ROBERT TISCH, PRESIDENT

For immediate, confirmed reservations: see your travel agent, call your nearest Loew's Hotels reservation office, or:
NEW YORK JU 6-6105

primarily because of the prestige a victory would bring the A.F.L., while the Packers' main incentive was their team pride—no, make that the love they had come to have for one another after sharing so many bruising campaigns.

I FLEW out to the Super Bowl in a Superjet three days before Super Sunday. The first Los Angeles native I talked with was my taxi-driver, and he was quite high on the Chiefs' chances. "It could be S.C.-Purdue all over again," he said, with the fine provincialism that southern Californians are famous for. "Nobody gave S.C. a chance, but you remember what happened." (To be honest, I had almost forgotten that there had been a Rose Bowl game, once the buildup for the Rozelle Bowl had begun.) My own thoughts about the outcome of the game were the standard ones: all things being equal, the Packers would probably win by one or two touchdowns, but if the Chiefs got a few big breaks, they were certainly capable of winning. To tell the truth, I wanted the Packers to win. I know them much better than I do the Chiefs. Lombardi, whom I like very much personally, is in my opinion the best coach in football. He has a highly disciplined mind, superb organizational ability, and exceptional energy, but then so have many other coaches. What sets Lombardi apart is his abiding purposefulness. He really means to do the job, and there isn't a moment when he isn't working at it.

Along with Lombardi, Bart Starr, the Green Bay quarterback and the architect of the playoff victory over Dallas, has long been a particular hero of mine. He is a deceptive fellow, Starr. A six-footer who weighs two hundred pounds, he has a much milder face, a much leaner neck, and a much slighter build than most pro football players. He looks injurable, and he has suffered quite a few injuries, but, for all that, he is a rugged operator and stands up well to harsh physical contact. In temperament and manner, he is soft-spoken, almost as overaccommodating as Dr. Kildare, dangerously close to being intellectual (he was a Phi Beta Kappa at Alabama), and enormously self-effacing. He is, in brief, exactly the type that in pro sports generally turns out to be too nice a fellow to have the competitive fibre needed in rough going. At bottom, though, Starr is tough—perhaps even tougher than such Packer stalwarts as Jimmy Taylor, the workhorse fullback, and Fuzzy Thurston, the belligerent guard. Lom-

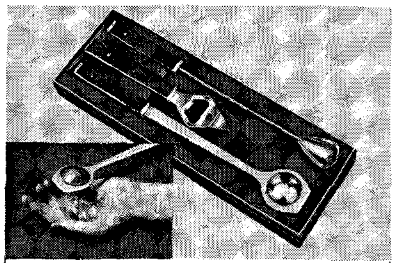
This is some rum. It sets your coffee afire.

WORLD FAMOUS IMPORTED
MYERS'S RUM
Planters' Punch
FRED L. MYERS & SON

It's Myers true Jamaica Rum—and with coffee, it's Jamocha. All you need is coffee, sugar, matches and Myers. For each serving: pour a spoonful of Myers over a half lump of sugar in a teaspoon balanced on coffee cup. Light saturated sugar and, after flame dies, tip spoon and contents into cup.

Myers—the true Jamaican Rum. 84°

FREE BOOKLET—Full of exciting food and drink recipes using Myers Rum. Write GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS CO., Dept. Y-24, 375 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.



Amazing Ice Cracker Rosewood Bar Set

Amazing Tap-Icer cracks ice with a few easy taps. The secret's the exclusive vibrator handle. New 3-Piece Set includes Tap-Icer, chrome plated can/bottle opener and swizzle spoon—all with hand-rubbed rosewood handles and mounted on handy, hang-up rack. Money *back guarantee. Gift boxed:* 3-Piece Set, $4.95. At gift shops, department stores or post-paid from

TAP-ICER
95-T Springfield Ave., Springfield, N.J. 07081

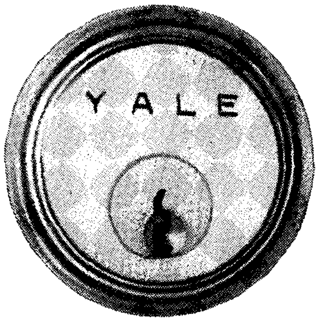
EUROPE by CAR

Write for FREE 70 Page Full Color Catalogue, Savings on Car Rental and Purchase

VOLKSWAGEN	VOLVO
MERCEDES	JAGUAR
CITROEN	PEUGEOT
RENAULT	MG, ETC.

EUROPE BY CAR, INC.
630 Fifth Avenue, N. Y., N. Y. LT 1-3040
9000 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, 272-0424
CAR (S)____________________
Name____________________
Address____________________
City____________ State____ NE-4

bardi spotted this strong, fundamental resolution in Starr early. Before Lombardi took over at Green Bay, Starr had been with the team three years. The Packers' seventeenth draft choice in 1956, he had understudied Tobin Rote, the regular quarterback, his first year and Rote's successor, Babe Parilli, the next two years. (If you think hard, you may remember watching Starr in action in the telecasts of the then annual Green Bay-Detroit game on Thanksgiving Day. He looked rather spotty, but so did everyone on those unravelled pre-Lombardi Packer teams.) One of Lombardi's first moves was to trade for a new quarterback—Lamar McHan—but he chose to keep Starr as his reserve, ahead of Parilli, and in midseason he made Starr his first-string quarterback. Starr has held the job ever since. When the reconstituted Packers won the N.F.L. championship in 1961 and 1962, the two players who received the bulk of the publicity were Taylor and Paul Hornung, the high-scoring halfback. Starr was then regarded as merely a steady performer whose chief virtue was his clearheadedness in carrying out Lombardi's game plans. Since the Packers had a strong running attack, Starr passed infrequently—just often enough to keep the opposing defense unsettled. Certainly no one thought of comparing him as a passer to Baltimore's Johnny Unitas, who had entered the league the same year. Gradually, tardily, Starr's reputation grew, especially after he went through the entire 1964 season with only four interceptions and was ranked No. 1 passer in the league. This past season, he was immense. With the Packers' ground game no longer the powerful weapon it had once been, the team came to depend more than ever before on Starr's arm. In two hundred and fifty-one attempts, he completed a hundred and fifty-six passes, many of them the long "bombs" he supposedly wasn't able to throw. Incredibly, he was intercepted only three times. He was voted the league's Most Valuable Player, and suddenly statisticians began producing involved tabulations to demonstrate, among other things, that over the past seven seasons Starr had amassed an Average Gain Per Attempt mark that just about matched Unitas's, and that his Completion Percentage was appreciably higher. Yet Starr's sure improvement as a passer was only one of several ways in which he refined his command of his position—the most important one on any football team, of course. No quarterback was his peer when it came to reading defenses and



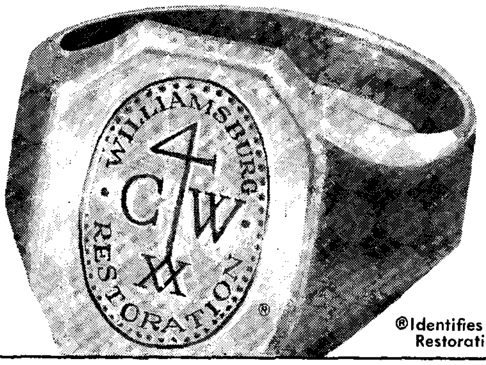
Peace core

Don't ask for trouble. Ask for Yale.

The CW signet is for all times. It is a mark of authenticity—the traditional signature of Williamsburg Restoration, Incorporated. The "C" and "W" stand for Colonial Williamsburg. The combination of elongated 4 and double X's was a shipper's or maker's mark in 16th century England, and later in America. Only articles bearing the imprint of this seal are true *Williamsburg*® Reproductions. The Williamsburg line is the country's largest collection of colonial furniture and furnishings.

For colorful 144-page book full of *Williamsburg* Reproductions, send $2.50 to Craft House, Williamsburg, Virginia 23185.

A patent lawyer we know had it chiseled into a ring



®Identifies trademarks of Williamsburg Restoration, Inc., Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

BE A BERMUDA COMMUTER

Come to Elbow where we make fun of vacations and where the accent and flavour are wonderfully British

At Elbow Beach Surf Club, we have prepared the most palatable vacation dish ever—exciting fun-filled days and irresistible nights with everything to do! Elbow...where you can swim...sun...shop...sink a putt, sip a long cool drink or enjoy a free dance lesson beside our spectacular pool. And your nights are vibrantly alive with entertainment and dancing...every night! With more to do and more to see, Elbow assures you of a complete, happy island holiday...little wonder you have that "festival feeling" from the moment you arrive. If you're honeymooning, we do great things for you ...like a Champagne Hour and a corsage for the bride.

8 DAYS, 7 NIGHTS FOR ONLY $120.00 | 4 DAYS, 3 NIGHTS FOR ONLY $54.50

Per person, 2 in a room, Nov. 1 to March 15, including Breakfast, Dinners, gratuities and many other extra features. Stay longer than 8 days at only $32.00 per couple per day; longer than 4 days at only $32.75 per couple per day. 50 rooms at these rates.

The Bermudaful, Oceanside Hotel

Elbow Beach SURF CLUB

CY ELKINS, GENERAL MANAGER

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR
ROBERT F. WARNER, INC.
630 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10020
Telephone (212) JU 6-4500

then calling a play that would take immediate advantage of some weakness he had detected. Frequently, the play was an "audible," shouted out as the teams lined up before the snap, to replace the play called in the huddle. He also developed exceptional skill at not calling the play that would usually be anticipated in a specific situation. On second down and seven, say, when the opposing team was watching for the vaunted Packer end sweep, Starr would call a short flare pass to Taylor or a medium-length pass over the middle to his tight end. On third and five, when everyone was looking for a quick sideline pass to his split end or his flanker, he would be throwing the bomb. On fourth and short yardage in scoring position, when the logical move was a crack by Taylor into the line, Elijah Pitts, the halfback, frequently got the call. It is very difficult to guess with Starr. In the last quarter of the playoff game against Dallas, for example, when the Packers were expected to protect their lead by staying conservatively on the ground, he twice passed on first down and completed both passes for big yardage. On the eve of the Super Bowl, the consensus was that Starr, the late-flowering paragon, would be the key man. If he enjoyed a normally good day, Green Bay would probably win.

At the same time, as the Kansas City squad studied the films of the Green Bay games, they must have taken heart. It has often been said that the Packers are a team that makes no mistakes. This isn't quite so. In the Dallas game, for illustration, they made a pile of them; to name only three, they coped inadequately when Dallas blitzed its linebackers, they permitted a Dallas lineman to block a vital point after touchdown, and their strong-side safety, Tom Brown, was twice beaten cold on important pass plays. Their defensive line gave up a hundred and eighty-seven yards rushing, which is quite a lot, and their own ground game was good for only a hundred and two yards—thirty-two of them on the first play from scrimmage, a counter-play off right tackle by Pitts. This was the one new play that Lombardi had concocted for the game. Year after year, he has stubbornly stayed with the same basic plays, aware that the opposition knows them but relying on his team's superior execution to make them work. This year, in particular, it seemed that Lombardi might have been wrong in failing to revise his attack, for the Packers, who had once been unexcelled at keeping possession of the ball by grind-

In Washington, D. C.

Your every wish is granted...

...at the Manger Hay-Adams. Free Parking! Exquisite service! We even shine the shoes you leave outside your door. Each beautifully appointed room and bath has many luxurious extras. Like oversized bath towels and individual terry robes. And we face the White House—the Capital's most convenient location.

Manger Hotels & Motor Inns

HOTEL Manger Hay-Adams
(facing the White House)
16th at H Street N.W. • Washington, D.C.

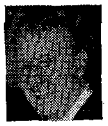
CARE U.S.A.

Your help goes where hunger is — — Give to CARE, New York 10016

Read What A Famous Authority Says About America's Most Distinguished Steak House Restaurant

"Without a doubt, Pen and Pencil serves the best steak in the country."
—Frederic A. Birmingham, former editor of Esquire, author of "The Complete Cookbook for Men"

Bruno's PEN and PENCIL
205 E. 45th St. • MU 2-8660



John C. Bruno

ing out the yards on the ground, were able to do this no longer.

SINCE I knew so much less about Kansas City, I was hoping to look the Chiefs over during a practice session at Long Beach, where they were staying. I especially wanted to study the moves of Len Dawson, the N.F.L. castoff who has quarterbacked them so adroitly. Unfortunately, the Chiefs' practice sessions were closed to outsiders. So were the Packers', up in Santa Barbara. On the Friday before the game, when the Packers broke camp and moved into Los Angeles, the rival coaches were rounded up for a press conference. At this late hour, having answered an incessant barrage of questions for two weeks, neither had much interest in fielding the same old questions yet again.

Lombardi, grizzled, blocky, fairly relaxed, came first.

Q: Are the Packers "up" for the game?

A: "I've been coaching a good number of years and I've never been able to tell whether a team has morale before a game or not. I'd say we're ready."

Q: Do you think the odd spacing the Kansas City line uses will bother you?

A: "Odd-spaced defenses are nothing new. George Wilson, when he was at Detroit, used the same defense against us, back in 1960."

Q: Will the fact that the Chiefs outweigh the Packers be an advantage for them?

A: "I don't know of any team we play in the N.F.L. that doesn't outweigh us over all. I think that after you reach a certain point, weight doesn't mean all that."

Ten minutes of this, and then Hank Stram, the Chiefs' coach, even blockier than Lombardi and considerably less brusque, came on for his innings.

Q: Are the Chiefs "up" for the game?

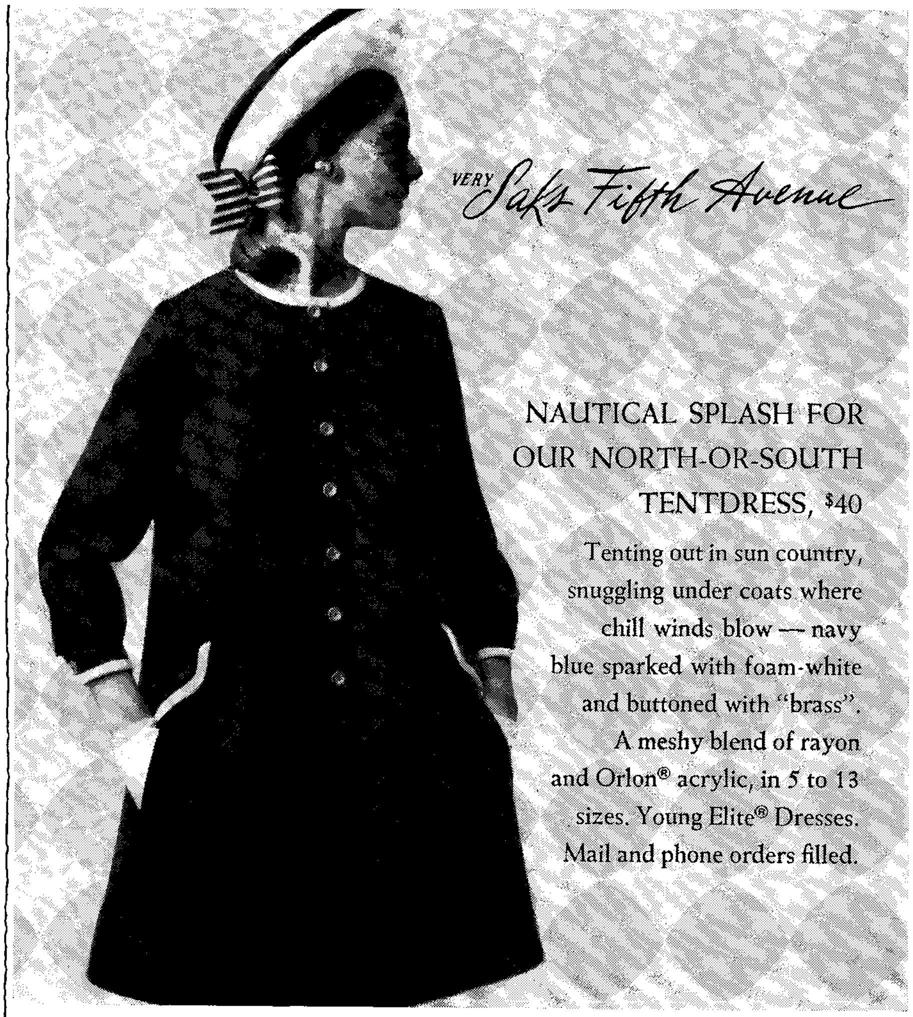
A: "We're going into it knowing we're representing every coach, every player, every club official who has had the courage to be connected with the American Football League since its inception."

Q: Did you say that Dawson hasn't yet learned to recognize defenses?

A: "No, I've never said that. Dawson has done a great job recognizing defenses, keeping possession of the ball, and keeping drives alive."

Q: Do you think it's going to be important to be the team that scores first?

A: "If a team is poised and prepared



VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

NAUTICAL SPLASH FOR OUR NORTH-OR-SOUTH TENTDRESS, $40

Tenting out in sun country, snuggling under coats where chill winds blow — navy blue sparked with foam-white and buttoned with "brass". A meshy blend of rayon and Orlon® acrylic, in 5 to 13 sizes. Young Elite® Dresses. Mail and phone orders filled.

Irish Mist® Coffee
made with Ireland's Legendary Liqueur®

The Irish Mist Liqueur Co. Ltd
Irish Mist
Ireland's Legendary
Liqueur

irish mist coffee

Ireland is where they "Turn the Sod" before putting up a house, and if the Good People leave it so, everyone then knows the place is a good place to build. Ireland—land of legend.

Legend lives in Irish Mist, a rare blend of rich heather honey, Gaelic herbs and aged Irish Whisky.

For 3 Royal Tara Irish Porcelain cups, send $3 to Irish Mist Coffee Cups, Heublein, Inc., Hartford, Conn.

Work magic with Irish Mist Coffee. Pour a jigger of Irish Mist into black coffee; top with a dollop of whipped cream. Sip slowly through the cream. Sláinte.

80 PROOF, HEUBLEIN, INC., HARTFORD, CONN., SOLE IMPORTER, U.S.A.

DORAL
HOTEL & COUNTRY CLUB
MIAMI

Florida's largest, finest golfing resort.
For you who want both sport *and* luxury.

DORAL
HOTEL ON-THE-OCEAN
MIAMI BEACH

The *only* place to be on The Beach.
For you who can demand the very best.

Call for confirmed reservations: Miami 532-3600, New York PL 2-7117, Chicago 774-5350, Toronto 927-4090. Write for brochures, or see your travel agent.

In New York, Doral Park Avenue

•

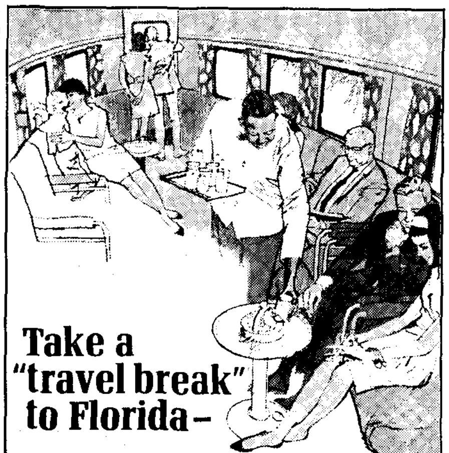
February 27 - March 5 :
Doral $100,000 Open

and expresses their ability like they can, no, I don't think it's too important to get out in front immediately."

Stram's session lasted about fifteen minutes.

On Saturday morning, the Chiefs' practice remained closed, but the Packers held a light workout in the Coliseum that was open to the press, and I went to that. The players were just trotting out from their dressing room when I arrived, and they were obviously quite startled by what they saw. The field looked as though it had been made up by Perc Westmore. The sideline stripe had been enlarged into a four-and-a-half-foot-wide belt, sprayed with white paint, and emblazoned with yard markers in blue and red paint. The white numerals on the five-yard lines were outlined in blue and red. A six-foot-wide carpet of nylon turf had been laid in front of each bench, and the bench areas were bordered with stripes of yellow, red, and blue. The same jukebox colors ran rampant in the artwork at midfield and in the two end zones, and behind it all loomed the high, steep stands, painted red, beige, and yellow. "I guess this game will probably be on color TV," Lombardi said, winking to a friend. At the start of the workout, the individual players did what they wanted to do. Some ran laps around the field, others lobbed footballs to one another, and eight of them, hollering like schoolboys, played volleyball with a football, the crossbar of a goalpost serving as their net. Then Willie Davis and Bob Skoronski, the defensive and offensive captains, led the team through a calisthenics drill, and this was followed by some wind sprints, a passing drill, a brief rehearsal of standard formations, and, finally, a massive huddle around Lombardi at the center of the field. That was it. It had lasted less than an hour. Presumably, Green Bay was ready.

LOOKING back at the Super Bowl, I recall eight junctures in the action that struck me as being relatively significant in this game, whose overriding fascination was that no one knew quite what to expect from the two teams, since they had never played each other or a common opponent. (I suppose the last time the sports world was faced with a similar enigma was back in 1903, when the pennant winner of the upstart American League challenged the pennant winner of the venerable National League to baseball's original World Series.) The first of the eight came shortly after the Packers had taken the opening kickoff and



Take a "travel break" to Florida–
Go Seaboard!

Just for the fun of it, go Streamliner this year. Relax in private room sleeping cars, de luxe reserved coach accommodations, *attractive lounges; excellent meals* and genuine hospitality. Our friendly train staff includes a *Registered Nurse* – reassuring if you're traveling with children.
Liberal baggage allowance.

SILVER STAR SILVER METEOR
Morning and **afternoon** departures from the North to **both** coasts of Florida

For reservations and information in New York: **Circle 5-7380**
Seaboard Office: 12 W. 51st St.

DISCOVER AMERICA

Seaboard RAILROAD
THE ROUTE OF COURTEOUS SERVICE

VIRTUTE NON VERBIS

Internationally Famous Restaurant
with a tradition of Elegance

HOTEL Shelburne
BOARDWALK, ATLANTIC CITY
NEW YORK PHONE (Local Call) RE 2-5450
or ATlantic City 344-8131

IS DANCING HERE TO STAY?
We don't know yet; this is only Roseland's 48th year; we'll review the situation in 1969. Meanwhile, back at the bandstand, two great orchestras are dispensing irresistible dance music; come . . . let yourself go . . . and dancing will be here to stay, as far as you're concerned.

World's Most Famous Ballroom Cafe • Bar • Restaurant
Roseland DANCE CITY
NIGHTLY exc. Mon. • Mats. Thurs. & Sat. • Sun. from 3:30
52ND ST. WEST OF BROADWAY

Tony's Wife
Luncheon
Bar
Dinner
just good food served con amore
150 EAST 55TH ST., N. Y. • EL 5-4508
Closed Sat. & Sun.

gained a first down on three running plays. On the next series of downs, however, Starr, under a heavy rush on first down, passed incomplete to Max McGee, a veteran end filling in at flanker for Boyd Dowler, who had been shaken up; then, on second down, Starr, back to pass, was thrown for a ten-yard loss, and on third down the Chiefs poured through on a blitz and threw him for a five-yard loss. This was most unexpected—the ease with which the Chiefs had punctured the Packers' passing pocket. Few N.F.L. teams had ever got to Starr like that.

The second juncture came midway through the first period, when, the Chiefs having surrendered the ball after Dawson had passed for one first down, the Packers drove eighty yards in six plays for a touchdown. Four of those plays were passes by Starr, good for eleven, twenty-two, twelve, and thirty-seven yards, respectively; the last—for the touchdown—was to McGee, who slanted in from the left past Willie Mitchell, the Chiefs' right cornerback, caught the ball with one hand on the nineteen-yard line, and breezed the rest of the way. After this drive, we knew that the Chiefs' defensive secondary could be picked apart by a pinpoint passer like Starr and that it would probably continue to be if Starr's blockers gave him sufficient protection. Before the game, a rumor had circulated that the Packers planned to concentrate their passing attack on the two cornerbacks, Mitchell and Fred Williamson, having decided on the basis of A.F.L. game films that the two were extremely vulnerable. In any event, it worked out that way. Kansas City chose to employ what is called a stacked defense, with the outside linebackers set directly behind the ends, and while this massing served to pinch off Green Bay's ground game, it left the flanks exposed and put the cornerbacks entirely on their own.

The third juncture came perhaps ten minutes later, early in the second quarter. Previously, after the Packers' touchdown, the Chiefs, with Dawson passing nicely, had moved to the Packers' thirty-three before they were forced to settle for a field-goal attempt, which was wide. This time, after stopping the Packers cold, the Chiefs, starting on their own thirty-four, went all the way in six plays. On this march, Dawson was absolutely dazzling. He picked up the initial first down by passing and a second by rushing, and then, with first down on the Packers' thirty-eight, he faked a hand-off to his fullback with stylish deceptiveness and had all the

BONWIT'S CRINKLE BUTTON-DOWN

Simply rippling with new chic: our classic button-down shirt in crinkly carefree Dacron® polyester, with cuffs that button or link. By Adelaar. Out-of-this-world colors: pink, blue, lime, orange, bone or white. 8 to 16 sizes, 10.00 Mail and phone orders.

BLOUSES

Fifth Avenue at 56th Street, New York
Also in Manhasset White Plains Short Hills Philadelphia
Chicago Oakbrook Cleveland Boston Palm Beach

BONWIT TELLER

It's nice to do business with a rich little bank.

37 years ago, when we first opened our doors, we were the only bank in Palm Beach.

Over the years, we've expanded quite a bit; annexing buildings until we're around the corner and halfway down the block.

Today we administer several of the largest trusts in America, execute some of the most substantial estates, are bankers in some of the most demanding financial transactions.

Can we be your money's home away from home?

First National Bank in Palm Beach
255 South County Road, Palm Beach, Florida

MEMBER: FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM, FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION

Adventures
touring the seldom seen!

Ask for Maupintour's new 28-page "Eastern Europe" brochure about these escorted adventure tours:

CITIES OF CENTRAL ASIA. 58 days. Tamerlane's Samarkand and Bukhara, Tashkent, Alma Ata, Caucasus, Black Sea, Tbilisi, Moscow, Leningrad, Afghanistan, Khyber Pass, Punjab, Swat, Lahore, Persia's Persepolis, Shiraz, Isfahan, and Tehran. Depart April 5, June 28, Sept. 13. From $3343 from New York.

EASTERN EUROPE ADVENTURE. 60 days. West and East Berlin, East Germany, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Yugoslavia and Dalmatia, Bulgaria, Rumania, Soviet Union, and Poland. Depart April 18, May 16, June 17, July 15, and Aug. 15. From $2549 from New York.

THE CAPITALS BY AIR. 22 days. Warsaw, Moscow, Leningrad, Kiev, Bucharest, Sofia, Budapest, Prague, and West and East Berlin. Depart most every week April to September. $1198 from New York.

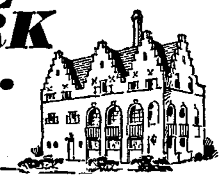
RUSSIA LIFESEEING By Motorcoach. 22 days. The Soviet Union plus Finland, Poland, and the Berlins. Departures: May through August. $1098 from New York.

OTHER EASTERN EUROPE TOURS include:
☐ Explorer/Scandinavia,
☐ Companion,
☐ Dalmatia and The Balkans,
☐ Dalmatia/Greece/Istanbul,
☐ Southeastern Europe.

ASK YOUR TRAVEL AGENT for Maupintour's 28-page brochure or write Maupintour, 270 Park Ave., New York, New York 10017.

Maupintour
the world-wide standard of travel excellence
AMERICAN SOCIETY OF TRAVEL AGENTS ASTA
CITA

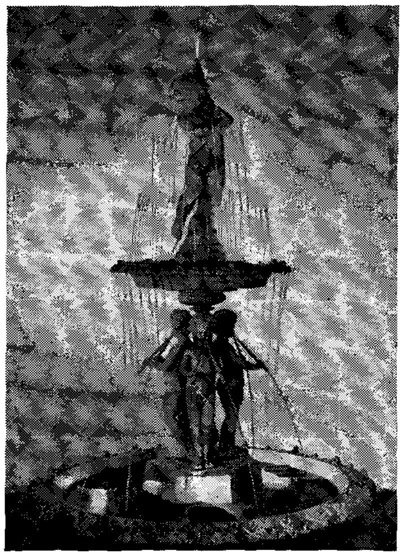
KNIFE & FORK INN...
ATLANTIC CITY'S FINEST SEAFOOD
Est. 1912



time in the world when he rolled back to pass. Downfield, inside the ten, Otis Taylor, his flanker, had broken into the clear, and as he cut for the right sideline, Dawson hit him perfectly. In pro-football jargon, this type of play, in which the quarterback passes after faking a running play, is called a play-action pass. Dawson had been working it beautifully, hiding the ball so well that the counterfeit plunge moored the Packers' frontal defense to the line of scrimmage and also pulled the defensive secondary out of position. On the very next play, another play-action pass, Dawson's legerdemain fooled the Packers utterly and totally. When he stepped back to throw, there was not a single defender within yards of his split end and fullback, who had filtered into the left corner of the end zone. He hit the fullback. Packers 7, Chiefs 7. I could not remember when I had last seen the Packers look so inept on two successive pass plays. We had a ball game going.

On the heels of this touchdown, a fourth revealing sequence unfolded. While the crowd was still wondering what effect this impressive display by the Chiefs' offense would have on the Packers, Starr, from his own twenty-seven, moved his team slowly up the field and kept it moving until, on the thirteenth play, Green Bay had scored again. Today, all football fans know only too well how important the third-down play is in sustaining a march. Indeed, the announcers have drummed it into us so often that I wouldn't be surprised if one of the first complete sentences uttered by a child nurtured at televisionside were "Dada, once again we have a critical third-down situation coming up." At any rate, Starr faced four of these situations in a row on this drive, and four times he passed successfully for first down—the first time to McGee, and then to his split end, his tight end, and his halfback, in that order. (This took the Packers to the Chiefs' fourteen, and from there Taylor, on a well-executed sweep around left end, went in.) This was Starr at his very best, coolly waiting on each big play until his receiver had got that precious step on the cornerback, then firing the ball dead on target. It was something to see.

Before half time, there was one more noteworthy juncture, and it centered on Dawson. How would he react if the Packers' line began to put more pressure on him? We learned the answer in the first series of plays following the second Green Bay touchdown. Attempting to pass on first down, Daw-



PETER PAN Fountain
Approximately 7 feet 9 inches high overall, 6 feet diameter ground basin, supplied complete with concealed motor and pump, just one of a large collection.
On display at Florentine Craftsmen showrooms, the world's most extensive and distinguished collection of fountains, statuary, and garden ornaments in lead, bronze and stone.
25¢ for catalogue 66 on complete line, in coins or postage.
The FLORENTINE CRAFTSMEN Inc.
650 FIRST AVE. (37th St.) NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016
Phone LExington 2-3926

HOTEL HERSHEY
One of the Great Resorts of North America
Hotel Hershey, Hershey, Pa.
Represented by Robt. F. Warner, Inc.
New York: JU 6-4500 • Wash., D.C.: RE 7-2642
Chicago: RA 6-0624 • Boston: LA 3-4497

NOON TO 2:30 · 6:30 TO 11:00

The Leopard RESTAURANT
RESERVATIONS ONLY
253 EAST 50TH ST., PL 9-3735

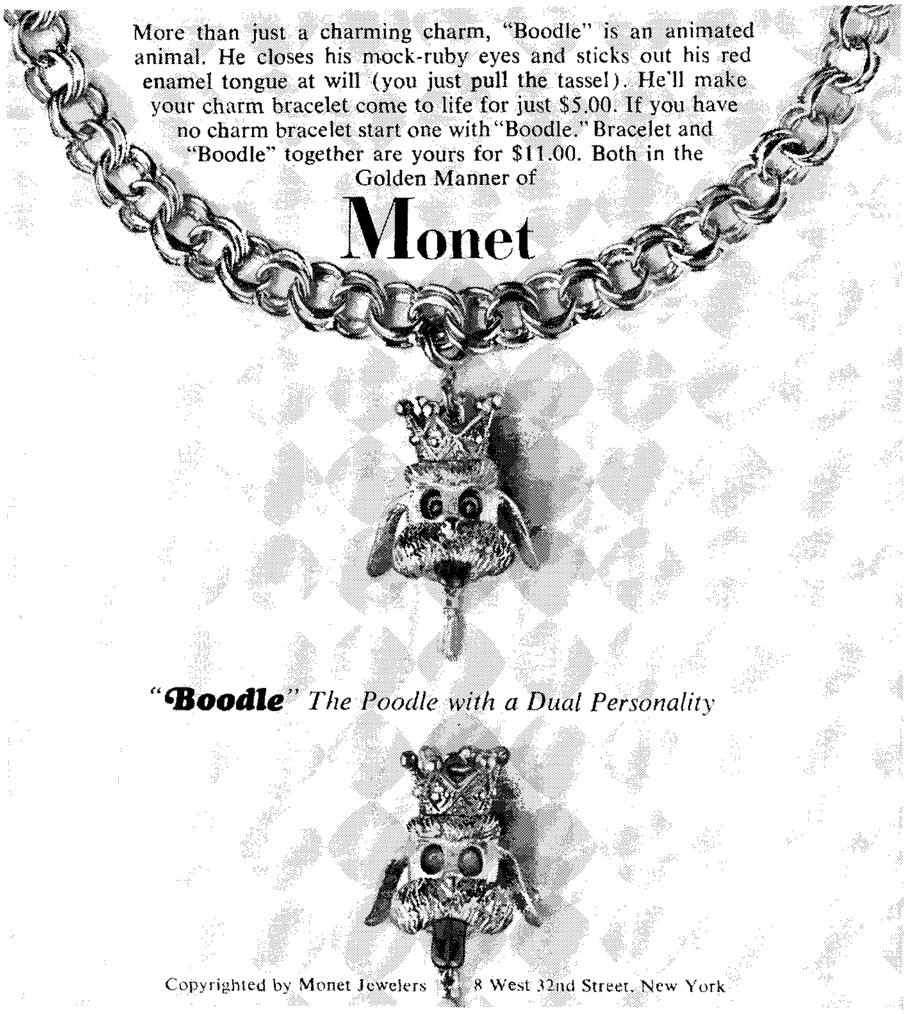
DISCOVER NEVIS
in the Leeward Islands, W.I.
"Let our island become your island."
Chalets: $25 sgl/$38 dbl (Amer Plan)
the premier hotel MONTPELIER
Reservations, full information:
Reinhold, 27 Prospect Park West
Bklyn., NY 11215. Tel: 212/789-7836

son, for the first time in the game, was smothered by the Packers' pass rush and tossed for an eight-yard loss. He was all calmness. Instead of anxiously resorting to a long make-or-break pass, he completed a twelve-yarder and an eleven-yarder back to back, and had his first down. The Chiefs eventually reached the Packers' twenty-four, where, on fourth and two, Stram conservatively elected to go for a field goal—an understandable decision in a game that promised a great deal more scoring by both sides. The kick was good, and this made the score at the half Green Bay 14, Kansas City 10.

It had been an extremely exciting half. The Chiefs had shown us a lot—a rugged defensive line, a polished offense (Dawson had completed eleven of fifteen passes), and, in addition, considerable speed, physical strength, and confidence. Ordinarily, in a Green Bay game, one is conscious that the Packers are outmuscling the other team, but not this afternoon. Their pass rush had been negligible for the most part. There was none of the usual sting in their tackling, none of their heavy swarming over the ballcarrier. At this moment, the outcome of the game was very much in doubt. Neither team had been able to contain the other's offense. The Chiefs, however, had at least demonstrated that they belonged on the same field as the Packers. One wondered what Lombardi was saying to his players during the half-time interval, and how he was saying it.

The second half produced a vastly different football game. It had hardly begun when a sixth juncture arrived—in retrospect, *the* crucial juncture. On the fourth play from scrimmage, Dawson, on third down and five at midfield, chose to pass to his tight end, Fred Arbanas, who was running a square-out pattern toward the left sideline. Just as Dawson released the ball, a blitzing Packer linebacker got a fingertip on it and deflected it so that it floated out short of Arbanas. Willie Wood, the Packers' free safety, who was covering Arbanas, cut in front of him, intercepted the pass, and carried the ball to the Chiefs' five-yard line. On the next play, Pitts went in over left tackle for a touchdown that put the Packers in front, 21–10. The Chiefs had made their first serious error, and it had been a costly one. The gift touchdown would surely provide the Packers with an enormous lift. What we didn't know was the effect that this abrupt turn of events would have on the Chiefs.

We found out shortly. On the next Kansas City drive, Dawson, on third



More than just a charming charm, "Boodle" is an animated animal. He closes his mock-ruby eyes and sticks out his red enamel tongue at will (you just pull the tassel). He'll make your charm bracelet come to life for just $5.00. If you have no charm bracelet start one with "Boodle." Bracelet and "Boodle" together are yours for $11.00. Both in the Golden Manner of

Monet

"**Boodle**" *The Poodle with a Dual Personality*

Copyrighted by Monet Jewelers 8 West 32nd Street, New York

Gadabout suit

. . . go lightly forth anywhere in Buddy Bates' sprightly silk and worsted flatterer. Copen blue, citron, white or black. Sizes 8 to 18. **80.00**

Mail orders to
Gus Mayer,
800 Canal Street,
New Orleans, La.

Gus Mayer
NEW ORLEANS
NASHVILLE BATON ROUGE JACKSON
BEAUMONT

THE BLUM STORE, Philadelphia
SELMAN'S, Louisville
LEVY'S, Memphis **BERKELEYS,** Fresno
AL ROSENTHAL'S, Okla. City

Itinerate knit.
Open for attractive situations.
$6

Ship'n Shore®

LOOK INTO
El Salvador
. . . Get away from it all
in nearby Central America
Go to El Salvador
Go where the tourists aren't . . . yet
See your travel agent or write:
EL SALVADOR TRAVEL INFORMATION CENTER
748 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10022

down and one at midfield, sent his halfback on a wide sweep outside left end; a four-yard loss resulted, and the drive was over. It seemed a most debatable call by Dawson, especially since his backs had been consistently picking up good yardage inside the tackles. The next time the Chiefs got the ball, Dawson was wholly ineffective. On first down, he underthrew an open receiver by several yards. On second down, retreating to pass, he was caught for a fourteen-yard loss, and on third down, on a similar play, for an eleven-yard loss. While it is true that the Packers' rush was much more emphatic on this series of downs, Dawson contributed to his own undoing by forsaking the medium-length play-action pass that had been working so well, in favor of shooting the works on a spectacularly long pass that might produce an instant touchdown. The trouble was that Dawson's intentions were all too evident, and, with the Green Bay secondary covering his deep receivers tightly, he had no one to throw to. If you wanted to be kind, you could say that Dawson had chosen to switch to desperation tactics before the situation warranted them. Or you could have been tougher and said that Dawson, who has a reputation for failing to recover once he starts to go bad, had simply broken down after Wood's interception. In any event, after this sequence of plays Dawson was never the same again, and the Chiefs were virtually through. What little hope they had left was extinguished when Starr, near the end of the third quarter, climaxed another long Packer march with a touchdown pass to McGee. It was of no moment, except to the financiers concerned with the point spread, that in the last quarter Starr, still concentrating on Mitchell's area, as he had been doing so ruthlessly all afternoon, engineered a final touchdown.

STRANGELY—or perhaps not so strangely, considering the professional approach the Packers take and their frequent involvement in pressure games over the years—the Green Bay dressing room was rather quiet after this notable victory. No one poured champagne over his teammates or pushed them fully clothed under the showers, or even spoke above a normal conversational tone. Under the hot television lamps, Lombardi, gripping the game ball, which the team had voted him, smiled a bit more broadly than usual as he was interviewed, but he was by no means transported with relief or jubilation, and neither were

AMERICA'S HAPPIEST NEW MUSICAL!
" 'Walking Happy' Is a Glad Show Packed With Songs and Dance" —N.Y. Daily News
". . . A Blockbuster!" Ed Sullivan

NEW IMPROVED FULL DIMENSIONAL STEREO
Capitol
Feuer & Martin Present
Norman Wisdom
Louise Troy
George Rose
In the New Musical
Walking Happy

Now a great new album with the original Broadway cast.
Capitol RECORDS

"Barbara Harris in 'The Apple Tree' is exquisite, appetizing, alarming, seductive, out of her mind, irresistible and from now on unavoidable." —WALTER KERR, N.Y. TIMES
THE APPLE TREE
Broadway's Glamorous Musical Hit!
Directed by MIKE NICHOLS
Evgs. Mon.– Sat.: $9.90, 8.90, 7.50, 5.95, 4.95, 3.95.
SHUBERT THEATRE, 227 W. 44 ST., N.Y.C.

"A STUNNING MUSICAL. BRILLIANTLY CONCEIVED."
—Walter Kerr, N.Y. Times
CABARET
NOW BROADHURST THEA. 235 W. 44th St., N.Y.C.
Mon. thru Thurs. Evgs.: Orch. $12., 10.; Boxes $10.; Front Mezz. $7.90; Rear Mezz. $6.90, 5.90, 4., 3., 2. Fri. & Sat. Evgs.: Orch. $12., 10.; Boxes $10; Front Mezz. $8.90; Rear Mezz. $7.90, 6.90, 4., 3., 2. Wed. Mat.: Orch. & Boxes $6.90; Front Mezz. $6.; Rear Mezz. $5., 4., 3., 2. Sat. Mat.: Orch. & Boxes $8.90; Front Mezz. $7.50; Rear Mezz. $5.90, 4.90, 4., 3., 2.
MOVES MAR. 7 IMPERIAL THEA., 249 W. 45 St.
SEATS AVAIL. AT BOTH THEATRES & BY MAIL

AMERICA'S MOST ACCLAIMED MUSICAL
Fiddler on the Roof
NOW IMPERIAL THEA. 249 W. 45 St., N.Y.C.
Mon. thru Sat. Evgs.: Orch. & Boxes: $9.90; Front Mezz. $8.50; Rear Mezz. $8., 7., 6.40, 5.40, 4.60. Wed. Mat.: Orch. & Boxes $5.80; Front Mezz. $5.10; Rear Mezz. $4.60, 4., 3.60, 2.80. Sat. Mat.: Orch. & Boxes $6.10; Front Mezz. $5.50; Rear Mezz. $5.10, 4.60, 4, 3.60, 2.80.
MOVES FEB. 28 MAJESTIC THEA., 245 W. 44 St.
SEATS AVAIL. AT BOTH THEATRES & BY MAIL

the players who succeeded him under the lamps. The Super Bowl had been a tremendous afternoon in their lives, but they had spent their emotion on the game itself.

The Packers were pleased with their performance in the second half, though. During the half-time interval, Stram had made one major adjustment in the Chiefs' strategy: since his linebackers had blitzed frequently and successfully in the first half, he guessed that Green Bay would be expecting more of the same, so he instructed his linebackers to abandon the blitz in the second half. As it turned out, he guessed wrong. Lombardi had made no fundamental changes at half time. He had worked mainly on arousing his defensive team, pointing out that they had not been moving fast enough or hard enough and would have to play more aggressively. There is no word more difficult to define than "experience." The next time I am asked to do so, however, I believe I will refer to the Super Bowl and run down a list of little things, like Lombardi's sticking with his game plan at half time, Starr's methodical exploitation of the chinks in the Kansas City defense, the wonderful performance of his receivers in holding on to every key pass, and the cool professional attitude of a team that was not "up" too high, just high enough to get the job done.

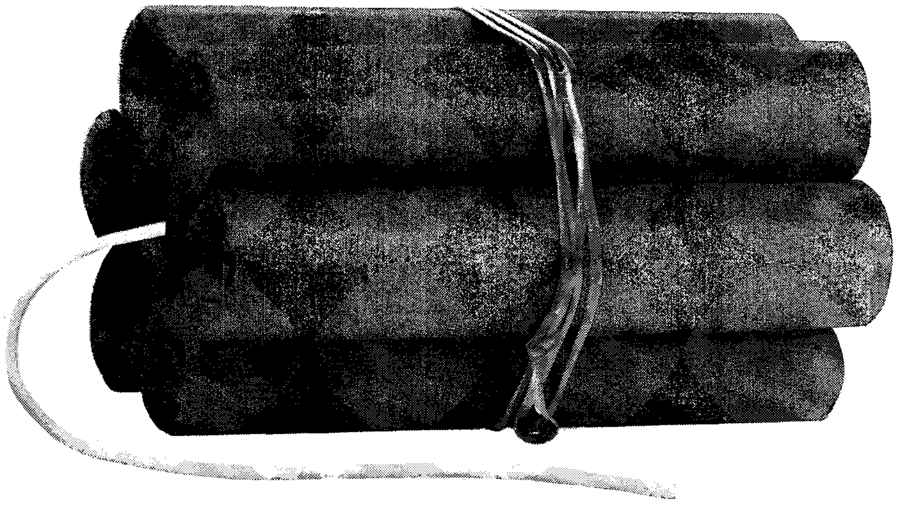
I talked with Starr briefly before leaving the dressing room. By that time, he had spent about thirty minutes under constant interrogation. I don't remember exactly how I framed my question, but what I meant to ask was whether he could isolate a definite point in his career when he felt he had graduated from being an ordinary passer into the passer he has been the last four seasons. "I'm sorry, but I don't understand your question," he said politely, and turned to go into the shower room, which he had been trying to reach for at least a quarter of an hour. Then, characteristically, he stopped, turned back to me, and asked if I could put my question a different way. "Oh," he said, after I had done this, "I think I threw the ball just about as well my first couple of seasons as a pro as I do today. I don't think it's been a matter of suddenly acquiring a better technique, if that's what you mean. For me, becoming a better passer has just been a part of the whole gradual process of maturing, like handling the ball better and calling plays better. That's really as close as I can come." Then he headed again for the showers.

—HERBERT WARREN WIND

We'll try just about anything at our testing labs. Drop tests. Humidity tests. Crush tests. You name it. After our engineers get through designing a corrugated container, we give it a hard time before we give it an O.K. Not all good ideas come from Mead. But you'd be amazed how many do.

MEAD *containers*

Sure there are ways to damage a Mead container.



Mead Containers, a division of The Mead Corporation, Dayton, Ohio

Afternoon tea in the lounge. Our latest old idea.

The other week, Ted Rutt, the Englishman who runs our hotel, introduced another of his ancient notions. "Starting today," he said, "we'll be serving tea in the lounge around four in the afternoon. And, despite my heavy schedule," he added unselfishly, "just to make sure no one uses tea bags or any of that barbaric nonsense, every so often I'll have some myself." (He hasn't missed a day yet.)

That's how old idea number five was added to his four previous out-of-date innovations. To wit, the lounge itself (a jolly good place for writing letters). A European-style concierge (Ted Rutt calls him "the chap who can get you anything you usually can't find anyone to get you.") Wood-burning fireplaces in many of the bedrooms. And, of course, our cheerfully out-of-date rates.

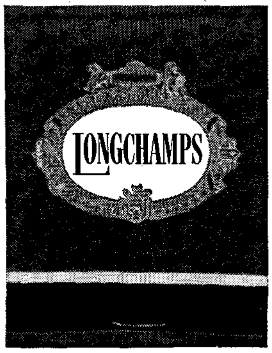
Sheraton-Russell
37th and Park Phone 685-7676

A Piccolino is a Piccolino.

For city lunch or country brunch,
every Piccolino is designed
for your Kid of Distinction.
This Piccolino, knit of Orlon® acrylic.
At stores where you love to shop.

PICCOLINO, a division of GINO PAOLI,
112 West 34th Street, New York.

Nine of New York's great restaurants are named



AROUND THE WORLD WITH SITA

Largest
Operator of
World Tours
33rd Year

NAME__________
ADDRESS__________
CITY__________STATE__________

Ask Your Travel Agent

SITA WORLD TRAVEL
50 Rockefeller Plaza
Dpt.Y New York 20

CHECK FOLDERS DESIRED

ROUND THE WORLD $2,060
☐ 30-100 Days incl. air fr.
Weekly Departures. Fully Inclusive.

☐ EUROPE	22-80 Days	$759
☐ ORIENT	20-30 Days	$1826
☐ AFRICA	22-72 Days	$1482
☐ SO. PACIFIC	16-65 Days	$1487
☐ HOLY LAND	17-22 Days	$1019
☐ SO. AMERICA	15-48 Days	$818
☐ HAWAII	8-15-Days	$512
☐ MEXICO	7-39 Days	$384
☐ GUATEMALA	7-16 Days	$381

☐ STUDENT TOURS Low-cost Adventure and Study Trips to "Everywhere" 66 Day European trips incl. steamer from $838.

MUSICAL EVENTS

Fresh Voice

IT is not often nowadays that one hears a new composition capable of arousing real emotion in the listener—and even less often if the composer has used atonality or serialism of any sort. But Wilfred Josephs' Requiem, Opus 39, which was performed by the Cincinnati Symphony, under Max Rudolf, in Carnegie Hall on Wednesday and Thursday evenings of last week, proved to be an exception to this rule. What serialism there is in the work is unorthodox, and atonality is used sparingly in an otherwise tonal score. Composed four years ago, it is a memorial to the Jews martyred by Hitler. Its form is unusual in that massive passages for orchestra, chorus, and a soloist are interspersed with passages for a string quartet, which provides striking contrasts. Mr. Josephs is an Englishman about forty years old, and it is not surprising to find elements of the British tradition in his style, which, here and there, resembles William Walton's in "Belshazzar's Feast." But he has, nonetheless, created an idiom of his own, and he speaks with a fresh voice—eloquently and musically. If one were to examine the mechanics of his technique, one would find an addiction to the use of chords and melodic lines built up of fourths, instead of the traditional thirds, and a strong feeling for a tonal center despite atonal moments. But such an examination is irrelevant, because it is not Mr. Josephs' technique that interests us but the message, or subject matter, that he conveys. The work is a long hymn—and a stately and dignified one—that contains elements of the Hebrew Kaddish, and it is written throughout to a Hebrew text. For me, the most moving parts of it are those entitled "Yehey Sh'mey Raba," a highly dramatic invocation of the Lord, for double chorus and orchestra, containing many propulsive though not affectedly intricate rhythmic passages; "Yehee Shem," a quieter movement for bass-baritone, double chorus, and orchestra; "Ezri Meyim," a movement full of gripping contrasts; "Monumentum," a meditative movement for string quartet; and "Ohseh Shalom," the concluding portion of the work. It is interesting that Mr. Josephs did not

Empire camisette, the newest shape of permanent press. 65% Kodel® polyester, 35% cotton. White, sizes 3-10, including 5, $3. At Frederick & Nelson, Seattle; and other fine stores everywhere.

Her Majesty®

THE Crown ROOM

jewel of a restaurant in a most unusual setting

Easily New York's most unique restaurant, 42nd Street overlooking the Hudson River in the Sheraton Motor Inn. Motorists take West Side Highway south to the 46th St. Exit. **FREE INDOOR PARKING.** Reservations suggested: OX 5-6500.

STRAPARAMA®

has the largest collection of fine leather watchstraps in the world—Precious Leathers, soft and supple—made exclusively for us in Switzerland. All sizes and colors—for men and women. Attached in one minute. $3.00 to $15.00.

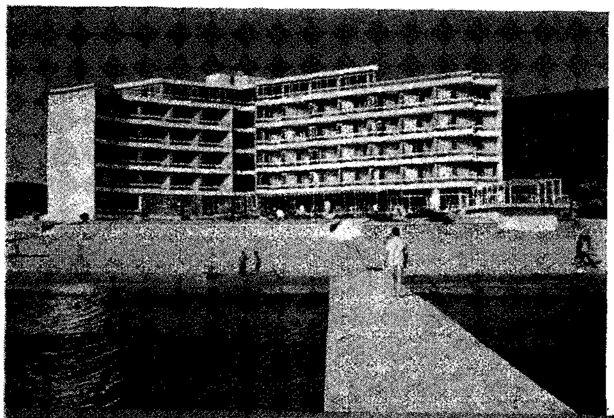
We KNOW we are doing something right!

425 MADISON AVE., NYC 17—Bet. 48 & 49 Sts.

LIFE IS MADE FOR LIVING AT . . .

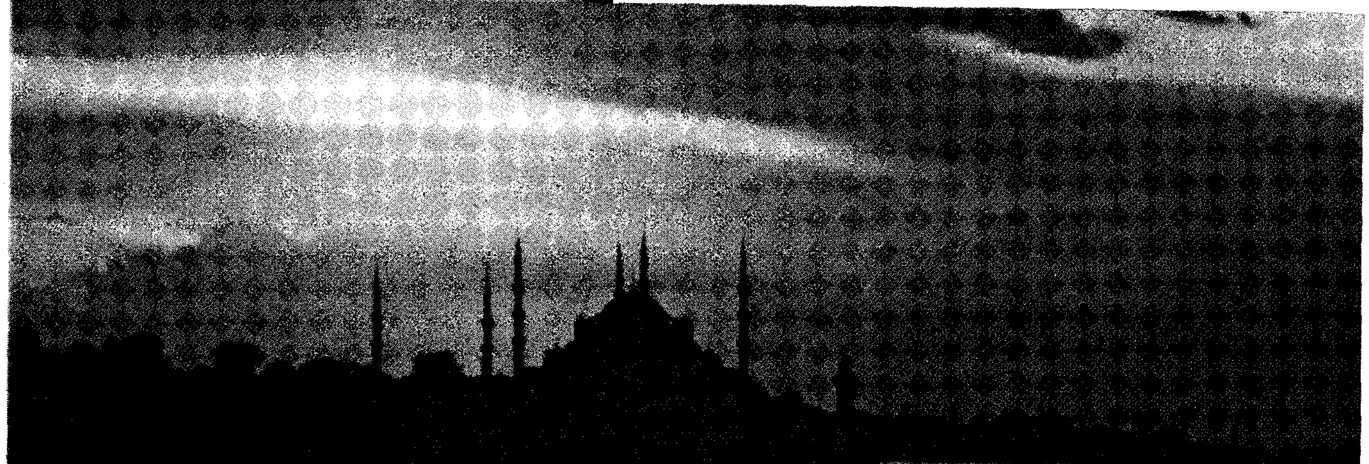
Camelback Inn
"In all the world only one"
Scottsdale, Arizona 85252

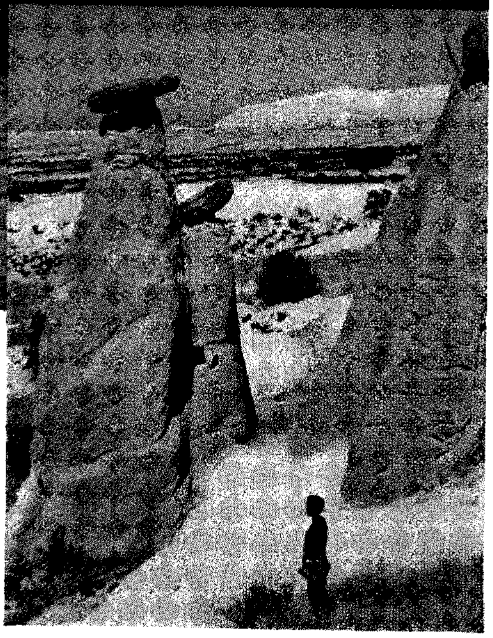
Under the friendly management of Jack Stewart, Jr.



TWO WORLDS ARE YOURS IN

TURKEY





When you visit Turkey, you're in a world that's different, exciting and unique. Explore this timeless, ancient world of history, mythology and Christianity through fifteen distinct civilizations. Visit magical Istanbul, with its skyline of 444 mosques.

Explore beautiful Izmir...and historical Ephesus, where you will see the last home of the Virgin Mary and trace the steps of St. Paul and St. John. Thrill to the glory of Byzantine art and marvel at 5,000-year-old relics of the Hittite empire. Visit the Temple of Apollo, Crusaders' castles and Roman amphitheaters.

Enjoy, too, Turkey's cosmopolitan world of sheer pleasure with every modern comfort...accessible and economical.

Stay at luxurious hotels. Savor Turkey's epicurean delights. Visit famous Topkapi Museum and the Grand Bazaar. By day, pamper yourself in magnificent pools...at beautiful beaches. After dark, plunge into exotic night life.

This year, discover for yourself why Richard Joseph, Travel Editor of Esquire, says: "Turkey will be the next European country to be discovered by 'in' travelers. Turkey has it. Turkey is ready."

See your travel agent or mail coupon today!

N

TURKISH GOVERNMENT
TOURIST AND INFORMATION OFFICE
500 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10036

Please send me descriptive literature on Turkey.

Name____________________
Address____________________
City____________________
State__________ Zip__________

CHERRY
LIQUEUR
BOLS
Lucas Bols
AMSTERDAM
BOTTLED IN THE USA UNDER PERSONAL SUPERVISION
OF THE AMSTERDAM DIRECTORS BY
ERVEN LUCAS BOLS DISTILLING COMPANY, LOUISVILLE, KY

let's go Dutch

The way the Dutch do. With world-famous Bols Liqueurs. 29 flavors, one to suit every need. Sizes? Regular, and the neat new 8-oz. Host Size. Get several. The price won't pinch your purse. How about a Dutch treat?

APRICOT
BOLS
COFFEE LIQUEUR
BOLS
CREME DE BANANA
BOLS
BOLS
CREME DE CACAO
BOLS
BLACKBERRY
BOLS
MARASCHINO
BOLS
BOLS
BLUE CURACAO
BOLS
BOLSBERRY
CREME DE MENTHE
BOLS
ANISETTE
BOLS
CREME DE CACAO
BOLS
BOLS
SLOE GIN
PARFAIT AMOUR
BOLS

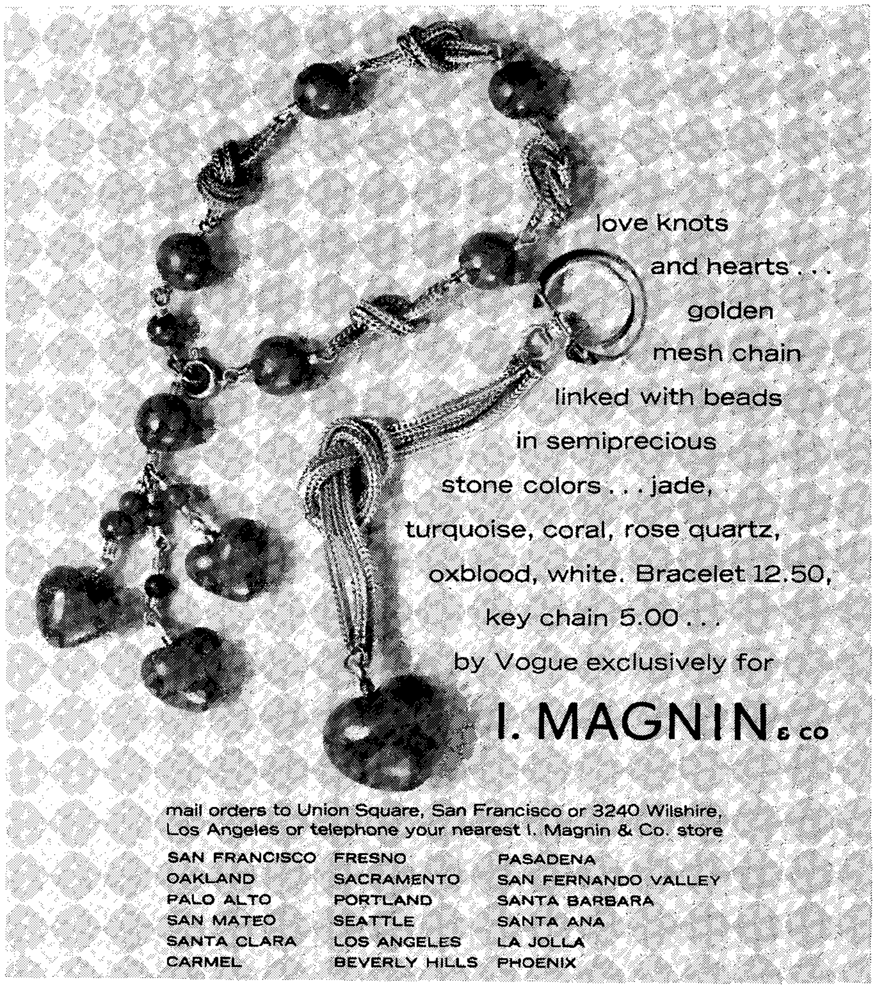
Product of U.S.A. Bols Liqueurs, 40-78 Proof, Erven Lucas Bols Distilling Co., Louisville, Ky. ©1965

anywhere employ the conventions of the synagogue chant, in the manner of Ernest Bloch, but stuck to a modern style of his own—one that promises much for the future of his music.

The soloist in the Requiem was that admirable bass Norman Treigle, the string quartet was the LaSalle Quartet, and the chorus was made up of the University of Kentucky Choristers and the Lexington Singers. The Requiem was preceded by Mozart's "Vesperae Solennes de Confessore," K. 339, a beautiful choral work that I do not remember hearing before. Here, the singing of Annie Walker, soprano, in the great "Laudate Dominum" was particularly notable. The two choral groups also participated, along with Mr. Treigle, the tenor Mallory Walker, and the alto Patricia Berlin.

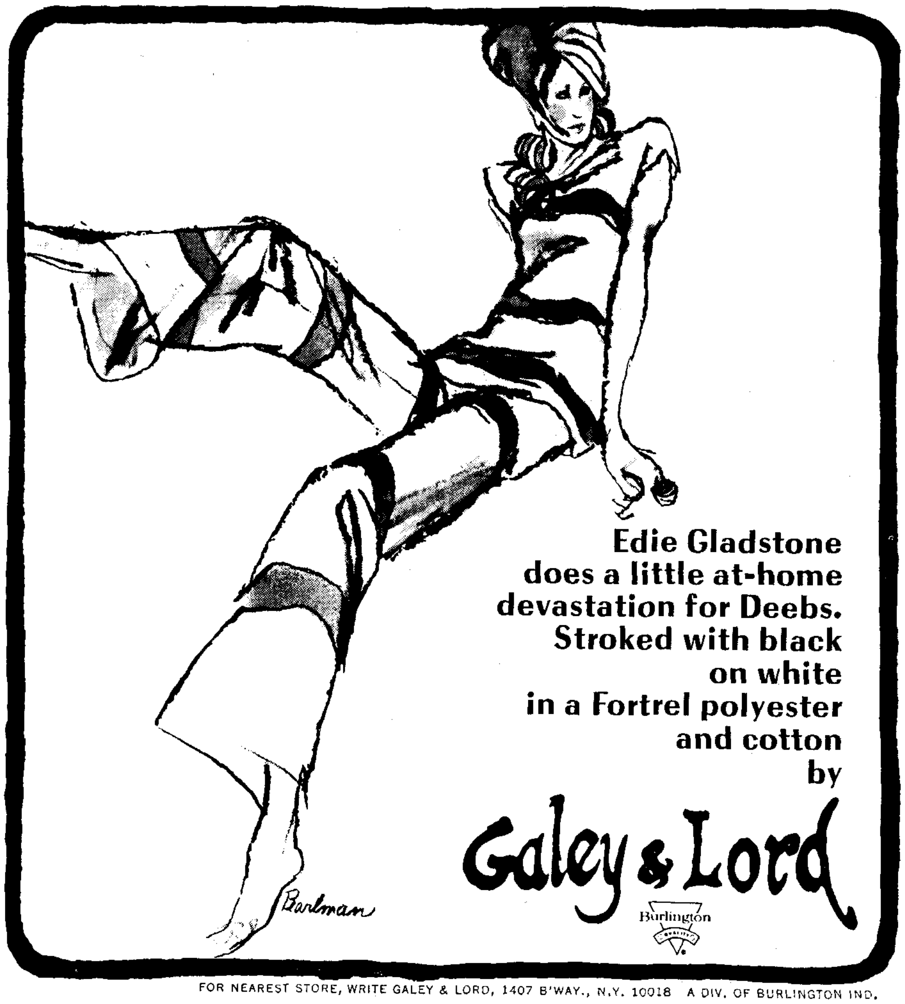
LAST week, three conductors—none of them totally unfamiliar but all of them infrequent visitors—presided as guests over three symphony orchestras here. They were the veteran Paul Kletzki, the comparatively young Istvan Kertesz, and Rafael Kubelik, whose age, I assume, is somewhere in between. Mr. Kletzki, a maestro whom I have always respected, appeared with Leopold Stokowski's American Symphony Orchestra in Carnegie Hall on Sunday afternoon and Monday evening, and I attended the second of the concerts, which were identical. He is a methodical rather than an impulsive conductor, and a man of unexhibitionistic demeanor and economical gesture. With him, every stroke of the baton has an appropriate result. He is also an exponent of tradition, able to express nuances of tempo with taste. He did Mahler's First Symphony with authority, but the most provocative piece on his program was a Concerto for Orchestra by Witold Lutoslawski, who is generally regarded as Poland's most important composer. Lutoslawski is an artist of some power, to judge from this score. Superficially, his style resembles the work of the early Prokofieff. It is violent and forceful in the first movement—atonal in a freewheeling way, and remarkable for a subtle use of orchestral sound. The second and third movements are brilliant, vigorous, and, again, orchestrated with great virtuosity. Whether Mr. Lutoslawski is capable of sustaining a slow, contemplative sort of music was not made evident the other night. This work is all high tension.

The second of the conductors to appear was Mr. Kertesz, who turned up


love knots
and hearts . . .
golden
mesh chain
linked with beads
in semiprecious
stone colors . . . jade,
turquoise, coral, rose quartz,
oxblood, white. Bracelet 12.50,
key chain 5.00 . . .
by Vogue exclusively for
I. MAGNIN & CO

mail orders to Union Square, San Francisco or 3240 Wilshire,
Los Angeles or telephone your nearest I. Magnin & Co. store

SAN FRANCISCO
OAKLAND
PALO ALTO
SAN MATEO
SANTA CLARA
CARMEL
FRESNO
SACRAMENTO
PORTLAND
SEATTLE
LOS ANGELES
BEVERLY HILLS
PASADENA
SAN FERNANDO VALLEY
SANTA BARBARA
SANTA ANA
LA JOLLA
PHOENIX


Edie Gladstone
does a little at-home
devastation for Deebs.
Stroked with black
on white
in a Fortrel polyester
and cotton
by
Galey & Lord
Burlington

FOR NEAREST STORE, WRITE GALEY & LORD, 1407 B'WAY., N.Y. 10018 A DIV. OF BURLINGTON IND.

BUSH JACKET

Summer bush jacket, authentic styling with half sleeves and cinch buckle in lightweight Dacron/cotton khaki, desert tan and navy blue **$14.50**
Sizes: S, M, L, XL
Mail Orders: Parcel Post Charge—75¢
Travel Exhibits in Major Cities. Dates on Request.
Los Angeles—Biltmore Hotel—Feb. 9-10
Beverly Hills—Beverly Wilshire Hotel—Feb. 11
Pittsburgh—Penn Sheridan—Feb. 13-14
Cleveland—Statler Hotel—Feb. 15-16
NEW HAVEN'S FINEST CUSTOM LABEL SINCE 1898
THE Arthur M. Rosenberg CO.
TAILORS-FURNISHERS
Shop in the comfort of exclusive club atmosphere.
IN NEW YORK: 16 EAST 52ND ST.; 3RD FLOOR
IN NEW HAVEN: 268 YORK STREET

Rhino, French restaurants and off Broadway.

Board a launch at Malindi and sink your hook into one-hundred-pound sailfish. Hop a taxi to The Bistro and sink your teeth into Boeuf Bourguignon. Sip a martini in the Treetops Hotel. Watch rhino sip water beneath your balcony. Shoot lion and leopard on a camera safari. Shoot a few bucks on tickets to the National Theatre. See Kenya for as little as $30 a day.

Drop a card to Kenya Tourist Office, Dept. NY, 750 Third Avenue, New York 10017 for more information and free brochures. Or see your Travel Agent. Kenya

"Haute Cuisine" Holiday Mag.
DINNER BY CANDLELIGHT
Le Bijou
168 W. 4th St., Greenwich Village, CH 2-9338

on Tuesday night at the head of the Philadelphia Orchestra in Philharmonic Hall. He had appeared here last year with the London Symphony, making an instant impression, and with the Philadelphians he was very much in his element. He seemed, in fact, to have some of the qualities of a young Ormandy. Like Ormandy, he is a Hungarian and a former violinist, and, like Ormandy and many other ex-violinist conductors, he has a feeling for sensuous tone and exquisitely precise intonation—the great secret of those who can draw crystal-clear sonority from an orchestra. It would be difficult to conceive a greater degree of clarity, precision, and delicacy than that with which he performed Haydn's Symphony No. 67 in F Major. Later in the evening, with Dvořák's Symphony in D Major, Opus 60 (No. 6 or No. 1, depending on how you reckon it), he demonstrated an ability to create a big, noble orchestral sound as well as a delicate one, and it was a pleasure to hear this symphony again, since it is not often played and exhibits the Dvořák style at its freshest and most lyric. In between, there was Hindemith's "Nobilissima Visione," one of the pleasanter works of a composer who was frequently capable of tediousness. The performance this time was lucid and as close to eloquence as the score permits. Mr. Kertesz is obviously an accomplished artist and a man on his way up.

The third conductor, Mr. Kubelik, appeared with the Boston Symphony, and I went to hear his performance in Philharmonic Hall on Friday night. He is a tall man whose baldescent head, constantly flailing arms, and broad back produce a homely impression reminiscent of the late Wilhelm Furtwängler. His dominant characteristic in performance appears to be robustness. His approach is unpretentious, even considering all that arm waving. There is nothing of the exhibitionist about him, either, and he is obviously always absorbed in the music. I found his interpretation of Mozart's early Symphony in E-Flat Major (K. 184) hearty and well thought out, but when he came to Mahler's great Ninth Symphony I was at first offended by the extroverted quality he gave to an extremely contemplative and inward-looking work. Parts of the first two movements sounded as if they had been written by the exuberant Richard Strauss rather than by the melancholy Mahler. As things went on, however, I began to realize that Mr. Kubelik was giving a respectable performance, if one con-

ARE YOU GAME FOR A BRUCE SAFARI?

This is a different vacation for adventurers only. You like faraway places? The call of the wild . . . a night perched in a Treetop? (That's a famous hotel and that's just where it is, up a tree!) Lured by the exotic sound of Mt. Kilimanjaro, Serengeti, Ol Duvai Gorge, Nairobi? Crave to photograph lion, giraffe, herds of elephant in their natural habitat? We're game, if you are! You'll enjoy a BRUCE SAFARI. It's run by an American who knows how to add the comforts of home to a spicy African adventure. Jet from New York, 15 days. Land arrangements from $720 plus applicable air fare. Special group rates on request. See your travel agent, or write:

BRUCE SAFARI at Peter Paul & Dingle, Inc.
445 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022 421-7272

Max Schling INC.
The Florist Who Cares
Deliveries in New York City and by wire everywhere
(212) PLaza 3-1500
Major Credit Cards Honored by Phone
470 Park Ave. at 58th St.
New York City

IN SAN FRANCISCO
Elegant Dining
The Blue Fox
Ph. 415-981-1177

clos normand
FORMERLY LOUIS AND ARMAND
OPEN FOR LUNCH AND DINNER
42 EAST 52, PL 3-3348

sidered it within its particular frame. His is one way of interpreting Mahler—it is not exactly subtle but it is brisk, forceful, and highly dramatic, with tempos held to maximum rigidity.

ON Wednesday evening, the Metropolitan Opera House resounded, as it sometimes does, with a euphoric and wholly enjoyable Italian-type performance. The work was Verdi's "Il Trovatore," which lends itself to the production of enthusiasm among both the singers and the audience, and the cast was one of those entirely non-Italian but nonetheless deeply Italianate groups of artists who have made the Met a great Verdi house during the Bing administration and for some time prior to it. "Il Trovatore" is not a complex opera. Everyone sings loudly and vigorously almost throughout. But it was Verdi's own favorite among his operas, and it is my favorite Verdi opera simply because of its torrential flow of pure melody. Martina Arroyo, though she had one or two unsteady moments, was a fine Leonora, complete with a trill, adequate *fioritura*, and a lush vocal quality. Richard Tucker, as Manrico, proved that he is still the prince of Italian-type dramatic tenors. I have never heard the role of the Count di Luna more eloquently sung than it was that night by Robert Merrill. Biserka Cvejic made a strikingly dramatic Azucena, and even the lesser roles were admirably done, Raymond Michalski's Ferrando standing out in particular. Part of the general excellence was attributable to Francesco Molinari-Pradelli, the finest, by far, of the Met's current Verdi conductors. And, with the exception of a rather dusty first-act curtain, I found the old scenery and costumes by Motley still quite effective.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

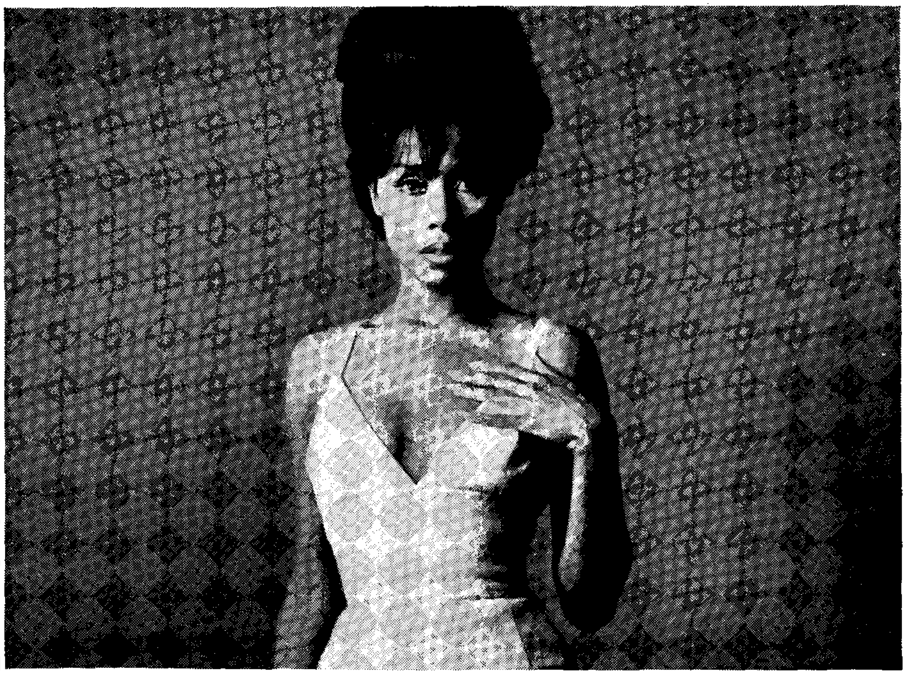
The cookbook about which I was writing was a more personal thing. Irma Rombauer's "The Joy of Cooking," Fannie Farmer's cookbook, Lizzie Kander's "Settlement Cook Book" are each the lengthened shadows of one housewife's personality. As revised by later generations of offspring and collateral descendants, they preserve this amateur, idiosyncratic mystique, sometimes at the expense of fallibility.—*The Times Book Review.*

Ah, well, something had to give.

•

The odds are 51 to 49 that the world will not be destroyed in a major war during the next 100 years, sociologist Pitirim Sorokin said yesterday in a lecture at Rutgers University, New Brunswick, N. J.—*The News.*

Now we can all relax.



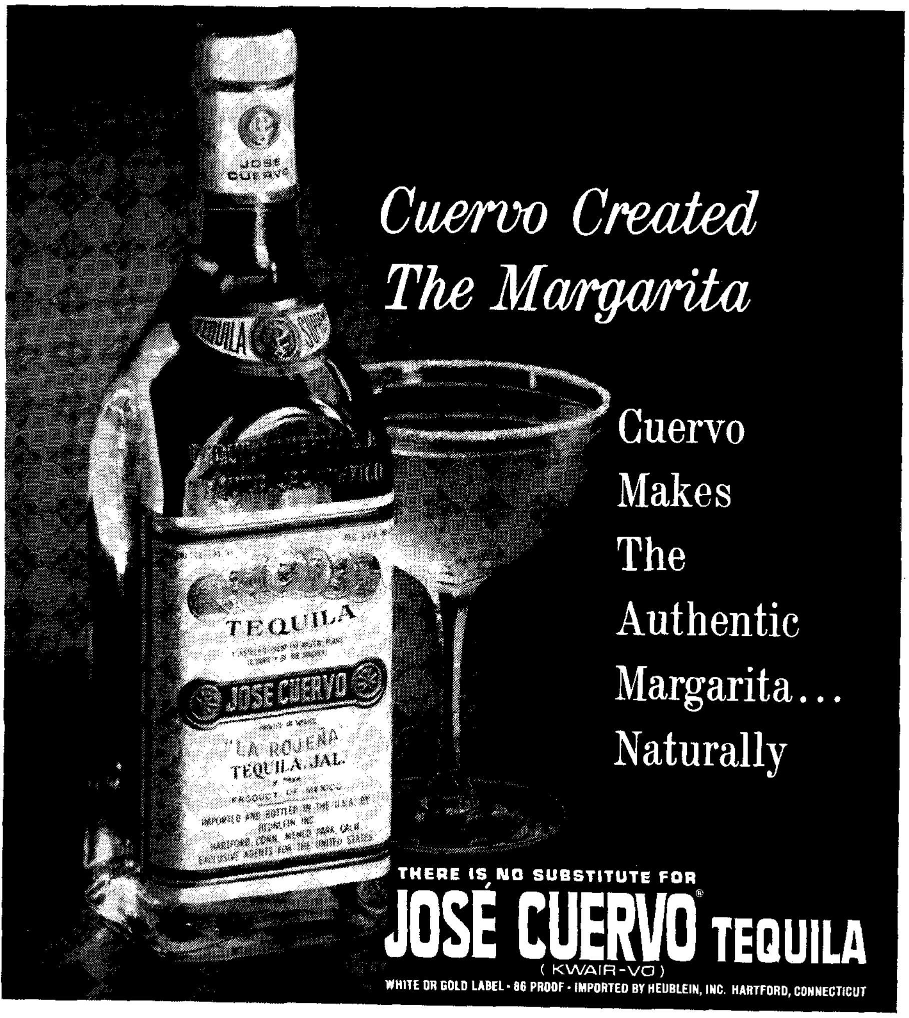
The Persian Room is pleased to announce a month-long St. Valentine's festival.

Diahann Carroll will be here capturing hearts from February 8 to March 7. Armed only with one 45 calibre voice in a red velvet holster.

Rescue work and physical therapy will be handled on the dance floor by Burt Farber and Mark Monte.

Reserve a vantage point: PL 9-3000

THE PLAZA
HOTEL CORPORATION OF AMERICA



Cuervo Created The Margarita

Cuervo Makes The Authentic Margarita... Naturally

THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR
JOSÉ CUERVO® TEQUILA
(KWAIR-VO)
WHITE OR GOLD LABEL · 86 PROOF · IMPORTED BY HEUBLEIN, INC. HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

Doing business with a broker—

—is easy!

If you walk into any Merrill Lynch office, for example, you'll probably be introduced to an Account Executive—a man we hire and train to know all that he possibly can about helping investors.

If you've never bought a share of stock—and millions of people who could have done so haven't—don't be surprised if he doesn't rush to open your account.

Chances are he'll want some idea of your over-all financial situation—so that he can try to determine the risks you can afford, the rewards you hope for.

He may give you copies of our two basic primers on investing, *"What Everybody Ought to Know About This Stock and Bond Business"* and *"How to Invest"—and suggest that you read them first.*

On the other hand, you may have a certain stock in mind already and—after discussing it with your Account Executive—feel that it's ideal for your situation.

In that event, you may want to open an account and buy some.

And that's easy, too.

First, you establish your credit. After that, if you're an American citizen over 21, all the Account Executive has to know is your name, occupation, and Social Security number.

From then on you're a customer—entitled to all the services we provide for anybody who does business with us.

Oh, one other thing might happen. If several stocks are involved, the Account Executive may want our Research Division to suggest a complete portfolio that seems to fit your personal needs.

There isn't any charge for this, and you're not obligated in any way. You can talk the Research suggestions over with your Account Executive—follow them or not, at your own discretion.

And that's about all there is to it.

Once your account is opened, you'll probably find, like most of our customers, that any future transactions are as simple as a phone call.

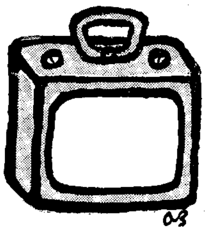
Or, as we said, doing business with a broker is easy.

MEMBERS N. Y. STOCK EXCHANGE AND OTHER PRINCIPAL STOCK AND COMMODITY EXCHANGES

**MERRILL LYNCH,
PIERCE,
FENNER & SMITH INC**
70 PINE STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y. 10005

THE AIR

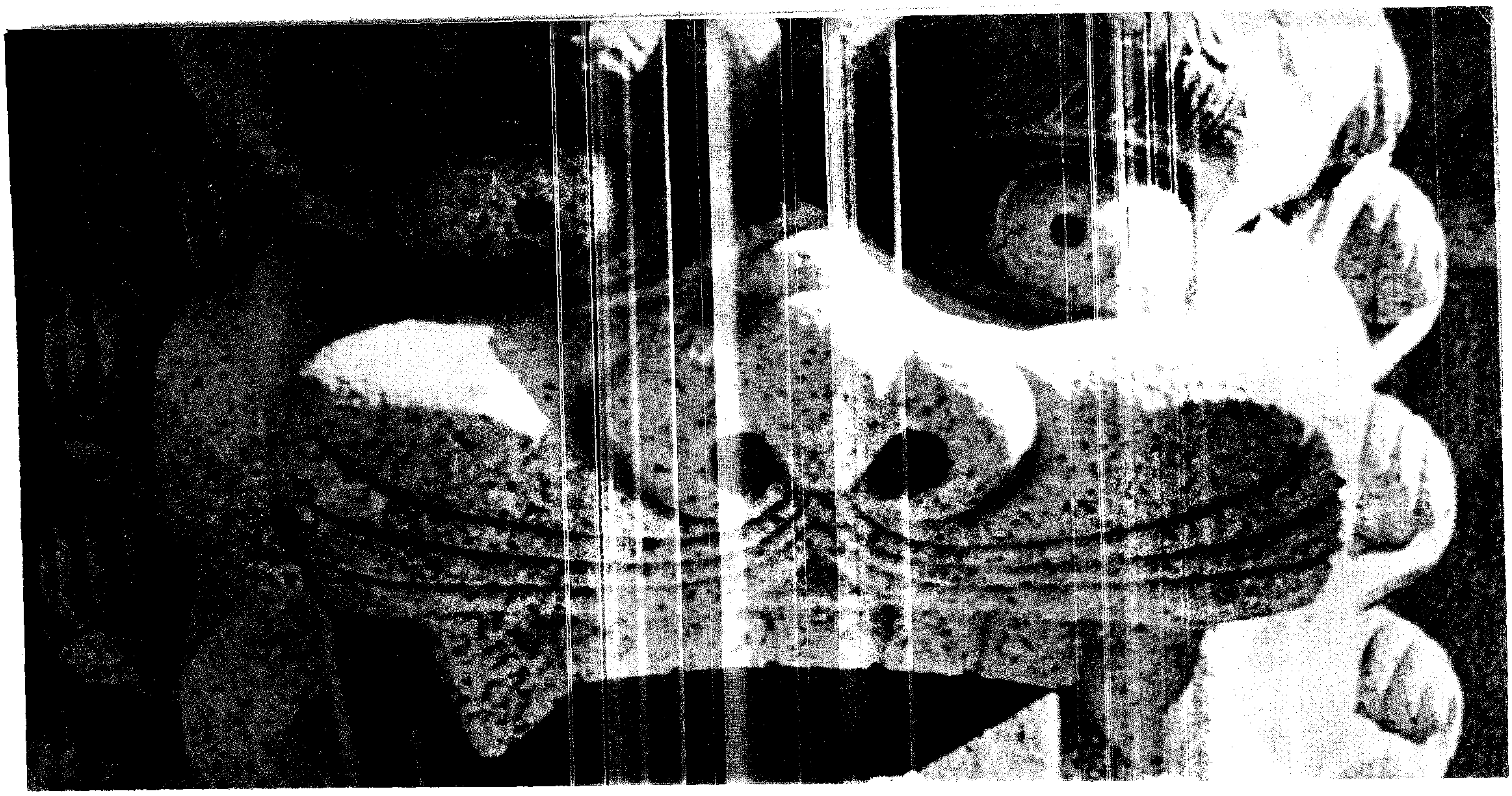
(In the absence of the regular television reviewer, Michael J. Arlen, who is away, or lost, this column will be written by W. W. Mudlark, the fourteen-year-old British critic and frequent analyst of the American cultural dilemma.)



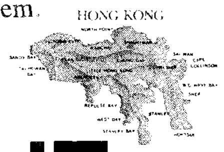
If one assumes, as it were, so to speak, the brutal yet—how shall one put it?—fascinating ghastliness of much (shall one not, indeed, say most?) of the American culture, it will hardly strike the recent visitor to these shores as surprising that the quality, or what my friends in the American TV "game" privately refer to as the "level," of American television programming is, in a manner of speaking, commensurate with its contextual surroundings, which is to say at once raw, primitive, childlike, obsessed with sex, and having a deep, underlying aura of tragedy. Delightful in many ways, of course, but tragic. There are, naturally, amusing moments. One mentions some of the daytime "contest" programmes, such as "Dating Game," which is perhaps not entirely, one might say, amusing in itself but is definitely amusing in what it reveals (at least to the detached and, if I may so style him, fond observer) of the classic American ambivalence towards heterosexual psychoses; or the programme "Supermarket Sweep," with what it so poignantly says about the classic American ambivalence towards food; or the "Tonight" programme, with J. Carson, with what it so irredeemably implies about the classic American ambivalence towards staying up late; or, indeed, the "Today" programme, with H. Downs, which says more than words could possibly express about the classic American ambivalence towards getting up early.

But what of the "new programmes," which one has been so kindly asked to write about for readers of this journal? One is compelled at this point to admit that one has not seen *all* the "new programmes," although when one remarked on this the other evening, at dinner with the successful novelist Hugo Groot and others, one was told, and not without some laughter at one's expense, that in New York the really interesting people (or "Out People," as one gathers the newspapers here now call them) no longer watch all the "new programmes," having often, as Betsy Groot so pithily observed, "better things to do." One mentions, at any rate, the programme "Mr. Terrific," in which the American actor S. Strimpell is cast in the part of an ordinary petrol-station clerk, or "jerk," who by the swallowing of a certain magic pill is transformed into the character of Mr. Terrific, with the consequent ability to fly through the air, to perform feats of amazing strength, and to wear a cape. In the particular programme that I watched—after, one might add, a most sumptuous and entertaining dinner with Geoffrey and Do-Do Bartholomew and several of the more important interpretative journalists—an aeroplane carrying the President of the United States to Washington from an overseas trip experiences "landing difficulties," and Mr. Terrific is called upon to fly into the air (which he does), realign the landing gear (which he does), and restore the President to safety. There is nothing original in the underlying motif, to be sure, deriving, as it does, from Nietzsche and, if one is not mistaken, Carlyle, but there is a certain "verve" with which the Americans attack these enterprises—doubtless the unbridled energies of a younger nation, but more of that later!—which is almost charming. One may be pardoned, possibly, for wondering what vestiges of McCarthyism inhibited the producers of this episode from specifying whence the President was returning. From Hanoi, perhaps? From Yalta?

One quickly passes on to "Rango," which, one gathers, is a "spoof," or "take-off," on the thematic substructure of the American Western, and which one admittedly did not quite see in its entirety the other evening, returning late, as one did, from dinner with Lady Rountree and hastily changing before rushing out to a most delightful light supper at the house of H. Carter Plum, the rich publisher. What one saw, however—sequences in which Texas Ranger Rango (played by T. Conway) exhibited, in quick succession, cowardice, ineptitude, sheer foolishness, and an inability to stand upright on both feet for any reasonable length of time—reinforces one in the belief that there is a haunting parallel to be drawn between the emergence of the so-called "spoof" themology on American television and the failure of the United States as an Asian power. Con-



We like Hong Kong so much we go there every day.
No matter how far away we are at the time.
Step aboard our jet in San Francisco (can you think of
a better place to start a trip?) and guess where
you're headed for. When you fly with us, there's
only one way to avoid ending up in Hong Kong.
Get off our plane in time. Fortunately,
we offer 79 different places to do just that.
More than any other airline. Starting with Hawaii.
And ending up with Zamboanga. Only one problem.
It isn't that easy to get off our plane. Because
we ply you with everything from French pastry
to classical music on the way. We figure we've
got you hooked once we get you to Manila.
Because Hong Kong is only $10* away.



THE HONG KONG AIRLINE

PHILIPPINE AIR LINES

178 Geary Street, San Francisco, California 94108.

☐ Please send me complete tour information.
☐ Also send your full-color guide to island-hopping, shopping, and sightseeing in the Orient.

name________________phone________

address________________________

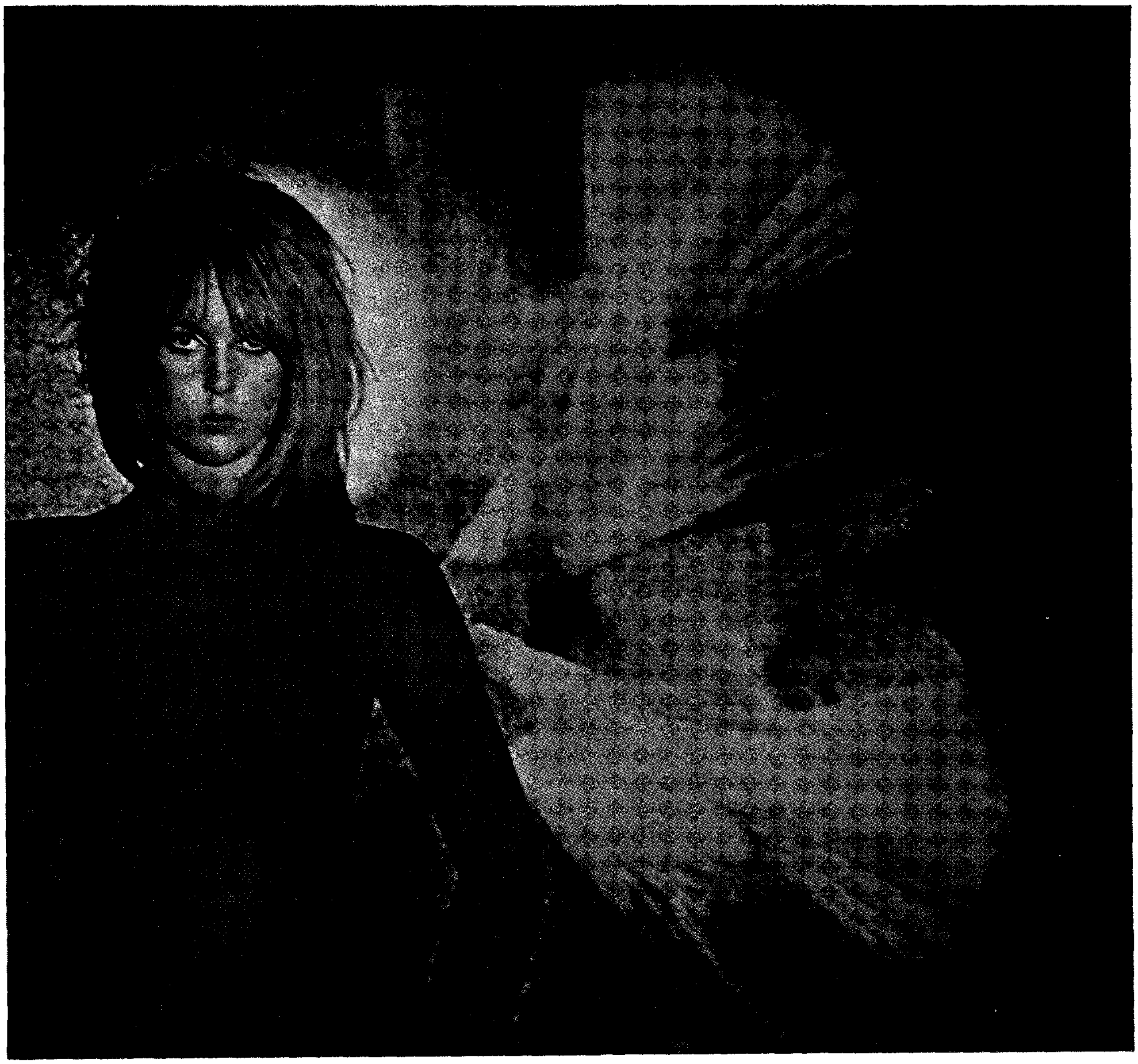
city________________state________

NY 2-67

*Economy Class

FATAL!

...WHEN USED ON THE BODY



L'AIR DU TEMPS CRÈME PARFUMÉE

THE ROMANTIC FRAGRANCE BY **NINA RICCI**, PARIS
IN A DEVASTATING NEW FORM

A creamy caress of fragrance that clings to you for hours. Stroke it on your arms, your legs, your torso. Leaves you so sensuously sleek and fragrant it's positively shameless. And look out for the consequences. Can be lethal at close quarters.

L'Air du Temps Crème Parfumée, 5 1/4 ozs., $5.50 · Capricci, $6.50; Coeur Joie, $5.50.

sider, for a moment, the reality of the American westward migration! The long, hard road across the prairies, through hardships, through savages, through "corn as high as a buffalo's eye"—and to where? To where were these brave pioneer families bound? To where if not to Asia? We have surely lived to see the truth of this in our own time, and much of the resultant trauma is found reflected in the curious agony of Ranger Rango. To my knowledge, only C. S. B. Blosdick and Jean-Claude Feraday, who has written frequently on the American trauma—though, unfortunately, in Senegalese—have pointed this out.

Last but not least, one would like to consider "The Invaders," a programme starring R. Thinnes, who portrays a young American called David Vincent who has observed a space-ship from another planet land in America (what, one wonders, does this not too sufficiently say of America's confidence in its own "umbrella" of defence?) and who attempts unsuccessfully to warn his disbelieving countrymen about it. In the episode one saw, Vincent attempts to investigate the space-ship and is very nearly killed by members of its crew, wielding what one assumes to be powerful pieces of dental equipment, *whereupon the space-ship flies off.* The theme, naturally, is from Wells, who got it from Hardy. Nonetheless, there is a certain—how shall one say it?—ridiculousness about the programme, which often makes one want, as Rutherford remarked of Haldane, "to weep."

•

Due to a printing error in the Winter Time Schedules, Philosophy 321 ("Positivism and Nihilism from Kant to Kahn") was accidentally listed as Philosophy 311. To receive a grade for this course, any student currently registered for Philosophy 311 must fill out a tan change of program form (available from his department), dropping Philosophy 311 and adding Philosophy 321. After receiving his advisor's consent and departmental approval, the form should then be submitted to the Registrar's office. In addition, each student should file a petition requesting exemption from the five dollar late registration fee, available in Gates-Blake 122. Students not in the department of Philosophy must have this form signed both by the chairman of the philosophy department and the chairman of their own department, except for students in the MAT program. No program changes can be accepted after Thursday, January 19.—*January 20th issue of the Chicago Maroon, newspaper of the University of Chicago.*

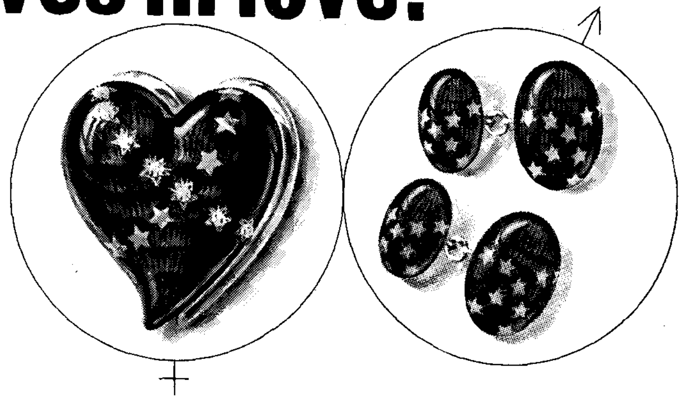
So much for the categorical imperative.

VERY *Saks Fifth Avenue*

DOTTING THE SUNSCAPE—OUR ARNEL® JERSEY INSEPARABLES

S.F.A's travelling foursome—to mix-or-mate as you will. Dots of white on navy or pink for the jacket, $23—and straight-legged pants, $16. Solid white for the shell, $12—and pleated skirt, $16. All parts of washable, wrinkle-shy Arnel® triacetate jersey, in 8 to 16 sizes. Sportswear Collections. Mail and phone orders filled.

Spritzer & Fuhrmann believes in love.



In evidence, we offer our exclusive gifts for Valentine's Day.

For the woman you love: An 18K gold pin (heart-shaped, naturally) overlaid with luminous, transparent enamel, hand applied in the great Fabergé tradition. Golden stars sprinkled with seven diamonds float across the surface. Can also be worn as a pendant.

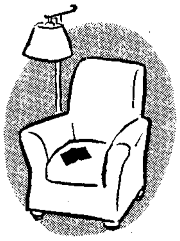
For the man you love: Our exclusive matching cuff links in the same transparent enamel on 18K gold,the same golden stars (sans diamonds, of course), executed in a spirit that befits the occasion, i.e., *con amore.*

Shown actual size, Fed. Tax included. The pin: In either deep blue or soft pink, $195. The cuff links: In deep blue or black, $150. By mail if you wish.

SPRITZER+ FUHRMANN "Jewelers of the Caribbean"
Fourth Floor: 5 E. 57 St., New York · Curaçao · Aruba · St. Maarten · Bonaire

BOOKS

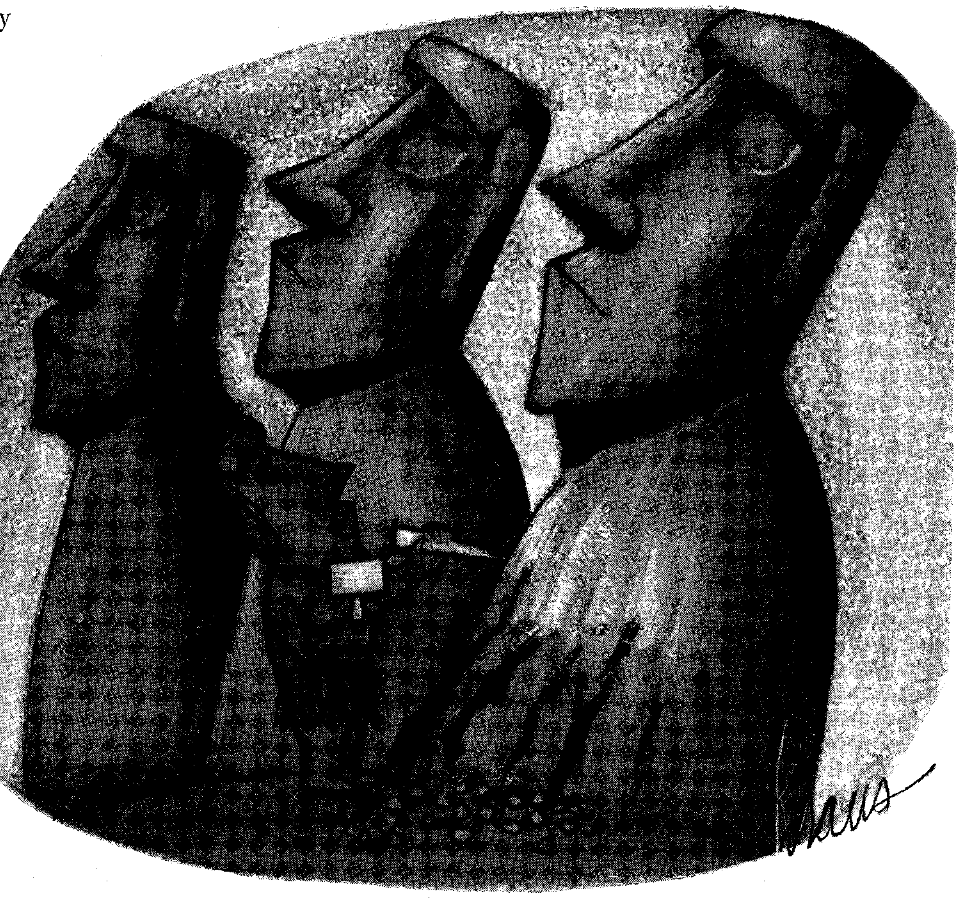
Lost in Transit

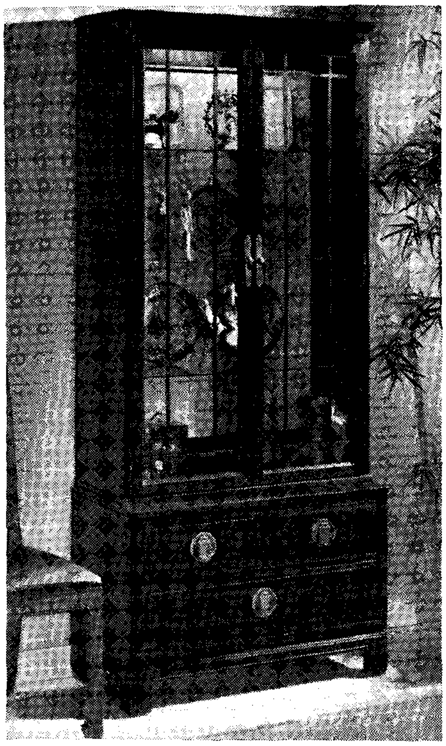


RICHARD CONDON'S new novel, "Any God Will Do" (Random House), may be compared to "Alice in Wonderland" in that it is an extravaganza with one real person in it—in this case, an American orphanage boy, born in the eighteen-eighties, named Francis Vollmer. If the singularly talented Mr. Condon had been in a less subtle frame of mind when he titled his book, he might have called it "An American Nightmare," or even "The American Nightmare." At the outset of this review it is necessary to say that Francis Vollmer is thirty-nine years old before he learns who his mother and father were. By that time the news comes too late, for a lifetime of hoping, thirty-nine years of hoping, have been too much for Francis. His head is "turned" and he cannot face the truth. No matter what the truth is, he cannot face it. His dream of parents is so much better than any truth could be. The nicest people in the world would be unacceptable to him as parents. His capacity for hope is abnormal, as the circumstances of his life have been, and it is unquenchable (Who loves me? Somebody must), and during the long delay while he wonders about his parents his hope has swelled into delusion. By the time he is thirty-nine, his desperate fantasy of love is complete, and "any god will do." But it must be a god, and in this American orphan's heaven there are no worthwhile American gods.

When Francis is fourteen, he is removed from the orphanage where he has spent his life and been "befriended" (*not adopted*) by a cold madman, a billionaire banker named Mr. Hibbert, whose ambition it is to take a little boy, any little boy, and turn him into a good banker. From the time he is fourteen until he is twenty-one, Francis works during the day as Mr. Hibbert's personal errand boy, and every night he goes to his room at the Y.M.C.A. and writes, one hundred times, "I am a banker." On his twenty-first birthday, he waits confidently for Mr. Hibbert to tell him the secret (Who am I? Who loves me? Somebody must), but no word comes, and his head begins to turn, slowly at first and then with certainty, to Europe, where the kings and queens are who make servants out of people like Mr. Hibbert. In his confusion (Why did he take me out of the orphanage if he doesn't like me?), Francis becomes certain that his parents are people of such high birth and station and fortune that Mr. Hibbert probably knelt when he spoke to them. Dukes and duchesses, lords and ladies, kings and queens. The fact that these titles are so far away and out of sight only makes his dreams about them more convincing. How could an orphanage boy know so much about these aloof, distinguished people unless he was one of them? Yes, undoubtedly it is in some royal French or English house that Francis Vollmer's birthright lies, waiting for him to come and claim it.

Francis is sure that his noble parents have some very good reason for keeping him at the bank, and he knows that any day now the message will come, summoning him to their presence. Any day now his cold guardian will tell him the secret. In the meantime, Francis continues to work hard at becoming a good banker. He also takes correspondence courses in self-improvement and friendship, and in 1915, when he is thirty-five years old, he marries. His wife, Stacie, is eighteen or so, beautiful, affectionate, and penniless. She loves him because she wants to get married and there he is—a nice, available man with a steady job and a promising future. He marries her because when his first illusion about her (that she is heiress to a large fortune) is destroyed, he finds that he has become attached to her in the short time he has known her, and this is not surprising, for—aside from the nuns at the orphanage and his banker attachment to Mr. Hibbert—he has never had anything at all to do with human beings. Francis and Stacie are husband and wife, but even while he embraces her he is staring past her at the glorious future that is waiting for him and in which she will have no part. And she? She thinks husband, home, home, husband, and beyond or underneath that she does not think, and she is happy. She is inclined to be happy. She is a bland, sweet, lazy girl. It is *not* that Francis doesn't love his wife. He *does* love her. It is simply that he





Lighted Curio Cabinet from the Nikko Collection of superbly constructed Solid Wood. For handsome brochure plus "The Story of Solid Wood Furniture", send $1.00 to Dept. NY-2, Davis Cabinet Co.; Nashville, Tennessee.

DAVIS
CABINET COMPANY
"Craftsmen of Fine SOLID WOOD Furniture"
NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

A HOW-TO-DO-IT BOOK

BE MY VALENTINE

Charms for captivating and capturing your love

Written and illustrated by SUSAN PURDY

A valentine the likes of which you've never seen! • $2.50 at bookstores

Lippincott

A HARPER NOVEL OF SUSPENSE

Introducing

MADAME AUBRY AND THE POLICE

By HUGH TRAVERS. Direct from Paris — Madame Aubry, a *femme du monde* to whom the Police Judiciaire turns when baffled by murder. She will, as England's *Sheffield Morning News* predicts, "become a favorite." $4.50

A HARPER NOVEL OF SUSPENSE

doesn't know that he is a human being or that she is a human being. Francis knows how to behave. He can pass as a human being anywhere—in the office, in the subway, even at home. The nuns at the orphanage taught him to wash and dress himself, and to read and write, and Mr. Hibbert has taught him about the uses of money and has shown him its power, by example. But Francis is really just a trained animal. His heart, swollen with hope, is reserved for his dream, where his parents stand together waiting for him, both of them wearing crowns, earthly crowns—his royal family. He waits to hear from them. While he waits, he makes the most of his time with Stacie. She has an extraordinary memory, and, thanks to her musical upbringing, she knows everything about music. She is an encyclopedia of music, although she cannot carry a note, and now she applies her memory to new worlds—literature, painting, sculpture, society—and she and Francis become glib conversationalists about every subject under the sun. They might be called lay conversationalists, and the scenes in which they practice their social patter together are comical. Yes, Stacie is a good stepping stone for Francis, besides being an endearing and well-loved domestic pet, but Mr. Condon is careful to keep his two calculating innocents far from any pursuit or acquaintance or occupation that might startle the truth out of one of them. They have no children. They are involved with no one except themselves. They do not deal with the poor or the sick or the lonely. They touch the world, and the keys to the world (music, art), only indirectly. They keep well inside their budget, and their only joint ambition is for social success in that circle, not very unattainable, where Mr. and Mrs. Hibbert and people like that move easily about, attending banquets and opening exhibitions and giving dinner parties. It is a busy, interesting life for the young couple, and there are always more books with more facts to be memorized and mixed into the big conversation cake that will be their entrée to high society. Once the hostesses of New York get a taste of that cake, the young Vollmers will be the toast of the town. So their life goes for three years, while Francis waits patiently for Mr. Hibbert to tell him who he is.

Then, one day in 1919, when Francis is thirty-eight and has risen to the rank of Mr. Hibbert's confidential secretary, he walks into his employer's office and finds him dead, a suicide. Mr. Hibbert has shot himself. Francis im-

The chances for Tommy Red Eagle are pretty slim. Unless you help.

Tommy Red Eagle isn't sick. Or crippled. Or starving. Tommy Red Eagle is an American Indian. That's why his chances for growing up into a self-reliant, productive, fulfilled adult are slim.

He's healthy now. But the mortality rate among 5 to 14 year-old Indians is eight times greater than that of the general population.

He still goes to school. But the dropout rate for Indian youngsters is a tragic 45%.

He'll probably survive into adulthood. But uneducated, he will be unemployable. Unemployable, he will remain trapped in poverty and dependence. Tommy Red Eagle will survive. But you can't call it living.

Through SAVE THE CHILDREN FEDERATION you or your group can help a child like Tommy to really live. As his sponsor, you'll receive his photograph and story. You can correspond with him if you like.

Your sponsorship contribution will provide him with the chance he needs. School supplies. Decent clothes. A cash allowance.

Your support will give him confidence. A sense of security. A friend to depend on.

The price of a child's future is $12.50 a month. We think it's a bargain.

SAVE THE CHILDREN FEDERATION
Norwalk, Conn. 06852

I'd like to sponsor an American Indian child. Enclosed is my first payment of:
☐ $12.50 monthly ☐ $ 75 semi-annually
☐ $37.50 quarterly ☐ $150 annually

I can't undertake a sponsorship but I'd like to help. Enclosed is $________.

Name________________________

Address________________________

City____________State________Zip #______

Contributions are U.S. income tax deductible.

National Sponsors — Faith Baldwin, Mrs. James Bryant Conant, Joan Crawford, Hon. James A. Farley, Jerry Lewis, Frank Sinatra, Mrs. Earl Warren. (partial list)

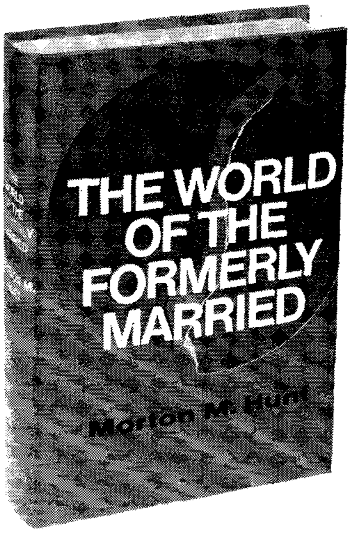
NY-2-4-7

Anne left her husband for good last night. What happens now?

She will enter the world of the Formerly Married. A world that isn't talked about by its inhabitants because they have learned that their sorrows quickly become a bore to their married friends, and their joys are almost always misunderstood.

"What Doctor Spock is for the new mother, Morton Hunt may become for the newly separated and divorced."
—*The New York Times Book Review*

"Help has arrived. *The World Of The Formerly Married* . . . so full of practical advice that it might serve as a how-to-find-another-mate manual."—*Life Magazine*



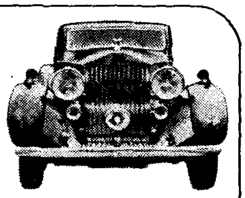
THE WORLD OF THE FORMERLY MARRIED by Morton M. Hunt $5.95

AT ALL BOOKSTORES
McGRAW-HILL

mediately goes through all Mr. Hibbert's papers, looking for the message from his parents, but there is no message, and his patience gives out. If his parents will not seek him out, he will go in search of them. Standing beside the dead body, he gives instructions by telephone, summoning men of influence who should be around to cover up a suicide of this international magnitude, and then he takes Mr. Hibbert's keys and goes down to the vault and steals four hundred and fifty thousand dollars, which he stows away in his desk until he can arrange for a better hiding place. A plan is forming in his mind, and, as a good banker, he knows that plans should be backed up with money. As he thinks of the money, now his own money, the dream that has been eddying about him begins to fold itself warmly around him. A year later, he is told who his parents were, and the dream envelops him, locking him safely in and shutting him away forever from a world that has not been very nice to him. The shock of hearing someone with proof of who his parents were sends him from the edge of madness into the heart of madness. He sets off for Europe. His preparations have been made for some time and he can vanish without giving notice to anyone. Francis goes over the edge in 1920. That is one-third of the way through the novel, which so far has been spent almost entirely in New York City. The rest of it is devoted to his adventures on shipboard and in Switzerland, France, and England, and the farther from home he goes the more crowded his stage becomes and the more feverish the action of the story, while he comes gradually to a standstill, being mad.

The short first section of this novel is a puzzling extravaganza played with masks and one real face—Francis's face, eyes alive. The long second section is an ugly extravaganza played with masks and one real face—Francis's face, eyes fixed. But throughout the work every page carries the reader forward in a continuous action of dazzling diversion. No one writes like Mr. Condon. There are moments when it really seems that the right hand does not know what the left hand is doing and that he is writing independently of himself at the same time that he is telling the story and keeping his reader not merely at attention but leaning forward in suspense. The style is double-edged with pity and derision, and it is not always easy to tell which edge is which, or which is sharper, or where Mr. Con-

Jean-Paul Vignon
IN MANY MOODS
THE
Maisonette
GEORGE CORT
HIS PIANO & HIS ORCHESTRA
QUINTERO
& HIS BAND • Dancing 7:30 'til 2
•
LA BOITE
Dinner at 6:30, Music by WALTER KAY
and JANI SARKOZI 'til 1:30
Nightly except Sunday • PLaza 3-4500
•
Beginning February 20th
MALKA & JOSO!
St. Regis-Sheraton
FIFTH AVE. & 55TH ST., NEW YORK



The motives and manners of British upper middle class society, brilliantly probed in the newest novel by the gifted author

Geoffrey Cotterell
GO, SAID THE BIRD
$5.95 at bookstores
LITTLE, BROWN

A HARPER NOVEL OF SUSPENSE

"Terrific . . . a new approach"
—ROBERT M. COATES
THE TERRIBLE PICTURES

By Ben Healey. From the author of *Waiting for a Tiger*—a new adventure of artist-sleuth Paul Hedley on the Riviera. "Sinister deeds against a beautiful backdrop." — BERNARDINE KIELTY. $4.50

A HARPER NOVEL OF SUSPENSE

don's scorn for society starts, or where it stops short.

Our interest in Francis as a person begins to decline once he reaches Europe, because by then his brain has ceased working and he is simply an outrageous and piteous figure reacting to and against the circumstances in which he finds himself as he still plunges on in his search for his royal parents. But although Francis spinning in circles is no longer a working character at the center of the novel, the circus continues to whirl around him, the music playing faster and faster and hardly any of his rapidly moving fellow-creatures noticing that he has ceased to be. And those who do notice only smile, because Francis mad can serve their purposes just as well as Francis half mad, or half sane. The nightmare is on.

In the nightmare world, the only appearance of order to be found is in the front we maintain to cover our uneasiness, which may quicken at any moment into panic. We do not want to panic and betray ourselves, and so we hang on to our face. Ordinary people control themselves and keep face and wonder how many others feel as they do. Francis does not wonder about other people. Other people, for him, exist only as obstacles or as stepping stones in his difficult journey toward the royal couple, his parents, who have waited so long and so patiently to embrace their little lost boy. Francis wants his parents to be pleased with him. He wants to "measure up." He hasn't done badly. He is tall, nice-looking, a good banker, a clever embezzler, capable of incredibly cultured monologues, and a genius at his most lately chosen hobbies—cooking and lovemaking. He has worked hard to make himself accomplished and presentable. The desire to please is strong in him—to please, first in order to be accepted, and then in order to control. He thinks his parents will not be ashamed to acknowledge him, and with the money he stole he can bring himself to their attention. Thanks to that money, he can provide himself with first-class travel and hotel accommodations, and he can buy himself houses and cars, and thanks to the money and to his extraordinary virtuosity in the kitchen and in the bedroom he can attract the friends he wants, who will get him started in those exalted circles where his parents are, and where, one day, he will stumble over them, or, better still, they will stumble over him in a scene that will be all happiness and joyful recognition and contentment—journey's end for Fran-

FABLES FOR THE VERY RICH
(and those who would like to be)

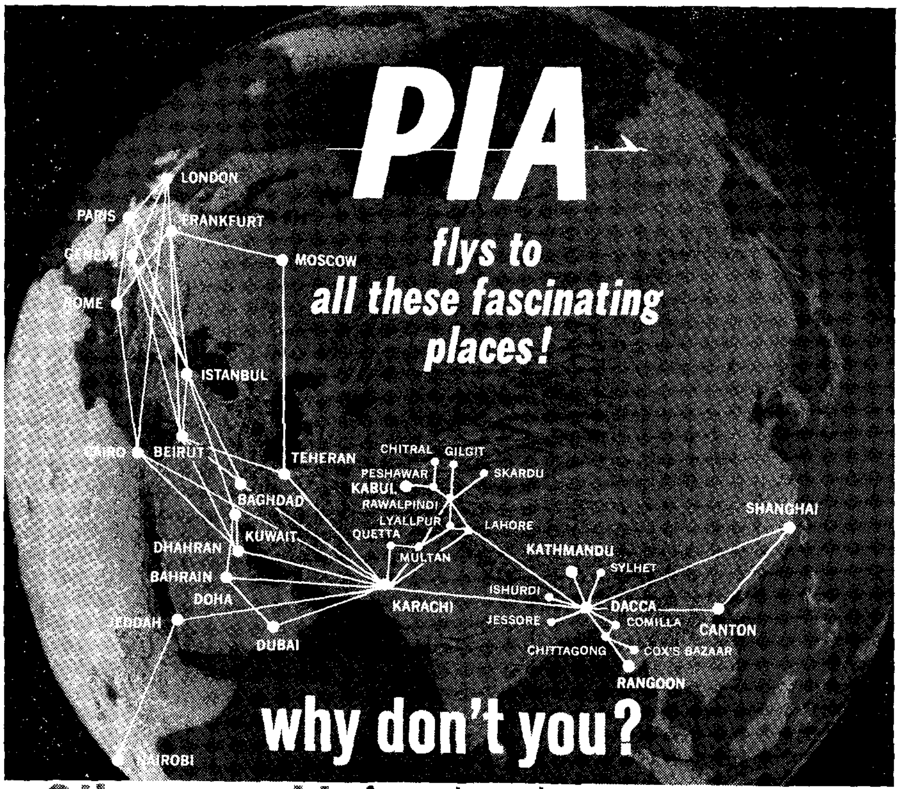
THE PENGUIN
AND HIS POLICY

A penny-pinching Penguin, asked by his son to explain the difference between valor and discretion replied, "Valor, my boy, is dining in a high class restaurant and not tipping the waiter. Discretion is eating at another place next time!"

MORAL: economy isn't always the best policy . . .

When investing, for example, why short change yourself on guidance or information? Why indeed, when our booklet "10 COMMON MISTAKES IN INVESTING AND 10 COMMON SENSE RULES FOR SUCCESSFUL INVESTING" can help keep you on the financial straight-and-narrow . . . help make your investment decisions the right ones. Like a copy? Stop in at our nearest office. Or write:

FRANCIS I. duPONT & CO.
DEPARTMENT N, ONE WALL STREET, NEW YORK 10005 • TEL.: 344-2000
MEMBERS NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE, PRINCIPAL SECURITY AND COMMODITY EXCHANGES · OVER 100 OFFICES IN THE UNITED STATES, CANADA AND ABROAD.



9 times weekly from London
with Boeing Fan Jets
See your travel agent or phone PIA

PAKISTAN
INTERNATIONAL
AIRLINES

NEW YORK: 608 FIFTH AVENUE / CHICAGO: TEL. ENTERPRISE 4065 / SAN FRANCISCO: 323 GEARY ST.
WASHINGTON, D. C.: 1028 CONNECTICUT AVENUE, N.W. / CANADA: 1 PLACE VILLE MARIE, MONTREAL 2

If you read about sophisticated living, you should own...

...the new MERRIAM-WEBSTER UNABRIDGED

In recent years the English language has changed tremendously. Your everyday language. And the language of science, the arts, business, and the professions.

To be well informed today you need to keep up with these changes. And the way to do it is to get the new Merriam-Webster Unabridged: Webster's Third New International Dictionary.

100,000 new words, new meanings
450,000 entries

As the established unabridged word authority of our time, this new Merriam-Webster is the one dictionary that puts you in full command of the new words and new meanings in space, science, politics, and today's English language in general.

It covers every area of human thought, answers more questions about today's English language than any other dictionary.

Get the new Merriam-Webster Unabridged at your book, department, or stationery store today.

BE CAUTIOUS when you select an "unabridged" dictionary. Only Webster's Third New International has 450,000 entries with 100,000 new words and new meanings. This is the word authority of your library, schools, court of law, and the U.S. Government Printing Office.

***FREE BOOKLET**—just mail coupon*

G. & C. Merriam Co., Dept. A10, Springfield, Mass. 01101

I'm interested in keeping up with the new words and new meanings in today's English language. Please send me a free copy of your 12-page booklet "Hold the English language in your two hands."

Name..
Address..
City & State..

cis, and lovers' meeting. That is Francis's dream, which he never realizes and so never loses. Mr. Condon's last word on Francis: "This baffled, duped, and empty man." —MAEVE BRENNAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

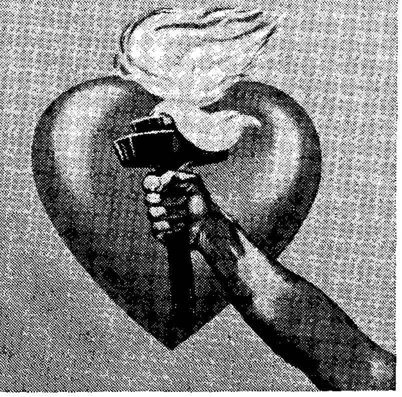
GENERAL

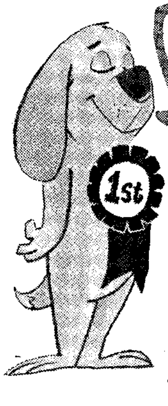
THE HOUSE OF MORGAN, by Edwin P. Hoyt, Jr. (Dodd, Mead). A fine account of the family and its business. The first Morgan came to Massachusetts in the seventeenth century and started making money right away, but Junius Spencer Morgan (1813-90) was the first Morgan with the nerve, polish, and connections required for international banking. Junius's son, the first and most famous John Pierpont, took up his father's work—a job that the author explains with dispassionate clarity. In the latter half of the nineteenth century, the Morgans placed European capital in the United States, and they extended their power into the management and organization of American business for the purpose of safeguarding their clients' investments. No matter how nefarious the Morgan activities may have appeared to subsequent generations (and Mr. Hoyt is both explicit and understanding about the Morgans' incomprehension of the muckrakers and vice versa), the need that the Morgans met—supplying capital to an undeveloped nation—was pressing. Mr. Hoyt is justified in trying to modify the historic unpopularity of the Morgans, some of which is due to old J.P.'s appalling brusqueness. He has not, however, gone overboard. His Morgans are not lovable philanthropists but enterprising men of their time. Photographs.

THE DOWNFALL OF THE LIBERAL PARTY, 1914-35, by Trevor Wilson (Cornell). The English Liberal Party disintegrated at a time and over issues that are close enough for the reader to learn from this sensible, sensitive study not only particular facts but a good deal about what makes for modern party unity or fragmentation. Policies and leaders divided the Liberals, and since nothing fails like failure, the moment the Party looked like a loser it lost campaign contributions. Down through the nineteen-twenties, Mr. Wilson points out, the Liberal Party retained a distinctive character and following, but the decision of the Labour Party to contest every Parliamentary seat forced a series of sharp,

Your Heart Fund Fights

HEART ATTACK • STROKE
HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE
INBORN HEART DEFECTS





"There's NO BIZ like SHOW BIZ"

"And I owe many of my winning qualities to **VIONATE** for **PETS**"

Leading breeders of show-winning dogs use Vionate® to help build good bone, vigor and stamina, good coat and all the other qualities of champions. Vionate contains 21 vitamins and minerals (in powder or tablets). The Guaranteed Analysis on the label is your *proof of potency*. Get Vionate from your pet shop or pharmacy.

SQUIBB *'The Priceless Ingredient' of every product is the honor and integrity of its maker.*

MY JOB IS to supply Land-Rovers and Rover cars to tourists, businessmen, corporations, and societies for delivery all over the world. There is a very big saving when you buy a car this way, bringing it back to the States if you wish. Full warranty and after sales service guaranteed. Each vehicle is built to the customer's own order. Americans and international corporations and societies ordered Land-Rovers and Rover cars from me for delivery in 59 countries in 1966. *I am the official* factory overseas sales manager in North America. Please write me for any information you may care to have. David R. Hunter, Suite 930, 405 Lexington Avenue, New York, New York 10017. 212-YU 6-0220

delightful
Frenchy's
wonderful food
AAA

1901 e. north ave. • milwaukee • wis

three-cornered elections, which the impecunious Liberals could not afford. Mr. Wilson's post-mortem, then, does not wholly blame the corpse; the Liberal Party, he makes clear, did not just fall—it was pushed. The author, by the way, offers portraits of those rivals, Asquith and Lloyd George, that are among the best—the most plausible and the most temperate—available. Photographs.

NATURAL HISTORIES, by Jules Renard, translated from the French by Richard Howard, and illustrated by Toulouse-Lautrec, Bonnard, and Walter Stein (Horizon). Renard's short pieces about animals, birds, insects, and plants are not exactly prose poems, though some were set to music by Ravel. Nor are they fables. And they are certainly not scientific studies. They are simply Renard's observations and occasional reflections, which vary in mood depending on the subject: a weasel scuttling from hole to hole whimsically reminds Renard of a reduced gentlewoman going from house to house to give lessons, but the death of a cow is just plain sad. The first edition appeared with lithographs by Renard's friend Toulouse-Lautrec; the second with drawings by Bonnard; and the third—a partial translation—was illustrated more recently by Stein. This edition reproduces the work of all three artists; the three individual kinds of graphic beauty suggest how powerful is the charm, the enchantment, of Renard's words. Twenty dollars.

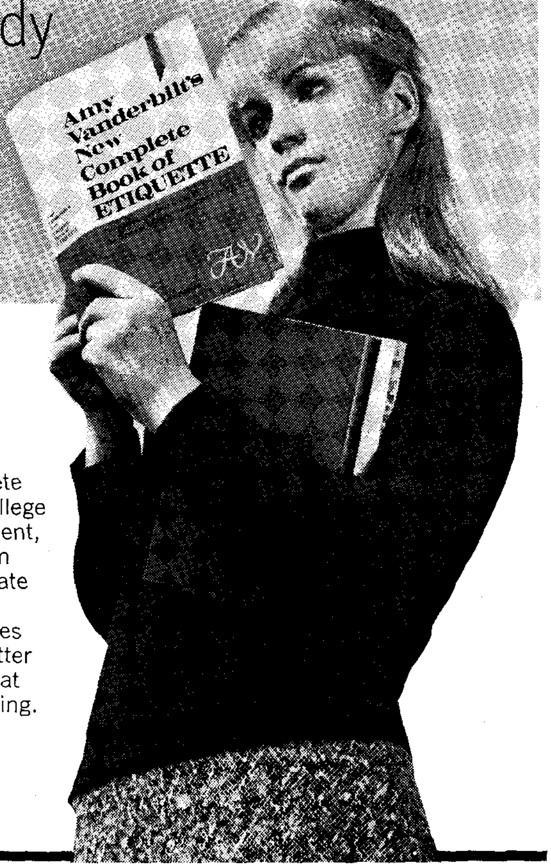
GUTENBERG AND THE MASTER OF THE PLAYING CARDS, by Hellmut Lehmann-Haupt (Yale). A monograph arguing that the anonymous German Master of the Playing Cards—the originator of copper engraving—was probably an employee of Johannes Gutenberg's, and that his pioneer work was part of a vast design of Gutenberg's, as a fifteenth-century McLuhan, to revolutionize the communication arts. This theory is based on a comparative study of very wide range and is argued with great ingenuity and considerable plausibility. Illustrated in color with all the lovely evidence. Fifteen dollars.

•

Still wearing tails, Kirk made it official only two hours later by singing a proclamation.—*Atlanta Journal.*

That's the way Florida is—lots of style.

Sooner or later everybody needs Amy Vanderbilt



Amy Vanderbilt's New Complete Book of ETIQUETTE

Smart men and women on campus earn straight A's in social usage with *Amy Vanderbilt's New Complete Book of Etiquette.* A complete orientation course, from college application to commencement, it's also great for quick cram sessions — before a blind date or the year's big dance. 1,800,000 American families depend on the standard-setter — the *one* etiquette book that keeps pace with modern living. $5.50 at all booksellers

DOUBLEDAY

Siambelli 50th
RISTORANTE
ULTIMO
GOURMET ITALIAN CUISINE
Banquet Facilities
Luncheon • Cocktails
Dinner
46 EAST 50th STREET
MU 8-2760
Diner's Club
American Express

DELIGHTFUL DINING JAPANESE COUNTRY-STYLE
MINGEI-YA
2033 UNION
SAN FRANCISCO
FOLK ART SHOP

Don't go abroad this year without it.
$6.95
McKAY
FODOR'S 1967 GUIDE TO EUROPE
The smart traveler's favorite

SUBSCRIPTION ORDER FORM

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036

Please enter my subscription to The New Yorker, payment for which is enclosed.

☐ ONE YEAR—$8
☐ TWO YEARS—$13.50

(*Extra postage outside U.S. and its possessions: Canada, Latin America, and Spain—$1 per year; other foreign—$3.*)

NAME

ADDRESS

(*Please include ZIP Code*)

You'll always find good skiing at Buck Hill ...only 100 miles away at reduced off-season rates

Snow is made to your order on expanded ski slopes. Two Poma Lifts and heated Ski Chalet. Instruction, equipment rental. Skating and sledding. NEW at Buck Hill—an entirely new West Wing with 80 guest rooms, enlarged dining area and fine cocktail lounge. Come and enjoy winter fun and a change of pace—only 2½ hours by car. Daily flights via Pocono Airlines.

THE INN
Buck Hill Falls
IN THE POCONOS OF PENNSYLVANIA.
Reservations and information: N. Y.—30 Rockefeller Plaza, CI 5-5620; Phila.— 922-2180

3 PETER RABBIT MURALS

Delightful Wall Decorations

What a find—Three Murals of Peter Rabbit and His Friends. Over 30 charming animal characters, reproduced for us in England, from the original Beatrix Potter illustrations. Done in **full color,** each of the three different Murals measure 10 x 39 inches and can be mounted on a wall or joined to form one imaginative scene. The Murals can also be cut up or framed in smaller sections.

Here is a wonderful wall decoration for any child's room. An inexpensive gift that will delight parents and child alike. The perfect Easter gift.

One Set of 3 Murals $2.00 ppd.

For those who will want more than one set, we offer multiple prices—Two Sets **$3.50** ppd., Three Sets **$4.75**.

We also have a fine collection of Six Prints (13 x 17 inches) of Peter Rabbit and His Friends—**$3.00** ppd. **Special Offer**—A Set of Prints and a Set of Murals, Both for **$4.50** ppd. Illustrated Catalogue 25¢

ART FORUM
Dept. 17NY, 80-4th Ave.
New York, N.Y. 10003

FANNY'S
WORLD FAMOUS RESTAURANT
Spaghetti • Southern Fried Chicken • Prime Steaks and Fanny's salad dressing.
Hours 5 to 10 pm daily
Sunday 12 noon to 10 pm
(OPEN EVERY DAY)
Phone GR 5-8686
1601 Simpson St.
Evanston, Ill.

SANDERSON VANDERBILT

Sanderson Vanderbilt, who died last week at his house in Palisades after twenty-nine years of bringing light, reason, and humor to these pages as a writer and an editor, was a short, slender, gentle man with very fine hair that was frequently in disorder. At his desk, with his coat off (his shirtsleeves were always too long, by choice), his collar open, and his necktie pulled down (he favored very long ties), he looked, as a colleague once remarked affectionately, like an unaccredited pre-Raphaelite poet. The look was deceptive. In a way, it is true, he *was* a poet; he took deep delight in the English language and its uses, and he believed strongly in the discipline of form. But under his air of courteous mildness he had a vigorous sense of outrage—even of ebullient insurgency—and he was very likely to act on it. On one occasion, while touring North Africa, he was hustled from a train in the middle of the Tunisian desert and locked up in a railroad tool shack—without money, passport, or luggage—because he had remonstrated a bit too actively against the conductor's treatment of some of the passengers. Writing of another episode, in a Reporter at Large article for this magazine, he noted, "Once, when I was an undergraduate, I was kept in jail overnight after a minor ruction with the police of a New England college town. It seemed a merry experience when they tossed me into a cell, and when I awoke early the next morning it still struck me as a rather adventuresome sort of lark." He even professed to dislike his name. "It makes you think of a lot of flunkies standing around," he once said. He couldn't bear flunkies.

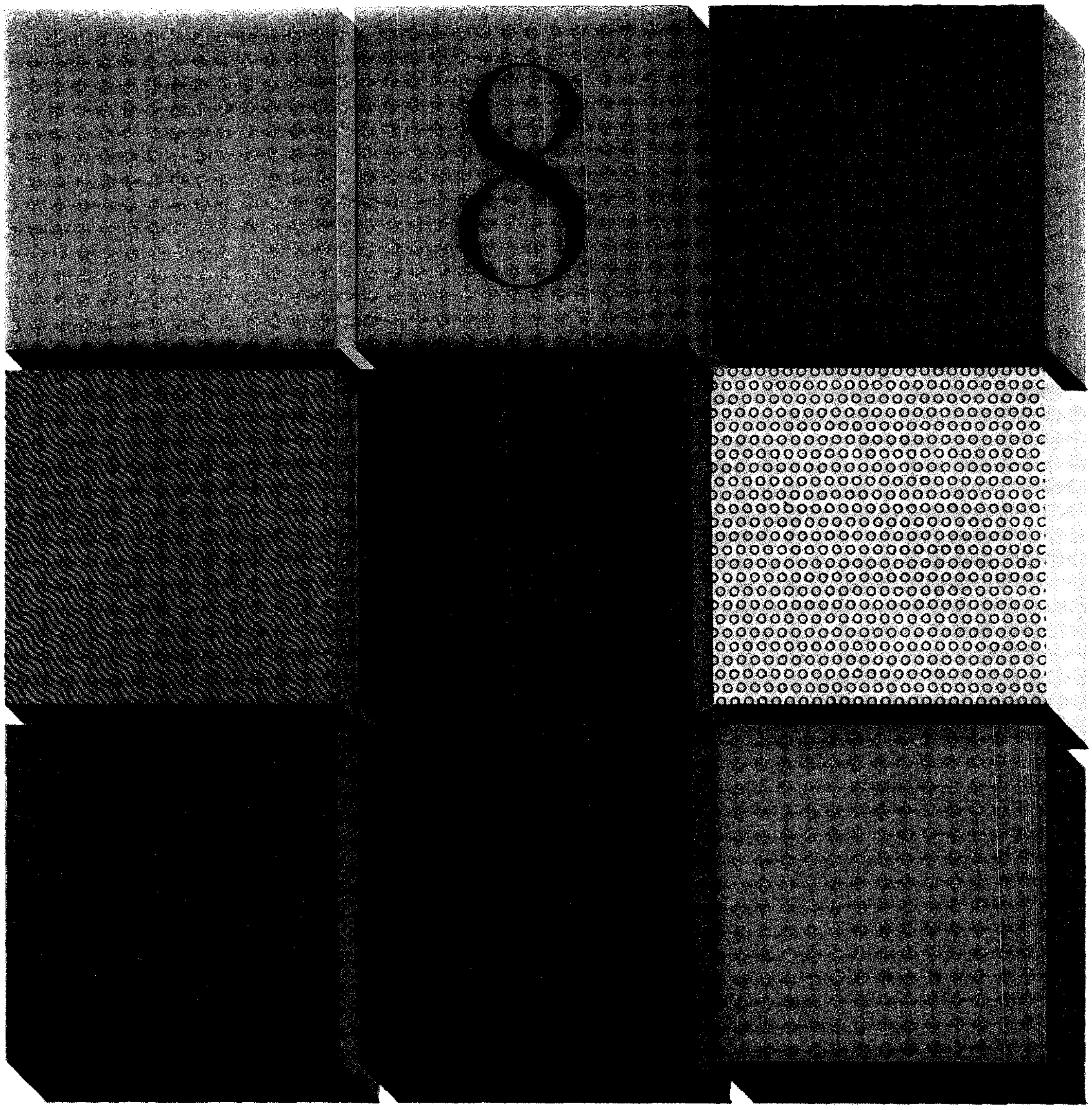
Vanderbilt couldn't bear flunkies in writing, either, and that is one of the things that made him a good editor. A supernumerary word or an overdressed sentence offended him. He was the world's greatest worrier—not about events (outside of a journalist's professional interest, he paid no attention to politics or power struggles) but about people; the thought that he might have wounded somebody's sensibilities would send him to the telephone in the middle of the night. The railroad desperado and the college jailbird were really cardboard.

The college in that New England town was Amherst, and Vanderbilt graduated from it in 1930. Born in New York on March 12, 1909, and brought up on Morningside Heights, he went first to the Horace Mann School and then to the Lincoln School. He knew New York up and down, and he had for it the sort of affection that is possible only in natives of the place. His four years at Amherst were an exile. A year he spent on the Tarrytown *News* after graduation was an improvement. And then the future turned bright: he got a job as a reporter on the *Herald Tribune* under Stanley Walker. In 1936, he wrote his first piece for this magazine, a Reporter at Large called "Owl Man." "Somehow or other, Miss Emily Nathan, publicity manager for the Audubon Society, got the idea that a barn owl sleeps every night with Mr. Irving Kassoy at his apartment in the Bronx at 817 Faile Street," it began, and it ended up in E. B. and Katharine S. White's "Subtreasury of American Humor." It was (and is) a funny piece, in the way that Vanderbilt himself was funny—a mixture of sympathy, sharp observation, and a lively sense of the incongruous.

In 1938, Vanderbilt came to work here full time, first as a writer and later almost exclusively as an editor. It was in editing that he found himself, and he worked at it prodigiously. Then the war broke everything up. He enlisted as a private and eventually made sergeant. He was possibly the Army's unlikeliest soldier, but, for once, sanity prevailed and he was sent not to parachute school but to *Yank*, the service magazine—starting out in the New York office and soon moving on to London, where he edited or rewrote the prose of more vainglorious, if perhaps less talented, staff men.

In 1945, Vanderbilt returned to this magazine, and from that point until last week his life was mostly one of hard work and achievement. Except for the people close to him, what he loved above all else was editing. His ardor showed in the articles he helped to shape and polish (hundreds and hundreds of them), in the advice and encouragement he offered so many writers, and in the hours and days he spent in worry and labor. And, of course, everything was done with the gentleness and understanding and warmth that his looks proclaimed, that he tried so hard to disown, and that he could never hide.

CAN YOU NUMBER THE REST OF THE SQUARES SO THAT EACH ROW, COLUMN, AND DIAGONAL OF THREE SQUARES TOTALS 15? (NO NUMBER MAY BE REPEATED)



Most people assume something that they shouldn't assume.

You can make the same mistake about us. The American Can Company. You can assume we're only a can company. Period. But we're an international chemical company, too.

We make things you'd never dream we make! The stannous fluoride in toothpaste. Plastic coatings for instruments used in our space program. An ingredient for the enamel on your bathtub. Even synthetic vanilla!

One of our breakthroughs makes it possible for marine paint (the kind that fights barnacles) to come in colors. Another one, bioMeT 600® Spray Disinfectant, has bacteriostatic effectiveness that lasts an entire month. (If you understand that, you probably know just how innovational it is, too!)

All this from the American Can Company. And there's lots more. Over 1700 products altogether. In all the areas into which we have diversified: container and packaging products, industrial and consumer paper products, chemical products.

So you see you can't just assume things. For instance... did anyone say you had to use only whole numbers to solve the puzzle?

American Can Company
problem solvers in
packaging, paper, chemistry
100 Park Avenue
New York, New York 10017

AMERICAN
CAN COMPANY

new!

De Kuyper
has minted the freshest, most excitingly different cordials in the whole wide world!

KOFFIE MENTHE

A rich, rare cordial of exotic coffee—with the refreshing tang of mint.

CHOCLA MENTHE

A luscious, liquid mint 'patty'—dark delicious chocolate and zesty mint.

CHOCLA MENTHE & KOFFIE MENTHE LIQUEURS 54 PROOF
JOHN DE KUYPER & SON, N.Y. • PRODUCTS OF U.S.A.

DE KUYPER
KOFFIE MENTHE
DISTRIBUTED BY NATIONAL DISTILLERS
CINCINNATI, OHIO
DE KUYPER
CHOCLA MENTHE
CINCINNATI, OHIO